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MEASUREMENT OF PUPIL INTEREST IN TYPES OF STORIES AT GRADE 6 LEVEL BY BALLOT METHOD TO DETERMINE CHILD PREFERENCE

Submitted by

Lucille Elizabeth Lynch

(B.S. in Education, State Teachers College, Bridgewater, 1945)

In partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree of Master of Education

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION AND STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION AND STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

I. INTRODUCTION

Baker stated, "It is generally agreed that reading is the most important tool subject in the elementary curriculum since it is basic to progress in practically all other subjects."[1]

It is essential that children experience some satisfaction from their reading, out of which will grow the conviction that reading is meaningful and socially useful.

Witty said:

> The good reader is typically the child who utilizes reading as a means of attaining desired personal and desirable educational goals. He is a child who has acquired the ability to derive knowledge and information from the printed page which relates to his activities, questions, and problems: his interests.
>
> Thus it is important to identify children's interests, the development of which gives direction and purpose to their activity, and integrity to their experience. The utilization of interests, moreover, assures a condition in which learning may take place economically. 2

---

1 Harry J. Baker, Introduction to Exceptional Children. (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1944), p.445.

2 Paul Witty and David Kopel, Reading and the Educative Process. (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1939), pp.55-56.

II. STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

It was the purpose of this study (1) to discover, if possible, the preferences of children at sixth grade level for individual stories; (2) to compare the preferences of boys and girls for individual stories and for three story types; (3) to compare the interests of upper and lower quartiles in intelligence in individual stories and three story types; (4) to discover preferences of boys and girls for three types of informational material; (5) to compare the preferences of boys versus girls for three types of informational material, and (6) to compare the preferences of upper versus lower quartile children for three types of informational material.

Importance of the study. Dolch justified attention to children's interests thus:

> If, after the poor readers leave school, they do not read, either all progress will cease or ground will be lost by mere lack of practice. These individuals need interests in reading as well as the minimum ability we can develop in the limited school time. Practically this means bringing to their attention a type of reading matter that they will want to continue reading. 3

For some of our readers this will be the sports page, detective story, western, adventure, invention, mechanics, or the bargain advertisements in the newspaper.

---

3 Edward W. Dolch, A Manual for Remedial Reading. (Champaign, Illinois: The Garrard Press, 1939), p.90.

Dolch[4] stated that these continuing interests will keep the poor readers reading, and through practice they will learn to read better. Thus, it is imperative that we discover and develop interests for future reading.

In order to improve the reading power of boys and girls in the sixth grade, a teacher must justify and broaden children's reading interests, develop skills and abilities needed for interpretation and comprehension, promote effective oral reading, and maintain a flexible reading program which indicates her interest in the needs and preferences of her individual pupils. Accurate knowledge of an individual child's voluntary reading tastes is necessary before the teacher can elevate his levels of appreciation. She should provide books, newspapers, magazines, and other reading materials to the child's known or potential interests and in keeping with his abilities.

Children should be permitted to express their personal opinions about books or stories. Out of these discussions based on personal reactions to what they have read, will come a better recognition of values, a tolerance for the views of associates, and an increased capacity to read more critically. The teacher may learn whether the stories were used because children really enjoyed them or because the authors thought that they liked them; and she may ascertain

---

4 Dolch, loc. cit.

what children would select, if they were given the opportunity to express their preferences.

McCullough, Strang and Traxler center attention on reading thus :

> We should examine the curriculum to see whether the reading required is meaningful, whether it is recognized by pupils as meeting some need in their lives, and whether it is identified with some aspects of their growth. It is most essential that children experience some satisfaction from reading, out of which will grow the conviction that reading is not a meaningless, difficult, and,therefore, disagreeable task. Children will read for the continuous satisfaction reading gives and not because the teacher has assigned a certain story to them. 5

A survey of readers for the sixth grade showed a similarity of types of narrative and informational material. Since this writer found little among the many studies of children's interests which pertained specifically to the sixth grade, it seemed desirable to investigate the responses of children of different levels of intelligence to materials accessible to them, and their preferences for the materials available. The children were to be given material of varied types to read and an opportunity afforded them to express their preferences by ballot. This method is a modification of methods used by investigators in some of the earlier studies which are reviewed in the following chapter.

---

5 Constance M. McCullough, Ruth M. Strang, and Arthur E. Traxler, Problems in the Improvement of Reading. (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company,Inc.,1946), pp.119-120.

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF RELATED STUDIES

CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF RELATED STUDIES

As noted in the foregoing chapter, studies dealing with reading interests of children have been conducted over a period of years. In the last century significant change has come about in the type of story considered suitable for children's reading. The New England Primer was typical of the Puritan age; Tokens for Children, a little book of moralizing tales, was written for the edification of the young about 1700, also. It was not until some of the older chap-books, published by John Newbery, were imported from England in 1750 that the American children had any considerable choice of literature lighter than their catechisms. Previous to 1800, children's books were viewed as an inferior form of literature. Beginning with Washington Irving, we find a new type of narrative for children; stories that have real literary merit. The idea that children's literature is an important field of writing has developed very slowly.

Until 1898, adult judgments decided where children's interests lay. Since that time, children have been consulted on this subject directly or indirectly and permitted to speak for themselves.

CHAPTER II

THEORY OF READING LITERATURE

In 1898, Clark Wissler[1] used the questionnaire method in a number of Indiana schools to ascertain the interests of children in the reading work of grades two through six. He found that children's preferences were in this order: stories of daily life, unclassified stories, animal stories, stories of heroism, moral precepts when presented in terms of their own experiences, descriptions, information and fables. His general conclusions were :

> 1. The literature most appreciated by pupils in the elementary schools is that which presents the true, the beautiful, the heroic and the good in the same concrete way as the busy world around them. Fiction and poetry are the preferred forms.
>
> 2. The complete narrative makes a lasting impression while the story in outline is treated as uninteresting.
>
> 3. The child enters school with a great interest in the story, but interests in other lines are awakened and absorb more and more of his interest as he advances.
>
> 4. Sex differences increase with the grades. Girls taking more interest in the emotional side of life; boys in activities and struggles by which ambitions seek realization. Boys show greater individuality. 2

His evidence that growth brought differences between the sexes was borne out by later studies of Belser[3] and

---

1 Clark Wissler, "Interests of Children in the Reading Work of the Elementary Schools," Pedagogical Seminary, 5:523-540, April, 1898.

2 Ibid., p.540.

3 Danlyn Belser, "The Reading Interests of Boys," Elementary English Review, 3:292-296, November, 1926.

In 1969, Clara Peller[1] used the question popularized by a number of fashion models to humorously lay claim to a portion of Wendy's fast food market. Ms. Peller's performance here is this model of Wendy's life, consumption style, social position, variety of leisure, moral practice that [illegible] of our [illegible]. The general hypothesis were:

1. The [illegible] will approximate by a [illegible] the [illegible] model's [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

2. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

3. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Washburne[4] in 1926, Witty[5] in 1939, and Thorndike[6] in 1941.

The following year, Vostrovsky[7] found the same facts when she surveyed by questionnaire method the children's selection of public library books in Stockton, California. She found that children preferred books about children, adventure stories, miscellaneous stories and fairy stories.

Hosic[8] surveyed the content of school readers, in 1920. He found a great divergence of adult opinion concerning what should be read by children on any level. In a later study he commented on the influence and value of the selections in textbooks:

> The reader thinks and feels as the author has thought and felt. Thus he recreates the work in his own experience- a point of view which harmonizes with the almost universal opinion concerning the value of literature in life, namely, that it widens and enriches the experiences of the reader vicariously. 9

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4 Carleton Washburne and Mabel Vogel, What Children Like to Read. (New York:Rand McNally Company,1926),pp.286

5 Paul A. Witty and David Kopel, Reading and the Educative Process. (Boston:Ginn and Company, 1939),p.27.

6 Robert L. Thorndike, A Comparative Study of Children's Reading Interests. (New York:Teachers College, Columbia University, 1941),48 pp.

7 Clara Vostrovsky, "Children's Taste in Reading," Pedagogical Seminary 6:523-538, December, 1899.

8 James F. Hosic, "The Content of School Reading Books," School and Society, 11:179-180, February 7, 1920.

9 James F. Hosic, Empirical Studies in School Reading. Teachers College Contributions to Education No.114.(New York: Teachers College, Columbia University, 1921), p.21.

A year later Dunn[10] made her very important and extensive investigations of the reactions of children to material selected by adults. She discovered that materials judged by adults to be of high interest level were frequently regarded by the children with indifferenoe or positive distaste. Upon analysis of materials favored by children for elements of interest, she found, as did Gates[11] a decade later in a similar study of isolation of interest factors, that no one elemnt alone could be depended upon to guarantee children's interest. Several elements were combined. Interest of both boys and girls was aroused by the following elements: surprise, plot, narrativeness, liveliness, conversation, animalness, and moralness.

In comparison to Dunn[12] who found moral precepts a negligible factor and Wissler[13] who found them an element of interest, Gates[14] found them a detracting element and a deterrent of interest. The rest of his study coincided with previous research.

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10 Fannie W. Dunn, Interest Factors in Primary Reading Material. (Teachers College Contributions to Education, No.113. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University, 1921), p.70.

11 Arthur I. Gates, Celeste C.Peardon, and Ina C. Sartorius, "Studies in Children's Interests in Reading," Elementary School Journal, 31:656-670, May, 1931.

12 Dunn, op. cit.

13 Wissler, op. cit.

14 Gates, op. cit.

In 1921 there were several other studies of children's interests in reading. Jordan[15] concluded that the interests of boys and girls in reading were very dissimilar, as the major reading interests of boys, ages 10-13, were war and scouting, school and sports, Boy Scouts and strenuous adventure, whereas, girls preferred fiction which portrayed home life, home and school, school and fairy stories. The popular writers of boys' books appeal to the instincts of mastery, fighting, love of sensory life; and that the authors popular with girls appealed to the maternal instinct, kindliness, attention to others.

Humor was named as an element of appeal in two studies. This conclusion was reached in Uhl's study[16] on the basis of teachers' judgment. He listed the determinants of interest as: action, humor, fairy and supernatural, interesting characters, problems and character study, kindness and faithfulness, animals and personification, dramatization, repetition, and information. These varied in importance from grade to grade. The necessity for adding interesting informational selections at all grade levels was apparent. Grant and

---

15 Arthur M. Jordan, Children's Interests in Reading. (Teachers College Contributions to Education, No.107. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University, 1921), p.128.

16 Willis L. Uhl, The Scientific Determination of the Content of the Elementary School Course in Reading. University of Wisconsin Studies in the Social Sciences and History, No.4. (Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, 1921), p.152.

White,[17,18] in two studies in 1925, revealed that in four out of five choices, children chose the story because it was funny. They concluded that school readers needed to be revised to meet the interest demands of children, which were in this order: animal, fairy folk, poetry, miscellaneous, informational, historical, child experience, Bible, nature, fables, humor, riddles, myths, and special days.

Dunn[19] found that humor, except for a very broad type, was markedly repellent, more so for boys than for girls.

In a study in 1924, Uhl[20] asserted that the cultivation of reading techniques is facilitated by the use of interesting material. His investigations showed that no single branch of reading material had a monopoly upon the interests of children. Hockett referred to the utilization of interesting selections thus:

> The child's interests reveal the stage of development he has reached, and indicate the avenues open for further

---

17 Emma B. Grant and Margaret L. White, "Reading Interests Compared with the Content of School Readers," Teachers College Record, 26:480-497, February, 1925.

18 Emma B. Grant and Margaret L. White, "A Study of Children's Choices of Reading Material," Teachers College Record, 26:671-678, April, 1925.

19 Dunn, op. cit.

20 Willis L. Uhl, The Materials of Reading. (New York: Silver, Burdett Company, 1924), p.160.

growth. No free sensible person applies himself to tasks that are wholly uninteresting to him. [21]

Uhl [22] omitted dislike of poetry from his list of undesirable qualities of reading selections because he had evidence that the popular notion about this dislike was based upon children's dislike either of certain poems or of poems which had not been well taught. Two years later Huber's [23] findings agreed with this. Huber found correlation in a study of poetry with earlier studies of prose. The trend of interest appeared to be unified in each grade, as grade one enjoyed animals and play; grade two, lullabies; grade three, fairy poems; grade four, humor and nonsense; grade five, heroes; grade six, home and danger, and poems of romance.

In 1932, Mackintosh's [24] findings differed. She concluded that poems were favored for these elements: child experience, dialect, humor, sadness, imagination, story, and repetition.

In view of the comparatively little reliable information to guide teachers in the selection of literature, and the

---

21 John A. Hockett, and E.W. Jacobsen, Modern Practices in the Elementary School. (Boston: Ginn and Company, 1943), p.8.

22 Uhl, op. cit., p.109.

23 Miriam B. Huber, "Children's Interests in Poetry," Teachers College Record, 28:93-105, October, 1926.

24 Helen Mackintosh, A Critical Study of Children's Choices in Poetry, (Studies in Education Series, Vol.7, No.4. Iowa City, Iowa: University of Iowa, 1932), 128 pp.

disagreement of findings, in 1930 Nesmith[25] made a study to compare the content of courses and readers with preferences of children and with teachers' and children's judgments, and to determine a body of literature, adequate to meet the needs of a primary teacher. She found that poetry constituted less than 49 per cent of the body of primary literature, whereas, Dunn's[26] findings had shown 51 per cent.[27] Contrary to Uhl's finding of the inclusion of many undesirable selections, her study revealed that 71.5 per cent of the material considered superior by teachers and children were included in the selected stories and poems.

At about the same time, Washburne,[28] in a compilation of books children prefer, revealed that chronological age was a more important factor in reading interests than reading ability or sex. He concluded that boys and girls frequently like books at the same age, even though their reading grades differed.

Belser's[29] findings coincided with these. He commented upon the earliest published report of children's reading interests by Dr. James E. Russell and Royal Bullock, which

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25 Mary E. Nesmith, An Objective Determination of Stories and Poems for the Primary Grades (Teachers College Contributions to Education, No.255. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University, 1927), p.83.

26 Dunn, op. cit.

27 Uhl, op. cit. p.73.

28 Carleton Washburne and Mildred Vogel, What Children Like to Read. (New York: Rand McNally Company, 1926), p.15.

29 Belser, op. cit.

appeared in the N.E.A. of 1897. From that time until 1918 both boys and girls were interested in juvenile fiction, fanciful, imaginative literature, and that's why stories at the ages of eight and nine. He found that the greatest divergence of reading interests of boys and girls came between ten and thirteen years, with boys having little or no interest in strictly juvenile fiction after twelve years. Terman and Lima agreed with this finding. They said, "At twelve years, the reading interest approaches a climax of intensity. Children now show some interest in almost every field of literature."[30]

In their report of children's interests in reading they state:

> Children read because of three fundamental characteristics of their nature: curiosity, for wish-fulfillment, and the tendency to imitate. Within the limits of individual differences, every child who reads at all is following one or more of these three urges. [31]

Terman and Lima stated that there are certain elements in literature that children prefer:

> The first is action: the second is human interest; and the third is imaginative appeal. There are other things that help to make a book interesting, but children do not always demand them as they do these three. [32]

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30 Lewis M. Terman and Margaret Lima, Children's Reading. (New York: D.Appleton and Company, 1926), pp.38-39.

31 Ibid., p.17.

32 Ibid., p.16.

They claimed that children like humor, but they prefer the "funny incident" kind, rather than adult humor which pokes fun at individuals and institutions.

These investigators found that some of the factors which influenced individual preferences were:age, environment, health, physical development, sex, mental ability, and temperament. In support of this finding, Lazar[33] concluded that pupils' reading interests reflected the opportunities of their homes, and Witty[34] claimed that socio-economic status altered the basic qualities in the content of reading material which interest children.

Gates[35] and Huber[36] concurred in the conclusion that intelligence was a relatively unimportant factor in appreciation of the quality of reading materials. Huber used six types of material in her experiment: familiar experience, unusual experience, humor, fancy, information, heroism, and service. A striking similarity was found in the choices of dull, average, and bright children for types of literature, each

---

33 May Lazar, Reading Interests, Activities, and Opportunities of Bright, Average, and Dull Children.(Teachers College Contributions to Education, No.707. New York:Teachers College, Columbia University, 1937), p.105.

34 Witty, op. cit., p.26.

35 Gates, op. cit.

36 Miriam B. Huber, The Influence of Intelligence Upon Children s Reading Interests. (Teachers College Contributions to Education, No.312. New York:Teachers College, Columbia University, 1928), p.39.

type represented equally good selections for the available material of that type. Dull children disliked humor more than the average or bright, and they preferred selections designated as "familiar experience" more than did the children of the higher levels of intelligence. Other conclusions were similar.

Thorndike[37] concluded that sex was more important than age or intelligence after a child had reached ten years, and that the bright child had the same interests as the older retarded child. He found that the changes in interest with age are gradual. As the bright child is somewhat accelerated in his interests and the slow child somewhat retarded, he concluded that the age differences in a given class would be of little importance in determining interest patterns. He advised the teacher to become acquainted with the reading interests of that age which was most frequently represented in her class.

According to Brumbaugh,[38] the three factors that appeal to a classroom group are dramatic action, humor, and adventure, whether these occur in picture books, comics, magazines or books of any type. She concluded that children appeared to

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37 Robert L. Thorndike, A Comparative Study of Children's Reading Interests. (New York:Teachers College, Columbia University, 1941), p.38.

38 F.N. Brumbaugh, "Children's Choices of Reading Materials," Elementary English Review, 6:226-228,October,1939.

care little for literary style and that children tended to distrust adults' recommendations of reading material. Contrary to her statement, Milam[39] reported that most normal children would read good books and periodicals if they were accessible. He stated that the nation-wide popularity of certain books of cheap fiction, particularly of books in series was not always so indicative of undeveloped tastes, as of the prolonged and successful activities of publishers and dealers in making those books easily available.

He recommended appealing to a child's sense of beauty and fitness, thus:

> Within certain age limits, children's reading preferences are often reflections of aesthetic interest: when they say they dislike a book, they often mean that they dislike the format and the type in which the book has been presented to them. Extrinsic factors that stimulate and encourage children's reading interests and their choice of reading matter must be encouraged. Forbidding children to read a book will almost inevitably insure their reading it; careful direction in having the right books at hand may bring about a wiser choice.

Witty[40] reported that interests are largely acquired, but their direction and cultivation are the functions of

---

39 C.H. Milam, chairman, Children's Reading: A Study of Voluntary Reading of Boys and Girls in the United States. Report of the Sub-committee on Reading, Section III, Education and Training, White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. (New York: The Century Company, 1932), p.8.

40 Paul A. Witty, and David Kopel, "Interest Inventory in Directing Children's Reading," Education, 59:11-16, September, 1938.

education. In support of this finding, Garnett says:

> Because the interests of individuals vary so widely, it is necessary that the range of literary selections be broad enough to include those different interests, that each child may have the opportunity to choose stories that express his feelings. [41]

In 1940, Betzner[42] reported that differences in taste and ability represented in the school population made it possible for boys and girls to be exposed to a wider variety of books and a greater range of techniques than they had at home or in the library. Vostrovsky[43] had noted that children preferred to read what was recommended to them by their associates. Lancaster[44] concluded that books bought by children themselves, or received as Christmas gifts, were rated higher by them in interest than books obtained from the library, a friend, or home. Movies appeared to be a minor influence in children's reading.

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41 Wilma Garnett, "A Study of Children's Choices in Prose," Elementary English Review, 1:133-137, June, 1924.

42 Jean Betzner and Annie E, Moore, Everychild and Books. (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company,1940), p.94.

43 Vostrovsky, op. cit., p.532.

44 Thomas J. Lancaster, "A Study of the Voluntary Reading of Pupils in Grades IV-VIII," Elementary School Journal, 28:525-537, March, 1928.

McGehee[45] concluded that both boys and girls showed an increase in interest in light reading at the fifth grade level. During that grade girls showed an increased interest in the comics at that age. Johnson[46] found the comic section was the most popular part of the newspaper. Hamilton[47] stated that comic books are attractive to children because they are inexpensive, accessible, and colorful, while fine picture books are housed in austere book stores where no child feels free to wander without a parent.

Erickson[48] reported that children prefer the exciting and adventurous stories which are published in magazines. When a child finds a story that he enjoys in a magazine, he will continue to read that magazine, frequently to the exclusion of all others. Johnson[49], too, found that children preferred adult magazines to those published for juveniles.

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45 William McGehee, "Changes in Interest with Changes in Grade Status of Elementary School Children," Journal of Educational Psychology, 32:151-156, February, 1941.

46 B.Lamar Johnson, "Children's Reading Interests as Related to Sex and Grade in School," School Review, 40:257-272, April, 1932.

47 Margaret A. Hamilton,"The Appeal of the Comics," Wilson Library Bulletin, 16; No.9, May, 1942. pp.689-789. (New York: The H.W. Wilson Company).

48 Marian I. Erickson, "Developing Reading Tastes in Magazine Literature," Elementary English Review, 14:10-14, January, 1939.

49 Johnson, op. cit.

Lancaster[50] concluded that it was difficult to determine why children selected the books they did, but the author found that the nature of the title was the greatest single influence. Both the nature of the title and the nature of the pictures served as guides for children from nine through fifteen years of age. Girls gave more attention to authors of books than boys did. He found that books selected on an author basis gave greater satisfaction to the readers, than did books selected because of their titles.[51] Rankin's findings coincided with these investigations. She lists the determinants of the selection of books of fiction as, recommendations, of their friends of their own age, previous knowledge of the author's name or his works, the format of the books, acquaintance with the topic, title or author of the book, clear-cut, content-revealing, and unstylized illustrations and clear print.

From Wissler in 1895 to Rankin in 1944,many studies of children's interests in reading have been conducted, but few specific trends in grade six have been investigated. In view of this, it seemed desirable to ascertain the types of narrative and informational stories which appealed most on a sixth grade level. This study is a survey of those expressed preferences.

50 Lancaster, op. cit.

51 Marie Rankin, Children's Interests in Library Books of Fiction. (Teachers College Contributions to Education, No.906. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University, 1944), pp.137-138.

CHAPTER III

METHOD OF INVESTIGATION

CHAPTER III

METHOD OF INVESTIGATION

SCOPE OF STUDY:

As stated in the previous chapter, this study was inaugurated to ascertain the relative appeal of several types of narrative and informational material on the sixth grade level. The narrative types included classics, as "Robin Hood Meets a Stranger," children of other lands, as "Clio and the Image Called Phidia," and adventure, as "C'n I Have a Dog?" The informational material included biography as,"Lafayette Meets His Hero", science, as "Shooting Stars," and social studies, as "The Story of Books and Printing." The following comparisons were drawn:

1. Comparisons of interests of boys and girls.
2. Comparisons of interests of upper and lower quartiles.
3. Comparisons of interest in story types.
4. Comparisons of interest in individual stories.

NARRATIVE MATERIAL AND PROCEDURE USED:

Twelve stories were selected for the narrative material. Each story was cut directly from a sixth grade basal reader and hinged into a separate folder. The following table indicates the distribution of types.

CHART I

DISTRIBUTION OF TYPES OF NARRATIVE MATERIAL

Classics	Children of Other Lands	Adventure	Total
4	4	4	12

As shown by this chart, three types of narrative stories were selected for this investigation. The writer permitted the children in her sixth grade to examine the five basal readers which she had selected for this survey. The class exhibited a definite preference for the stories in one of the basal readers and an evident dislike for those in another. The children were encouraged to choose their favorite selections from all the basal readers. The class submitted the titles of the twenty most interesting narrative stories. The twelve stories which received the greatest number of votes on their ballots were included in this study. There was an informal discussion of the reasons underlying their choices.

Nine duplicate sets of the stories were issued to the teachers of nine sixth grades with instructions to permit all children in their rooms to read the stories, and to allow them to indicate their liking for the stories. The following code was used:

1. An asterisk (*) to indicate liking with enthusiasm.

2. A check (✓) to indicate liking, but without enthusiasm.

3. A line (-) to indicate dislike.

Boys and girls were asked to sign their ballots. After the votes had been cast, the teachers were asked to have an informal discussion of the reasons underlying the preferences.

Chart II was used throughout the investigation. On this summary sheet were recorded the total number of votes in each category: boys, girls, upper and lower quartiles in intelligence were indicated separately. In situations where a recorded intelligence quotient was unattainable, the latter division was based on teacher judgment and class standing. Since each story was voted on separately, the final tabulation indicated the position of any single selection in the order of preference as well as the type of story preferred.

INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL AND PROCEDURE USED:

The same procedure for the selection of informational material was used. Twelve stories were selected for the informational material. Each story was cut directly from a sixth grade basal reader and hinged into a separate folder. Chart III indicates the distribution of types of informational material.

CHART II

SUMMARY SHEET FOR REPORTS OF PREFERENCES OF MATERIALS

Names of Stories								
Total number of children liking with enthusiasm								
Boys								
Girls								
Quartiles Upper								
Lower								
Total number of children liking without enthusiasm								
Boys								
Girls								
Quartiles Upper								
Lower								
Total number of children disliking								
Boys								
Girls								
Quartiles Upper								
Lower								

TEACHER'S NAME _____ SCHOOL _____ CITY _____

NUMBER OF PARTICIPANTS _____ I.Q. RANGE _____

CHART III

DISTRIBUTION OF TYPES OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL

Biography	Science	Social Studies	Total
4	4	4	12

As indicated by this chart, three types of informational material were used. This material was selected by the writer's class in the same manner as the narrative material had been chosen. Nine duplicate sets were issued to nine sixth grade teachers. They were instructed to permit their children to have free access to the material. The same code was used, as for the story type:

1. An asterisk (*) to indicate liking with enthusiasm.
2. A check (✓) to indicate liking but without enthusiasm.
3. A line (-) to indicate dislike.

Boys and girls were asked to sign their names to their ballots. A discussion period followed the voting.

As mentioned previously, the same summary sheet was used and the same comparisons drawn thus:

1. Comparisons of interests of girls and boys.
2. Comparisons of interests of upper and lower quartiles in intelligence.

3. Comparisons of interests in types of material.

4. Comparisons of interests in individual stories.

The divisions of upper and lower quartiles were based on teacher judgment and class standing, when recorded intelligence quotients were not available.

POPULATION :

Throughout this investigation, the population used was composed of sixth grade children in areas suburban to Metropolitan Boston. The number used in the narrative survey was 250, while in the informational material survey, it was 250; exclusive of the writer's 37 cooperative boys and girls who selected these stories. The intelligence quotients ranged from 72 to 131. The suburban areas included both industrial and professional communities, and socio-economic conditions varied correspondingly -- under-privileged, average, and privileged.

RESTATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM:

The next chapter will analyze the data acquired by the method reported above in an attempt to answer these questions:

1. Which type of narrative stories do sixth grade children prefer ?

2. What type of informational material do sixth grade children enjoy most ?

3. Do sixth grade boys and girls have the same reading preferences ?

4. Do children in the upper and lower quartiles in intelligence prefer the same types of material ?

CHAPTER IV

ANALYSIS OF THE DATA

CHAPTER IV

ANALYSIS OF THE DATA

In analyzing the results of the investigation described in the preceding chapter, consideration was given to the preferences for individual stories, to preferences for three narrative types, and to preferences for three types of informational material. Interpretive tables for each section were drawn by the investigator: first, to indicate the preferences of the entire population; second, to compare the preferences of boys and girls; third, to compare the preferences of upper and lower quartiles in intelligence. Table I follows on the next page.

TABLE I

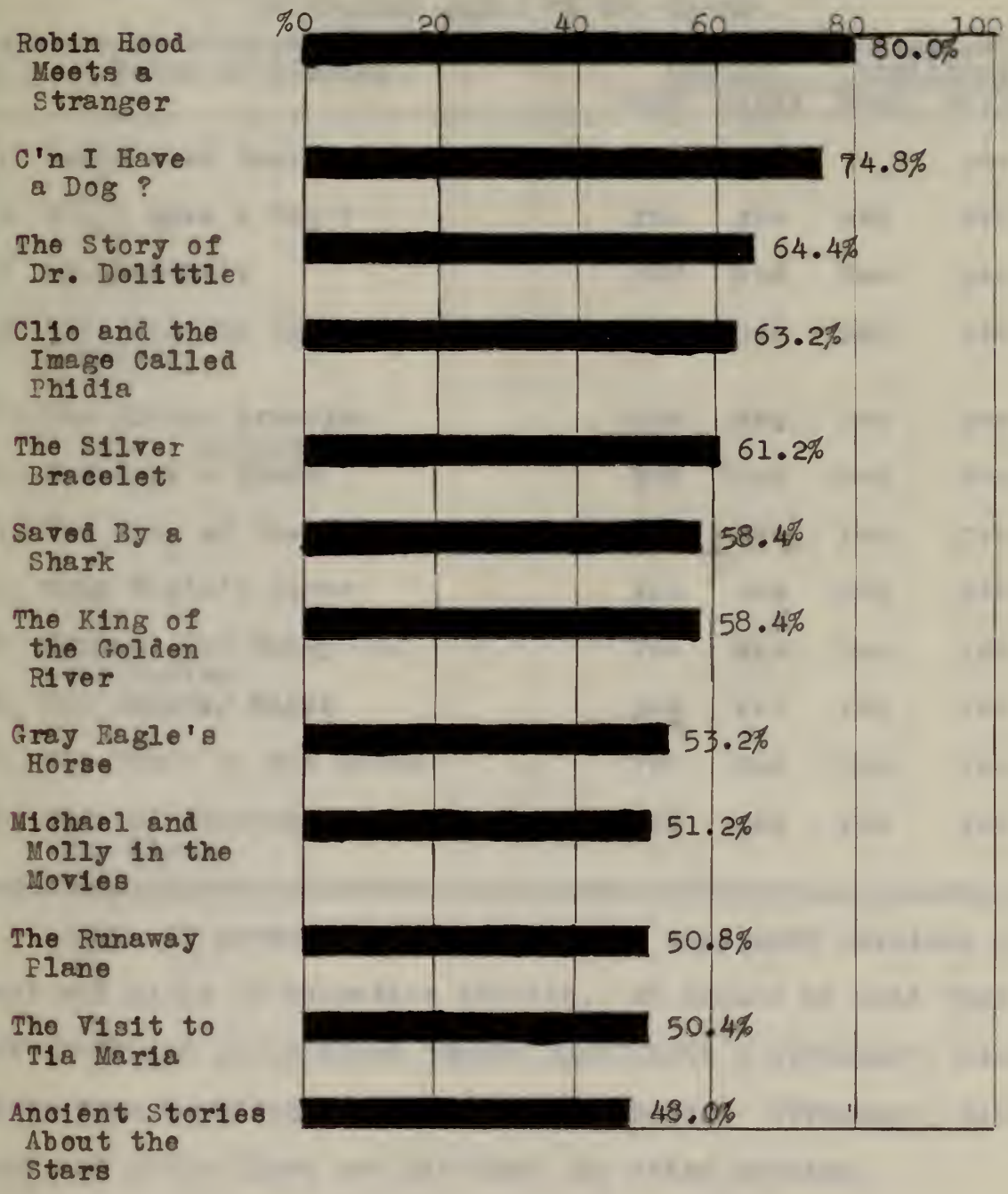
ORDER OF PREFERENCES FOR STORIES
FOR TOTAL POPULATION OF 250

Names of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
1. Robin Hood Meets a Stranger	80.0	15.6	4.4
2. C'n I Have a Dog ?	74.8	20.0	5.2
3. The Story of Dr. Dolittle	64.4	24.0	11.6
4. Clio and the Image Called Phidia	63.2	25.2	11.6
5. The Silver Bracelet	61.2	28.0	10.8
6. Saved By a Shark	58.4	31.2	10.4
7. The King of the Golden River	58.4	29.6	12.0
8. Gray Eagle's Horse	53.2	37.2	9.6
9. Michael and Molly in the Movies	51.2	37.6	11.2
10. The Runaway Plane	50.8	35.2	14.0
11. The Visit to Tia Maria	50.4	37.2	12.4
12. Ancient Stories about the Stars	48.0	39.6	12.6

Table I showed the order of preference for individual narrative stories based on the enthusiastic liking of the total population. The table should be read thus: Eighty per cent of the children liked "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger" enthusiastically; fifteen and six tenths per cent were moderately pleased, and four and four tenths per cent disliked it.

Graph A on the next page is a graphic interpretation of Table I, showing the most popular and the least popular of the stories.

GRAPH A. PERCENTAGE OF ENTHUSIASTIC PREFERENCES OF TOTAL POPULATION OF 250 FOR STORIES



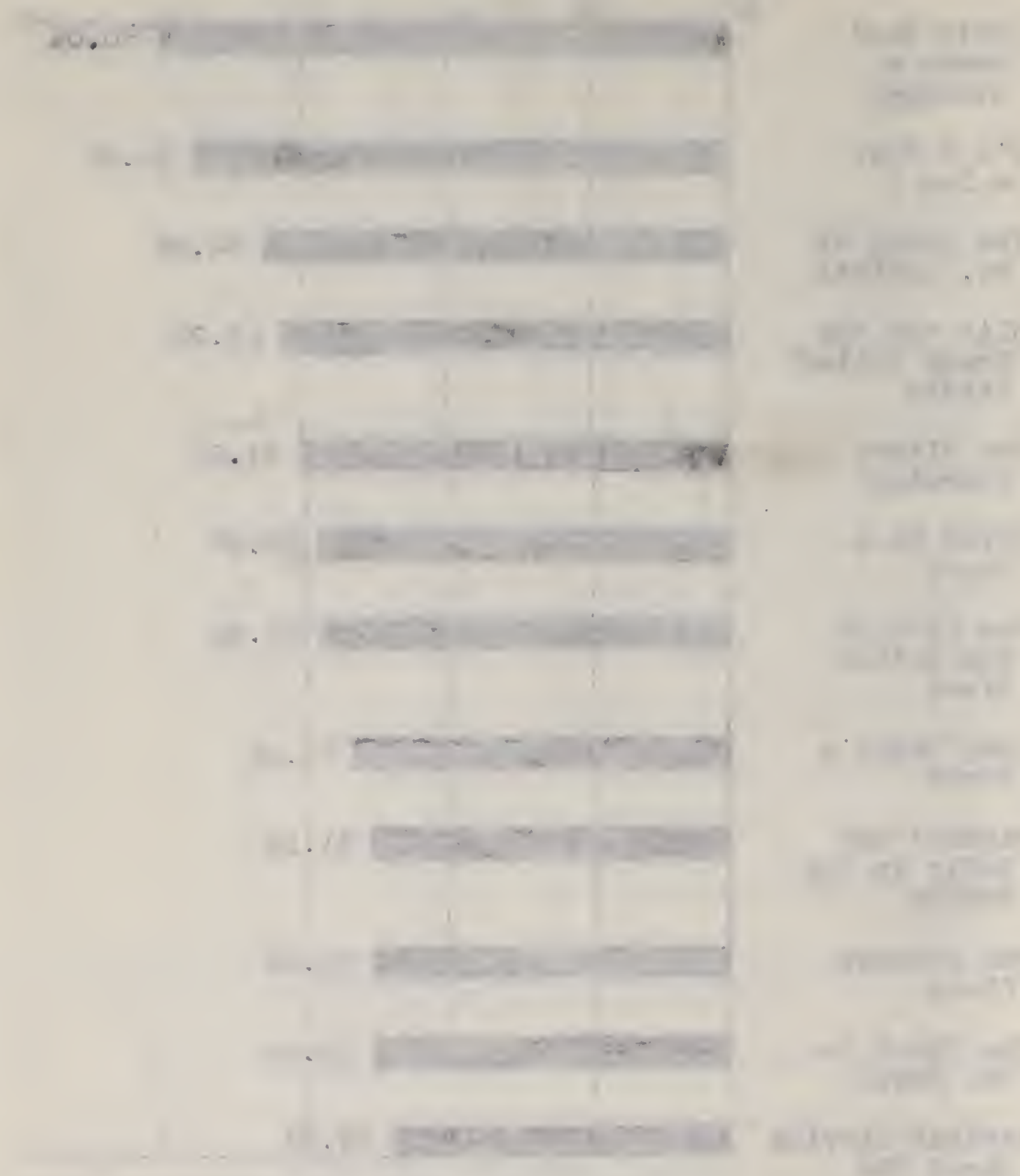


TABLE II

COMPARISON OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' EXPRESSED OPINION OF STORIES BASED ON 250 CASES

	Names of Stories	Liking		Disliking	
		Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
1	Robin Hood Meets a Stranger	yes	yes		yes
2	C'n I Have a Dog ?	yes	yes	yes	yes
3	Dr. Dolittle	yes	yes	yes	yes
4	Clio and the Image Called Phidia	yes	yes	yes	yes
5	The Silver Bracelet	yes	yes	yes	yes
6	Saved by a Shark	yes	yes	yes	yes
7	The King of the Golden River	yes	yes	yes	yes
8	Gray Eagle's Horse	yes	yes	yes	yes
9	Michael and Molly in the Movies	yes	yes	yes	yes
10	The Runaway Plane	yes	yes	yes	yes
11	The Visit to Tia Maria	yes	yes	yes	yes
12	Ancient Stories About the Stars	yes	yes	yes	yes

Table II presented a comparison of expressed opinions of boys and girls of narrative stories. It should be read thus : both boys and girls liked "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger"; more girls than boys disliked "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger"; both boys and girls liked and disliked the other stories.

TABLE III

COMPARISON OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' EXPRESSED PREFERENCE OF STORIES BASED ON 250 CASES

	Names of Stories	Liking with Enthusiasm		Liking without Enthusiasm		Disliking	
		Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
		Per Cent					
1	Robin Hood Meets A Stranger	94.5	64.8	5.5	26.2		9.0
2	C'n I Have A Dog ?	69.5	80.3	25.0	14.7	5.5	5.0
3	The Story of Dr. Dolittle	62.5	66.3	23.4	24.5	14.1	9.2
4	Clio and the Image Called Phidia	49.2	77.8	33.5	16.3	17.3	5.9
5	The Silver Bracelet	57.0	65.5	28.1	27.8	14.9	6.7
6	Saved By A Shark	67.9	48.3	25.0	37.7	7.1	14.0
7	The King of the Golden River	59.3	57.3	28.9	30.3	11.8	12.4
8	Gray Eagle's Horse	52.3	54.0	39.0	35.2	8.7	10.8
9	Michael and Molly in the Movies	46.8	55.7	40.6	34.4	12.6	9.9
10	The Runaway Plane	65.6	35.2	24.2	46.7	10.2	18.1
11	The Visit to Tia Maria	39.8	61.4	41.4	32.7	18.8	5.9
12	Ancient Stories About the Stars	58.5	36.8	32.8	46.7	8.7	16.5

Table III showed a comparison of the preferences of boys and girls for individual stories. It should be read thus : more boys than girls liked "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger"; more girls than boys preferred "C'n I Have A Dog ?".

Table IV shows the preference of boys for narrative stories and Table V shows the preference of girls for narrative stories, on the following pages.

TABLE IV

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF BOYS FOR STORIES

BASED ON 128 CASES

	Names of Stories	Per Cent		
		Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
1	Robin Hood Meets A Stranger	94.5	5.5	
2	C'n I Have A Dog ?	69.5	25.0	5.5
3	Saved By A Shark	67.9	25.0	7.1
4	The Runaway Plane	65.6	24.2	10.2
5	The Story of Dr. Dolittle	62.5	23.4	14.1
6	The King of the Golden River	59.3	28.9	11.8
7	Ancient Stories About the Stars	58.5	32.8	8.7
8	The Silver Bracelet	57.0	28.1	14.9
9	Gray Eagle's Horse	52.3	39.0	8.7
10	Clio and the Image Called Phidia	49.2	33.5	17.3
11	Michael and Molly in the Movies	46.8	40.6	12.6
12	The Visit to Tia Maria	39.8	41.4	18.8

TABLE V

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF GIRLS FOR STORIES
BASED ON 122 CASES

Names of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthuaiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
1 C'n I Have A Dog ?	80.3	14.7	5.0
2 Clio and the Image Called Phidia	77.8	16.3	5.9
3 The Story of Dr. Dolittle	66.3	24.5	9.2
4 The Silver Bracelet	65.5	27.8	6.7
5 Robin Hood Meets A Stranger	64.8	26.2	9.0
6 The Visit to Tia Maria	61.4	32.7	5.9
7 The King of the Golden River	57.3	30.3	12.4
8 Michael and Molly in the Movies	55.7	34.4	9.9
9 Gray Eagle's Horse	54.0	35.2	10.8
10 Saved By A Shark	48.3	37.7	14.0
11 Ancient Stories About the Stars	36.8	46.7	16.5
12 The Runaway Plane	35.2	46.7	18.1

A comparison of Tables IV and V showed that boys and girls differed in the order of preference for narrative stories. Boys preferred the classic, "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger" and girls chose the adventure story, "C'n I Have A Dog ?"

TABLE 7

[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

TABLE VI

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF THE UPPER QUARTILE IN INTELLIGENCE FOR STORIES BASED ON 63 CASES

	Names of Stories	Per Cent Liking with Enthusiasm	Per Cent Liking without Enthusiasm	Per Cent Disliking
1	Robin Hood Meets A Stranger	90.5	9.5	
2	C'n I Have A Dog?	90.5	6.3	3.2
3	Clio and the Image Called Phidia	82.5	15.8	1.7
4	Saved BY A Shark	62.0	38.0	
5	The Story of Dr. Dolittle	60.3	38.0	1.7
6	The King of the Golden River	60.3	38.0	1.7
7	The Silver Bracelet	58.7	38.0	3.3
8	Gray Eagle's Horse	53.9	39.6	6.5
9	The Runaway Plane	52.3	42.8	4.9
10	Michael and Molly in the Movies	49.2	41.2	9.6
11	The Visit to Tia Maria	42.6	47.6	9.6
12	Ancient Stories About the Stars	39.6	47.6	12.8

Table VI presented the order of preference of the upper quartile of intelligence for stories. "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger" was the favorite, and "Ancient Stories About the Stars" was the least popular. "C'n I Have A Dog?" received the same number of votes for first choice, but was disliked by three and two tenths per cent of the children.

TABLE VII

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF THE LOWER QUARTILE IN INTELLIGENCE FOR STORIES BASED ON 63 CASES

Names of Stories	Per Cent Liking with Enthusiasm	Per Cent Liking without Enthusiasm	Per Cent Disliking
1 Robin Hood Meets A Stranger	79.3	14.2	6.5
2 C'n I Have A Dog ?	73.0	23.8	3.2
3 The Silver Bracelet	60.3	31.8	7.9
4 The Story of Dr.Dolittle	58.7	28.5	12.8
5 Saved By A Shark	57.1	33.3	9.6
6 The Visit to Tia Maria	57.1	22.2	20.7
7 The King of the Golden River	55.6	25.3	19.1
8 Clio and the Image Called Phidia	53.9	23.8	22.3
9 Gray Eagle's Horse	53.9	20.6	25.5
10 Molly and Michael in the Movies	50.7	28.5	20.8
11 Ancient Stories About the Stars	49.2	31.7	19.1
12 The Runaway Plane	46.0	31.7	22.3

Table VII presented the order of preference of the lower quartile in intelligence. It should be read thus : "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger" is the most popular; "The Runaway Plane" was the least popular; "Gray Eagle's Horse" was the most disliked. As shown in Tables VI and VII both upper and lower quartiles chose "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger" as the favorite story.

TABLE VIII

ORDER OF PREFERENCES OF BOYS AND GIRLS FOR INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL FOR TOTAL POPULATION OF 250

Names of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
1 Lafayette Meets His Hero	66.8	27.2	6.0
2 The Flying Brothers	65.2	26.4	8.4
3 The Runner Who Told of Victory	64.0	24.0	12.0
4 A Great Healer of Long Ago	63.2	26.0	10.8
5 Shooting Stars	62.4	28.4	9.2
6 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	62.4	23.6	14.0
7 Mail Carriers	60.4	32.4	7.2
8 The Mazer of Lucrezia	60.0	28.8	11.2
9 First Lady of China	58.0	30.4	11.6
10 Explorers of the Sky	54.4	32.9	12.7
11 A Story of Books and Printing	40.8	36.8	22.4
12 Gilds of Craftworkers	38.8	40.8	20.4

Table VIII presented the order of preferences for informational stories based on the enthusiastic liking of the total population. The table should be read thus : Sixty-six and eight tenths per cent of the children liked "Lafayette Meets His Hero" enthusiastically; twenty-seven and two tenths per cent were moderately pleased, and six per cent disliked the story.

Graph B which follows is a graphic interpretation of Table VIII showing the most and the least popular reading material.

GRAPH B. PERCENTAGES OF ENTHUSIASTIC PREFERENCES OF TOTAL POPULATION OF 250 FOR INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL

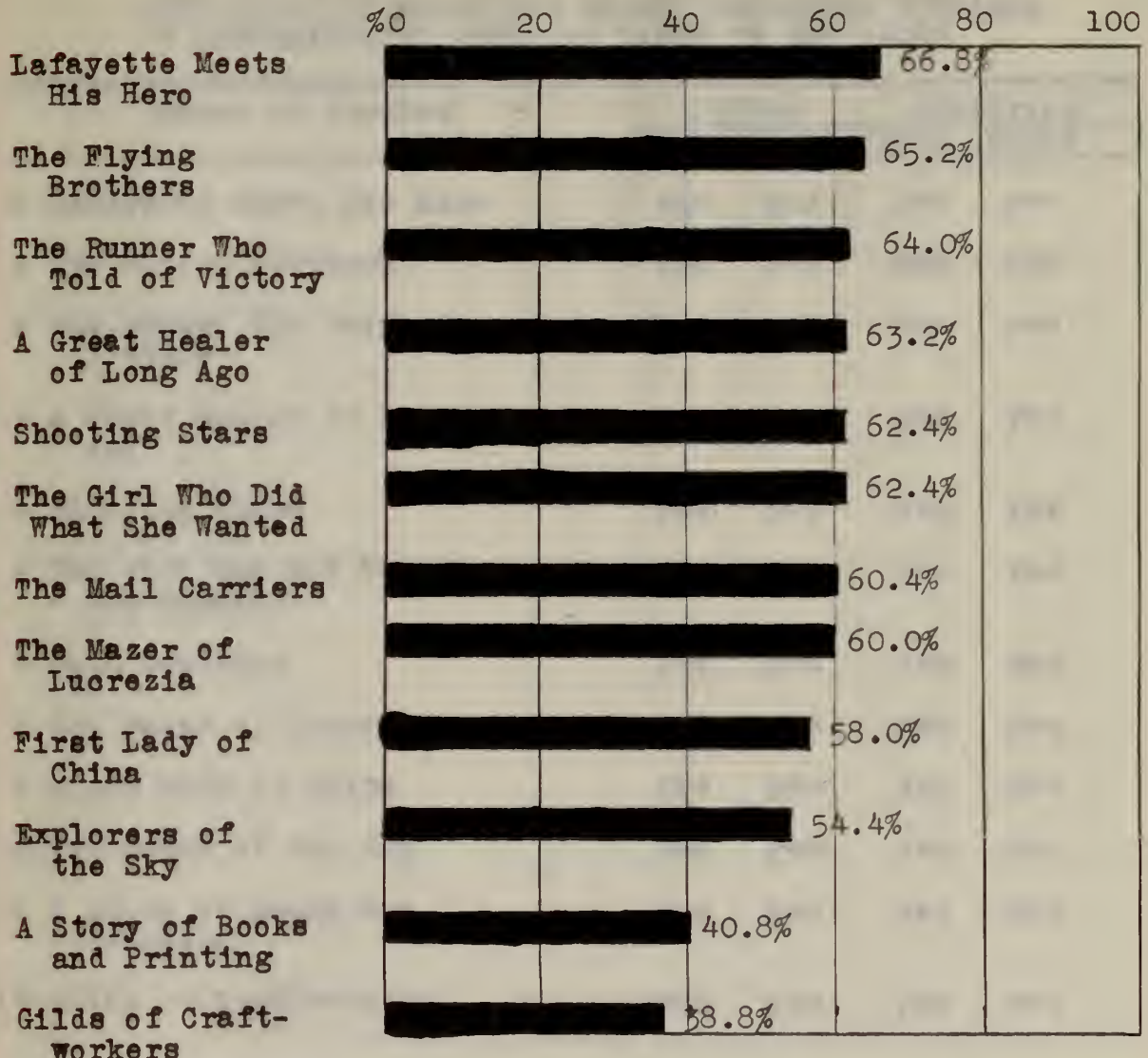


TABLE IX

COMPARISON OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' EXPRESSED OPINIONS OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 250 CASES

Names of Stories	Liking		Disliking	
	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
1 Lafayette Meets His Hero	yes	yes	yes	yes
2 The Flying Brothers	yes	yes	yes	yes
3 The Runner Who Told of Victory	yes	yes	yes	yes
4 A Great Healer of Long Ago	yes	yes	yes	yes
5 Shooting Stars	yes	yes	yes	yes
6 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	yes	yes	yes	yes
7 Mail Carriers	yes	yes	yes	yes
8 The Mazer of Lucrezia	yes	yes	yes	yes
9 First Lady of China	yes	yes	yes	yes
10 Explorers of the Sky	yes	yes	yes	yes
11 A Story of Books and Printing	yes	yes	yes	yes
12 Gilds of Craftworkers	yes	yes	yes	yes

Table IX presented a comparison of expressed opinions of both sexes. Boys and girls liked and disliked informational material used in this survey.

TABLE X

COMPARISON OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' EXPRESSED PREFERENCE OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 250 CASES

Names of Stories	Per Cent Liking with Enthusiasm		Liking without Enthusiasm		Disliking	
	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
1 Lafayette Meets His Hero	64.6	69.1	33.8	20.0	1.6	10.9
2 The Flying Brothers	78.4	54.1	16.9	38.3	4.7	7.5
3 The Runner Who Told of Victory	73.8	53.3	12.3	36.6	13.9	10.1
4 A Great Healer of Long Ago	52.3	75.0	38.4	12.5	9.3	12.5
5 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	44.6	81.6	30.7	15.8	24.7	2.6
6 Shooting Stars	69.2	55.0	26.9	30.0	3.9	15.0
7 Mail Carriers	63.8	56.6	31.5	33.3	4.7	10.1
8 The Mazer of Lucrezia	48.4	72.5	31.5	25.8	20.1	1.7
9 First Lady of China	50.0	66.6	39.2	20.8	10.8	12.6
10 Explorers of the Sky	60.0	48.3	31.5	34.1	8.5	17.6
11 A Story of Books and Printing	40.0	41.6	39.2	34.1	20.8	24.3
12 Gilds of Craftworkers	31.5	46.6	40.7	40.8	27.8	12.6

Table X showed a comparison of the preferences of boys and girls for informational material. It should be interpreted thus: more boys than girls preferred "The Flying Brothers", more girls than boys liked "The Girl Who Did What She Wanted." To facilitate interpretation of Table X, Table XI shows the preferences of boys for informational material, and Table XII shows the preferences of girls for informational material. Tables XI and XII follow.

TABLE XI

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF BOYS FOR INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 130 CASES

Name of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
1 The Flying Brothers	78.4	16.9	4.7
2 The Runner Who Told of Victory	73.8	12.3	13.9
3 Shooting Stars	69.2	26.9	3.9
4 Lafayette Meets His Hero	64.6	33.8	1.6
5 Mail Carriers	63.8	31.5	4.7
6 Explorers of the Sky	60.0	31.5	8.5
7 A Great Healer of Long Ago	52.3	38.4	9.3
8 First Lady of China	50.0	39.2	10.8
9 The Mazer of Lucrezia	48.4	31.5	20.1
10 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	44.6	30.7	24.7
11 The Story of Books and Printing	40.0	39.2	20.8
12 Gilds of Craftworkers	31.5	40.7	27.8

TABLE XII

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF GIRLS FOR INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 120 CASES

Name of Stories	Per Cent Liking with Enthusiasm	Per Cent Liking without Enthusiasm	Per Cent Disliking
1 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	81.6	15.8	2.6
2 A Great Healer of Long Ago	75.0	12.5	12.5
3 The Mazer of Lucrezia	72.5	25.8	1.7
4 Lafayette Meets His Hero	69.1	20.0	10.9
5 First Lady of China	66.6	20.8	12.6
6 Mail Carriers	56.6	33.3	10.1
7 Shooting Stars	55.0	30.0	15.0
8 The Flying Brothers	54.1	38.3	7.6
9 The Runner Who Told of Victory	53.3	36.6	10.1
10 Explorers of the Sky	48.3	34.1	17.6
11 Gilds of Craftworkers	46.6	40.8	12.6
12 The Story of Books and Printing	41.6	34.1	24.3

A comparison of Tables XI and XII showed that boys and girls differed in the order of preference for individual informational stories. Both preferred biographies to science or social studies material.

TABLE XIII

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF THE UPPER QUARTILE IN INTELLIGENCE FOR INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 63 CASES

Names of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
1 Lafayette Meets His Hero	81.0	19.0	
2 The Runner Who Told of Victory	66.6	31.7	1.7
3 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	63.4	28.5	8.1
4 A Great Healer of Long Ago	61.9	26.9	11.2
5 Shooting Stars	60.3	31.7	8.0
6 The Mazer of Lucrezia	60.3	31.7	8.0
7 The Flying Brothers	58.7	34.9	6.4
8 Mail Carriers	58.7	38.0	3.3
9 First Lady of China	58.7	28.5	12.8
10 Explorers of the Sky	57.1	31.7	11.2
11 Gilds of Craftworkers	44.4	33.3	22.3
12 Story of Books and Printing	39.6	41.2	19.2

Table XIII presented the order of preference for informational material of the upper quartile in intelligence. "Lafayette Meet His Hero" was the favorite, and "Story of Books and Printing" was the least popular, and "Gilds of Craftworkers" was the most disliked.

TABLE XIV

ORDER OF PREFERENCE OF THE LOWER QUARTILE IN INTELLIGENCE FOR INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 63[illegible] CASES

Names of Stories	Per Cent Liking with Enthusiasm	Per Cent Liking without Enthusiasm	Per Cent Disliking
1 The Runner Who Told of Victory	63.4	23.8	12.8
2 The Flying Brothers	61.9	23.8	14.3
3 Mail Carriers	60.3	31.7	8.0
4 Lafayette Meets His Hero	58.7	31.7	9.6
5 A Great Healer of Long Ago	57.1	23.8	19.1
6 The Girl Who Did What She Wanted	55.5	39.6	4.9
7 Shooting Stars	55.5	28.5	16.0
8 The Mazer of Lucrezia	42.8	44.4	12.8
9 First Lady of China	42.8	42.8	4.4
10 Explorers of the Sky	42.8	41.2	16.0
11 The Story of Books and Printing	41.2	33.3	25.5
12 Gilds of Craftworkers	31.7	44.4	23.9

Table XIV presented the order of preference of the lower quartile in intelligence and should be interpreted thus: "The Runner Who Told of Victory" was the favorite; "Gilds of Craftworkers " was the least popular, and "The Story of Books and Printing" was the most disliked.

As shown in Tables XIII and XIV, the upper and lower quartiles in intelligence did not choose informational material in the same rank order. The upper quartile preferred biography and the lower quartile chose social studies.

TABLE XV

COMPARISON OF PREFERENCES OF TOTAL POPULATION OF 250 CASES FOR THREE NARRATIVE TYPES

Types of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
Classics	62.7	27.2	10.1
Adventure	60.0	30.1	9.9
Children of Other Lands	55.8	32.8	11.4

This table indicated that classics were preferred slightly to adventure stories and much preferred to stories of children of other lands. A smaller percentage expressed dislike of adventure stories than of the classics or of the stories of children of other lands.

The table was interpreted in the following manner: sixty-two and seven tenths per cent of the two hundred and fifty children preferred classics, while twenty-seven and two tenths per cent enjoyed them moderately and ten and one tenth per cent disliked the classics.

TABLE XVI

COMPARISON OF PREFERENCES OF BOYS AND GIRLS FOR THREE NARRATIVE TYPES BASED ON 250 CASES

Types of Stories	Per Cent					
	Liking with Enthusiasm		Liking without Enthusiasm		Disliking	
	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
Classics	68.7	56.3	22.6	31.9	9.7	11.8
Adventure	61.1	58.8	29.1	31.1	9.8	10.1
Children of Other Lands	50.9	60.8	35.1	30.4	14.0	8.8

This table was interpreted in the following manner. Sixty-eight and seven tenths per cent of the boys and fifty-six and three tenths of the girls enjoyed the classics enthusiastically, while twenty-two and six tenths per cent of the boys and thirty-one and nine tenths per cent of the girls liked them moderately, and nine and seven tenths per cent of the boys and eleven and eight tenths per cent of the girls disliked the classics.

TABLE XVII

COMPARISON OF PREFERENCES OF UPPER AND LOWER QUARTILES IN INTELLIGENCE FOR THREE NARRATIVE TYPES BASED ON 126 CASES

Types of Stories	Per Cent					
	Liking with Enthusiasm		Liking without Enthusiasm		Disliking	
	Upper	Lower	Upper	Lower	Upper	Lower
Classics	62.6	60.7	33.3	24.9	4.1	4.4
Adventure	63.8	58.3	31.7	27.0	4.5	14.7
Children of Other Lands	59.1	54.7	35.7	27.0	5.2	18.3

A study of this table revealed that the boys in the upper quartile preferred adventure stories to classics, regardless of the fact that this type was most popular with the total population. The lower quartile preferred the classics to the other types.

Type of Device					
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

TABLE XVIII

COMPARISON OF PREFERENCES OF TOTAL POPULATION OF 250 CASES FOR THREE TYPES OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL

Types of Stories	Per Cent		
	Liking with Enthusiasm	Liking without Enthusiasm	Disliking
Biography	63.1	26.9	10.0
Science	60.0	29.0	11.0
Social Studies	51.0	33.5	15.5

The interpretation of Table XVIII follows that of previous tables. Sixty-three and one tenth per cent of population preferred biographical material, twenty-six and nine tenths per cent enjoyed it without enthusiasm, and ten per cent disliked it.

TABLE XIX

COMPARISON OF PREFERENCES OF BOYS AND GIRLS FOR THREE TYPES OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 250 CASES

Types of Stories	Per Cent					
	Liking with Enthusiasm		Liking without Enthusiasm		Disliking	
	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
Biography	59.4	67.9	30.2	23.7	10.4	8.4
Science	57.5	62.7	32.1	25.6	10.4	11.7
Social Studies	52.3	49.5	30.9	36.2	16.8	14.3

This table was interpreted to read as follows: fifty-nine and four tenths per cent of the boys and sixty-seven and nine tenths per cent of the girls were enthusiastic about biographical material; thirty and two tenths per cent of the boys and twenty-three and seven tenths per cent of the girls enjoyed it moderately; and ten and four tenths per cent of the boys and eight and four tenths per cent of the girls disliked biographical material.

TABLE XX

COMPARISON OF PREFERENCES OF UPPER AND LOWER QUARTILES IN INTELLIGENCE FOR THREE TYPES OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL BASED ON 126 CASES

Types of Stories	Per Cent					
	Liking with Enthusiasm		Liking without Enthusiasm		Disliking	
	Upper	Lower	Upper	Lower	Upper	Lower
Biography	65.4	54.7	27.8	37.0	6.8	8.3
Science	59.9	49.6	30.5	34.4	9.6	16.0
Social Studies	52.3	49.2	36.1	33.3	11.6	17.5

Following the method of interpretation that has been used with all the preceding tables, this table showed : sixty-five and four tenths per cent of the upper quartile enjoyed informational material enthusiastically, while twenty-seven and eight tenths per cent enjoyed it moderately, and six and eight tenths per cent disliked informational material. The rank order of expressed preference of upper and lower quartiles in intelligence was the same, although the lower quartile expressed a slight percentage of preference for science material over that of social studies material; the percentage difference was 0.4.

CHAPTER V

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

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SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

Summary. The purpose of this investigation, as explained in Chapter I, was to survey the reading interests of sixth grade children. As a result of this study, it was hoped to ascertain, if possible;

1. Which stories sixth grade children preferred from a selection of stories used in sixth grade basal readers.
2. If boys and girls at the sixth grade level had the same preferences for stories.
3. If the upper and lower quartiles in intelligence in the sixth grade expressed preferences for the same selections.
4. Which type of narrative material was preferred by sixth grade children.
5. If the same narrative type appealed to girls and boys at sixth grade level.
6. If the upper and lower quartiles in intelligence in grade six preferred the same story type.
7. Which type of informational material was most popular among sixth grade children.

CHAPTER 7

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

Summary. The purpose of this investigation, as explained in Chapter 1, was to survey the modern techniques of simple solutions. In a review of this study, it was found to contain, if possible:

1. Those theories which seem relative problems from a definite or precise kind in which these have received.
2. It does not appear as the study seems fairly and the same application for others.
3. It has more and longer questions in particular in the most basic principal problems for the same solutions.
4. Other type or necessary material type problems in which these tests.
5. It has been questions type suggest to write and not other same type.
6. It also open and these question in particular in these for problems the same their test.
7. Third type of information subjects may and together among this basic problems.

8. If the same type of informational material appealed to both boys and girls at a sixth grade level.
9. If the same type of informational material was popular with both upper and lower quartiles in intelligence in the sixth grade.
10. Which type of material, narrative or informational, was preferred by sixth graders.

To accomplish this, twelve stories which depicted three types of narrative material, classics, children of other lands, and adventure, were selected by children from five sixth grade basal readers, and presented in individual folders to 250 sixth grade children. Informational material of three types, biography, science, and social studies was prepared and presented in the same manner to 250 sixth graders. Each child had access to the material, and was given an opportunity to express his preferences, to indicate enthusiastic enjoyment, pleasure, or dislike.

Conclusions. From this investigation made in sixth grade classes in ten different communities available, the following conclusions were drawn:

1. Of the six types of material presented, biography was the most popular. The order of preference was as follows: first, biography; second, classics; third, adventure and science; which tied for third place; fourth, children of other lands; fifth, social studies.

The rank order for the six types of stories liked moderately was as follows: first, social studies; second, children of other lands; third, adventure; fourth, science; fifth, classics; sixth, biography. Expressions of dislike for types of story ranked in the following order: first, social studies; second, children of other lands; third, science; fourth, classics; fifth, biography; sixth, adventure.

2. "Robin Hood Meets A Stranger" was preferred to other stories in the sixth grade classes which were surveyed. "Gilds of Craftworkers" was the least popular.

3. Of the narrative types presented, classics were the most popular, adventure, second choice, and stories of children of other lands least popular. This order remained the same for the boys, but the girls reversed the rank of order of preference. The upper quartile preferred adventure stories, chose classics next, and found stories of children of other lands the least popular. The lower quartile preferred the classics, chose adventure stories next and selected stories of children of other lands as least popular.

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4. Of the informational type presented, biographical material was the most popular, scince next, and social studies material least popular. The order remained the same for both boys and girls and for the upper and lower quartiles in intelligence.

CHAPTER VI

LIMITATIONS OF THE STUDY AND PROBLEMS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

CHAPTER VI

LIMITATIONS OF THE STUDY AND PROBLEMS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

Limitations of the study. The limitations of this investigation included the following:

1. The geographical distribution of participants was limited.
2. The number of participants was restricted.
3. Recorded intelligence quotients were unobtainable for all children.
4. Presentation of material on summary sheets was variable due to the fact that it was necessary to use the sixth grade teachers available.

Problems for further research. Any study in the field of education seems to raise more questions and problems than it solves. The writer felt that, as a result of this investigation, profitable research could be conducted along the following lines:

1. To inaugurate a similar investigation using a wider geographical distribution of children.
2. To conduct a similar study with a greater number of children.
3. To conduct a similar investigation with children whose intelligence quotients were available.

4. To include additional types of material in a similar study.
5. To ascertain the influence of race on preferences and interests.
6. To ascertain the influence of audio-visual aids on interests and preferences.
7. To discover what basal readers lack which children would prefer.

4. To include additional types of behavior in a similar study.
5. To determine the influence of time on interpersonal interactions.
6. To determine the influence of physical-environmental variables on interpersonal behavior.
7. To discover what specific results lead future studies should produce.

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APPENDIX

TITLES OF STORIES USED IN SURVEY OF NARRATIVE MATERIAL

Ancient Stories About the Stars

C'n I Have A Dog.?

Clio and the Image Called Phidia

Gray Eagle's Horse

Michael and Molly in the Movies

Robin Hood Meets A Stranger

Saved By A Shark

The King of the Golden River

The Runaway Plane

The Silver Bracelet

The Story of Dr. Dolittle

The Visit to Tia Maria

The Story of Dr. Dolittle

Once upon a time, many years ago—when our grandfathers were little children—there was a doctor; and his name was Dolittle—John Dolittle, M.D. "M.D." means that he was a proper doctor and knew a whole lot.

He lived in a little town called Puddleby-on-the-Marsh. All the folks, young and old, knew him well by sight. And whenever he walked down the street in his high hat everyone would say, "There goes the Doctor! He's a clever man." And the dogs and the children would all run up and follow behind him; and even the crows that lived in the church tower would caw and nod their heads.

The house he lived in, on the edge of the town, was quite small; but his garden was very large and had a wide lawn and stone seats and weeping willows hanging over. His sister, Sarah Dolittle, was housekeeper for him; but the Doctor looked after the garden himself. He was very fond of animals and kept many kinds of pets. Besides goldfish in the pond at the bottom of his garden, he had rabbits in

From *The Story of Dr. Dolittle* by Hugh Lofting, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, Inc.

the pantry, white mice in his piano, a squirrel in the linen closet, a hedgehog in the cellar. He had a cow with a calf, too, an old lame horse—twenty-five years of age—and chickens and pigeons and two lambs and many other animals. But his favorite pets were Dab-Dab the duck, Jip the dog, Gub-Gub the pig, Polynesia the parrot, and the owl, Too-Too.

His sister used to grumble about all these animals and said they made the house untidy. And one day when an old lady with rheumatism came to see the Doctor, she sat on the hedgehog, who was sleeping on the sofa, and never came to see him any more, but drove every Saturday all the way to Oxenthorpe, another town ten miles off, to see a different doctor.

Then his sister, Sarah Dolittle, came to him and said, "John, how can you expect sick people to come and see you when you keep all these animals in the house? It's a fine doctor would have his parlor full of hedgehogs and mice! That's the fourth personage these animals have driven away. Squire Jenkins and the parson say they wouldn't come near your house again—no matter how sick they are. We are getting poorer every day. If you go on like this, none of the best people will have you for a doctor."

"But I like animals better than the best people," said the Doctor.

"You are ridiculous," said his sister, and walked out of the room.

So, as time went on, the Doctor got more and more animals; and the people who came to see him got less and less. Till at last he had no one left—except the Cat's-meat-Man, who didn't mind any kind of animals. But the Cat's-meat-Man wasn't very rich, and he only got sick once a year—at Christmas time, when he used to give the Doctor sixpence for a bottle of medicine. Sixpence a year wasn't enough to live on—even in those days, long ago; and if the Doctor hadn't had some money saved up in his moneybox, no one knows what would have happened.

And he kept on getting still more pets; and of course it cost a lot to feed them. And the money he had saved up grew littler and littler.

Then he sold his piano and let the mice live in a bureau drawer. But the money he got for that, too, began to go, so he sold the brown suit he wore on Sundays and went on becoming poorer and poorer.

And now, when he walked down the street in his high hat, people would say to one another, "There goes John Dolittle, M.D. There was a time when he was the best known doctor in the West Country. Look at him now. He hasn't any money, and his stockings are full of holes!" But the dogs and the cats and the children still ran up and followed him through the town the same as when he was rich.

It happened one day that the Doctor was sitting in his kitchen talking with the Cat's-meat-Man,

who had come to see him with a stomach ache. "Why don't you give up being a people's doctor and be an animal doctor?" asked the Cat's-meat-Man.

The parrot, Polynesia, was sitting in the window looking out at the rain and singing a sailor song to herself. She stopped singing and started to listen.

"You see, Doctor," the Cat's-meat-Man went on, "you know all about animals—much more than what these here vets do. That book you wrote—about cats—why, it's wonderful! I can't read or write myself—or maybe *I'd* write some books. But my wife, Theodosia, she's a scholar, she is. And she read your book to me. Well, it's wonderful—that's all can be said—wonderful. You might have been a cat yourself. You know the way they think. And listen: you can make a lot of money doctoring animals. Do you know that? You see, I'd send all the old women who had sick cats or dogs to you. And if they didn't get sick fast enough, I could put something in the meat I sell 'em to make 'em sick, see?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor quickly. "You mustn't do that. That wouldn't be right."

"Oh, I didn't mean real sick," answered the Cat's-meat-Man. "Just a little something to make them droopy-like was what I had reference to. But as you say, maybe it ain't quite fair on the animals. But they'll get sick anyway, because the old women always give 'em too much to eat. And look, all the

farmers round about who had lame horses and weak lambs—they'd come. Be an animal doctor."

When the Cat's-meat-Man had gone, the parrot flew off the window onto the Doctor's table and said, "That man's got sense. That's what you ought to do. Be an animal doctor. Give the silly people up—if they haven't brains enough to see you're the best doctor in the world. Take care of animals instead—*they'll* soon find it out. Be an animal doctor."

"Oh, there are plenty of animal doctors," said John Dolittle, putting the flower pots outside on the window sill to get the rain.

"Yes, there *are* plenty," said Polynesia, "but none of them are any good at all. Now listen, Doctor, and I'll tell you something. Did you know that animals can talk?"

"I knew that parrots can talk," said the Doctor.

"Oh, parrots can talk in two languages—people's language and bird language," said Polynesia proudly. "If I say, 'Polly wants a cracker,' you understand me. But hear this: *Ka-Ka oi-ee, fee-fee?*"

"Good gracious!" cried the Doctor. "What does that mean?"

"That means, 'Is the porridge hot yet?'—in bird language."

"My! You don't say so!" said the Doctor. "You never talked that way to me before."

"What would have been the good?" said Polynesia,

dusting some cracker crumbs off her left wing. "You wouldn't have understood me if I had."

"Tell me some more," said the Doctor, all excited; and he rushed over to the dresser drawer and came back with the butcher's book and a pencil. "Now don't go too fast—and I'll write it down. This is interesting—very interesting—something quite new. Give me the birds' A B C first—slowly now."

So that was the way the Doctor came to know that animals had a language of their own and could talk to one another. And all that afternoon, while it was raining, Polynesia sat on the kitchen table giving him bird words to put down in the book. At teatime, when the dog, Jip, came in, the parrot said to the Doctor, "See; *he's* talking to you."

"Looks to me as though he were scratching his ear," said the Doctor.

"But animals don't always speak with their mouths," said the parrot in a high voice, raising her eyebrows. "They talk with their ears, with their feet, with their tails—with everything. Sometimes they don't *want* to make a noise. Do you see now the way he's twitching up one side of his nose?"

"What's that mean?" asked the Doctor.

"That means, 'Can't you see that it has stopped raining?'" Polynesia answered. "He is asking you a question. Dogs nearly always use their noses for asking questions."

After a while, with the parrot's help, the Doctor got to learn the language of the animals so well that he could talk to them himself and understand everything they said. Then he gave up being a people's doctor altogether. As soon as the Cat's-meat-Man had told everyone that John Dolittle was going to become an animal doctor, old ladies began to bring him their pet pugs and poodles who had eaten too much cake; and farmers came many miles to show him sick cows and sheep. One day a plow horse was brought to him; and the poor thing was terribly glad to find a man who could talk in horse language.

"You know, Doctor," said the horse, "that vet over the hill knows nothing at all. He has been treating me six weeks now—for spavins. What I need is spectacles. I am going blind in one eye. There's no reason why horses shouldn't wear glasses, the same as people. But that stupid man over the hill never even looked at my eyes. He kept on giving me pills. I tried to tell him, but he couldn't understand a word of horse language. What I need is spectacles."

"Of course, of course," said the Doctor. "I'll get you some at once."

"I would like a pair like yours," said the horse, "only green. They'll keep the sun out of my eyes while I'm plowing the fifty-acre field."

"Certainly," said the Doctor. "Green ones you shall have."

"You know, the trouble is, sir," said the horse as the Doctor opened the front door to let him out; "the trouble is that *anybody* thinks he can doctor animals—just because the animals don't complain. As a matter of fact it takes a much cleverer man to be a really good animal doctor than it does to be a good people's doctor. My farmer's boy thinks he knows all about horses. I wish you could see him—his face is so fat he looks as though he had no eyes—and he has got as much brain as a potato bug. He tried to put a mustard plaster on me last week."

"Where did he put it?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, he didn't put it anywhere—on me," said the horse. "He only tried to. I kicked him into the duck pond."

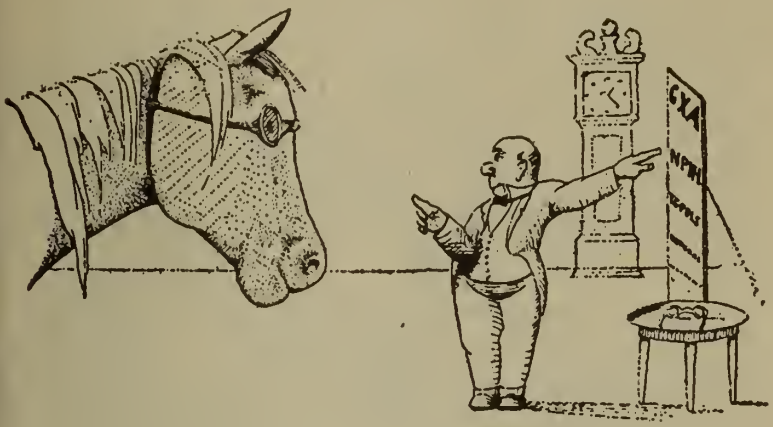
"Well, well!" said the Doctor.

"I'm a pretty quiet creature as a rule," said the horse—"very patient with people—don't make much fuss. But it was bad enough to have that vet giving me the wrong medicine. And when that red-faced booby started to monkey with me, I just couldn't bear it any more."

"Did you hurt the boy much?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, no," said the horse. "I kicked him in the right place. The vet's looking after him now. When will my glasses be ready?"

"I'll have them for you next week," said the Doctor. "Come in again Tuesday. Good morning!"

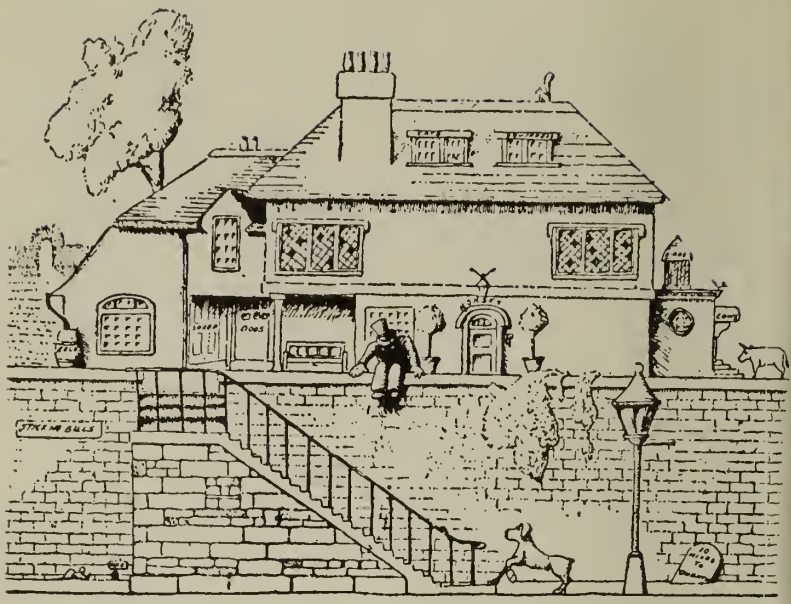


Then John Dolittle got a fine big pair of green spectacles, and the plow horse stopped going blind in one eye and could see as well as ever. And soon it became a common sight to see farm animals wearing glasses in the country round Puddleby; and a blind horse was a thing unknown.

And so it was with all the other animals that were brought to him.

As soon as they found that he could talk their language, they told him where the pain was and how they felt, and of course it was easy for him to cure them.

Now all these animals went back and told their brothers and friends that there was a doctor in the little house with the big garden who really *was* a doctor. And whenever any creatures got sick—not only horses and cows and dogs, but all the little



things of the fields, like harvest mice and water moles, badgers, and bats—they came at once to his house on the edge of the town, so that his big garden was nearly always crowded with animals trying to get in to see him. There were so many that came that he had to have special doors made for the different kinds.

He wrote "HORSES" over the front door, "COWS" over the side door, and "SHEEP" on the kitchen door. Each kind of animal had a separate door—even the mice had a tiny tunnel made for them into the cellar, where they waited patiently in rows for the Doctor to come round to them.

So, in a few years' time, every living thing for miles and miles got to know about John Dolittle, M.D. And the birds who flew to other countries in the winter told animals in foreign lands of the wonderful doctor of Puddleby-on-the-Marsh who could understand their talk and help them in their troubles.

In this way he became famous among the animals—all over the world—better known even than he had been among the folks of the West Country. And he was happy and liked his life very much.

Ben and Me

I Begin My Career

Since the recent death of my lamented friend and patron, Ben Franklin, many so-called historians have attempted to write accounts of his life and his achievements. Most of these are wrong in so many respects that I feel the time has now come for me to take pen in paw and set things right.

All of these ill-informed scribblers seem astonished at Ben's great fund of information, at his brilliant decisions, at his seeming knowledge of all that went on about him. Had they asked me, I could have told them. It was ME.

Robin Hood Meets a Stranger

Stories That Never Grow Old

Robin Hood

Robin Meets a Stranger

In olden days there lived in Merry England a man named Robin Hood. Now Robin was an outlaw by the King's decree, and with a price on his head to boot, for he had slain the King's deer. No towered castle gave Robin refuge, but only the shadowy glades of Sherwood Forest. There he dwelt with his band of loyal followers.

Though Robin was an outlaw, no man in England was more beloved, for no one ever asked his aid in vain. Rob the rich and help the needy was bold Robin's motto, and many a poor man passing through Sherwood Forest found his pockets lined with gold that had lately been jingling in a fat merchant's purse. Robin Hood's band vowed to do as he bade them and to answer promptly the summons of his hunting horn. They were clad all alike in suits of

Lincoln green, and each carried a stout bow of yew. Skillful archers they all were, but none sent arrow flying with such skill and cunning as Robin.

Plowman, tinker, minstrel, or yeoman traveled in Sherwood Forest unharmed, but rich men with money bags trembled as they neared the outlaw's domain.

One midsummer day as Robin strolled through Sherwood Forest, he came to a stream whose only bridge was a fallen log. Not till he had set foot upon the log did he realize that a stranger faced him from the opposite end. Now Robin was of no mind to back down to any man, even though the stranger stood full half-a-head taller than himself.

"Ho, there!" quoth Robin. "Stand thou back and let the better man cross first."

"Stand back thyself!" retorted the stranger, "for I own no man my better."

"So?" replied bold Robin, fitting arrow to bow. "Perchance an arrow between the ribs will change thy tune."

"A coward's challenge," scoffed the tall stranger, budging not a whit. "Wouldst thou draw a bow when I have naught but a stick to defend me?"

Then Robin blushed with shame, for in his hasty pride he had failed to note the stranger's weapons. Without a word he tossed his bow and arrows on the bank and unbuckled the oaken stick at his belt.

"Now," quoth he. "Meet me if thou darest, and we will fight until one of us tumbles into the water."

And fight they did, belaboring each other roundly, but each turned the other's blows so deftly that neither gave way an inch. So the two stood and fought for nigh onto an hour, and many a stout blow found its mark, but neither man was willing to call "Enough." Each one kept his footing upon the log as nimbly as a tight-wire walker at a fair. In truth it seemed that they would still be fighting at sunset, when suddenly the stranger clouted Robin squarely upon the ribs and sent him head over heels into the water.

"Now where is the better man!" called out the tall stranger, roaring with gusty laughter.

"Cooling in the water," returned Robin merrily, stumbling to his feet and splashing his way to the bank. "Faith, but thou art a stout hand with a cudgel." He shook the water from him and held out his hand.

"Give me thy hand," he cried. "I must own thou art a brave soul and a sturdy fighter."

"And I," quoth the stranger with a merry twinkle, "must grant that thou hast a good heart. For never a man took a drubbing with such good spirit."

"A good heart I may have and more besides," returned Robin, and lifting his hunting horn to his lips, he blew three strong blasts.

Before the stranger could do more than ask the why and the wherefore of such a trumpeting, a score of archers, all clad in Lincoln green, burst from the surrounding forest.

"Good master!" cried Will Stutely, staring aghast at Robin's dripping figure. "How now?"

"Why, naught of any matter," said Robin slyly. "Except that this stranger hath tumbled me into the water and thwacked me soundly besides."

Without more ado, the archers fell upon the tall stranger, and though the big fellow was well able to use his cudgel, Robin restrained them with a merry shout.

"Nay, nay, men! I summoned you not to fight, but to welcome a brother." Then turning to the

stranger, Robin told his own name and the purpose of the band and asked him to be one of them.

"That will I be right gladly," said the stranger. "And here is my hand and my heart with it to seal the bargain. My name, if you would know it, is John Little."

"John Little!" chortled Will Stutely in high glee, for the man was seven feet in height and at least an ell around the waist. "That must be altered. A new name you shall have, John Little, and that as speedily as I can perform a christening."

"A christening! A christening!" cried all the outlaws, and before the tall stranger could do more than stare at them in amazement, seven bold fellows had seized him, while still another of their band ran straightway to the outlaws' lair and brought out a brimming tankard of fresh-brewed ale.

"Nay! Nay!" spluttered poor John, guessing their purpose, but all his cries were to no avail. Seven feet tall though he was, and with muscles like steel, he was no match for seven of Robin's men. Laughing and shouting, they held him fast while Will Stutely pushed his way through the cavorting throng, holding aloft the tankard of ale.

Instantly the outlaws ceased their wild antics, lest they miss a single word.

"I now christen thee *Little John*," cried Will, who doted on such merry pranks, and forthwith

he emptied the tankard of foaming ale over the tall fellow's head.

"Little John he is," cried Robin, "and Little John he shall be." And all the outlaws laughed so wholeheartedly at their prank, that the big fellow could do naught but laugh with them.

So *Little John* the stranger became to all the band, in spite of his size and his protests. And they all made merry under the greenwood trees and feasted upon the King's deer.

"Now, look you, Little John," said Robin Hood when the feast was over. "Rob no tiller of the fields, nor any yeoman. But if a fat merchant or rich landowner passes by, then take care to relieve him of his ill-gotten wealth. And above all, keep a sharp lookout for the Sheriff of Nottingham."

Little John nodded, for everyone in the country round knew that the Sheriff of Nottingham had sworn to capture Robin Hood by fair means or foul. For the sheriff was a man with fingers greedy for gold, and the price on Robin Hood's head was a good two hundred pounds.

Little John Proves His Loyalty

One Sunday morning Robin asked Little John to come with him to church in Nottingham. As was their custom, they took their bows, and on the way Little John proposed an archery contest. Robin Hood laughed haughtily and said that Little John might have three tries to his master's one.

Robin soon repented this offer, for Little John speedily won the contest. At this, Robin struck his friend. Now Little John was not the man to bear such treatment. He told Robin that he would never more own him for master, and he walked away. Then Robin was ashamed, but his pride prevented his saying so; and he went on to Nottingham.

Well he knew that to enter the church alone was dangerous. However, there he was, and there he meant to stay. As he knelt down, one man recognized him, and that man ran to tell the sheriff.

The sheriff quickly summoned all his guards and marched to the church. Their noisy entrance caused

Robin to look around. "Alas and alack," he said to himself, "now do I need Little John." But he drew his sword and fought so savagely that twelve of the sheriff's men lay prone before him. Then Robin found himself face to face with the sheriff and dealt him a fierce blow, but his sword broke on the sheriff's head. So the guards closed about Robin and bound him hand and foot.

Ill news travels swiftly, and soon the outlaws heard that their master was in prison. They cursed and moaned till Little John bade them take courage and unfolded a plan to outwit the sheriff.

The next morning Little John hid with a comrade till they saw a messenger riding by. It was the sheriff's man carrying a letter to the King, telling him of the capture of Robin Hood.

"I pray you," asked Little John, going up to the messenger, "can you give us tidings of the outlaw, Robin Hood, who was captured yesterday?"

"You may thank me that he is captured," said the rider, "for I laid hands on him first."

"We thank you so much that we will go with you," said Little John, "for Robin Hood's men are in this forest, and you ride at the peril of your life."

So they started on together, but suddenly Little John grasped the horse's bridle and pulled down the messenger. Seizing the letter, the two outlaws carried it to the King's palace in London town.

When Little John and his companion were brought before the King, the two foresters fell on their knees and held out the letter.

"God save you, my lord," they said. "We are humble messengers from the Sheriff of Nottingham, and we have come to bear this message to you."

Breaking the seals on the letter, the King read it carefully. Then he handed his royal seal to the foresters and commanded them to bear it to the Sheriff of Nottingham and to bid him without delay bring Robin Hood unharmed into the presence of the King. "There never was yeoman in Merry England

that I longed so much to see," said the King. He then bade his royal treasurer give the messengers twenty pounds each, and he made them his yeomen.

Little John took the King's seal to the sheriff, who made him and his companion welcome because he thought they were the King's men. Then the sheriff set a feast for them, and the sheriff himself ate and drank so heartily that he fell asleep.

Creeping away stealthily, the two outlaws set out for the prison. Once there, they overpowered the guard, and, taking his keys, hunted through the dungeon cells until they came upon Robin Hood. "Follow us," whispered Little John.

The three stole out of the prison and crept along until they reached the lowest part of the city wall, from which they jumped and were safe and free.

"Farewell, Robin," said Little John. "I have done thee a good turn for a bad one."

But Robin Hood would not let him go and begged his pardon so humbly that Little John once more consented to be his friend and his comrade.

Robin Meets the King

Now the King heard of Robin's adventure, and he did not intend that Robin Hood should keep on doing as he pleased; so the King called his knights to follow him to Nottingham, where they would lay plans how best to capture the bold outlaw.

But though the King dwelt in Nottingham for six weeks, he could hear nothing of Robin. The outlaw seemed to have vanished into the air with his men, though one by one the deer were vanishing, too.

At last one day a forester came to the King and told him that if he would see Robin he must come with him and bring along five of his bravest knights. The King made ready, and the six men, disguised in monks' robes, mounted their steeds and rode merrily along. The King wore an abbot's embroidered hood over his crown, and he sang as he passed through the greenwood. Suddenly at the turn of a path, Robin and his archers appeared.

Seizing the King's bridle, Robin said, "You will stay awhile with us, Sir Abbot. We are yeomen who live upon the King's deer and have no other food. Now you have abbeys and churches and gold in plenty; therefore give us some of your wealth."

"I have only forty pounds," answered the King, "but if it were a hundred, you should have it all."

So Robin took the forty pounds and gave half to his men. Then he told the disguised King that he would detain him no longer.

"I thank you," said the King, "but I would have you know that our ruler has bidden me give you his seal and pray you to come to Nottingham."

At this message Robin bent his knee. "I love no man in all the world so well as I do my king," he cried. "For your tidings, Sir Abbot, which fill my heart with joy, you shall dine with me for love of my king."

Then Robin led the King into an open place, and lifting his horn, he blew it loud. At its blast seven score young men came speedily.

"They are quicker to do his bidding than my men are to do mine," said the King to himself.

The foresters set out huge roasts of venison and loaves of white bread, and Robin and Little John served the King. "Make good cheer," said Robin. "And then, Sir Abbot, you shall see what sort of life we lead, so that you may tell our king."

When all had finished eating, the archers made ready their bows and hung a rose garland up with a string, for every man was to shoot three arrows in turn, each arrow to be sent straight through the center of the rose wreath. If any man failed, he should have a blow on the head from Robin.

The archers took their places with many a jest and boast, but good bowmen as they were, few could stand such a test.

Little John and even Robin's cousin, Will Scarlet, shot wide of the mark, and the others fared no better. At length no one was left but Robin himself and Gilbert of the Wide Hand.

Once, twice Robin's arrow sped straight to its mark. Robin bent his bow for the third try, but a sudden breeze tweaked the feathered tip, and the arrow fell to earth three fingers from the garland.

"Master," said Gilbert, "thou hast lost; stand forth and take thy punishment, as 'twas agreed."

"I will take it," answered Robin, "but, Sir Abbot, I pray that I may receive the blow at your hands."

The King hesitated. "It is not fitting for me to smite such a stout yeoman," he said.

"Smite on and spare me not," quoth Robin. So the King turned up his sleeve and gave Robin such a blow on the head that he lost his feet and rolled upon the ground. As the King struck this blow, his hood fell back, so that Robin saw his crown.

"'Tis the King of England! Now I know you well," cried Robin and fell on his knees, and all the outlaws with him. "Mercy, I ask, my King, for all my brave foresters and me."

"Mercy I grant," said the King, "and therefore I came hither, to bid you and your men leave the greenwood and dwell in my court with me."

"So shall it be," answered Robin. "My men and I will come to your court and spend our time in your service."

"Have you any green cloth," asked the King, "that you could sell to me?"

Robin brought out thirty yards and more, and the King and his men threw off their monks' robes, and Robin clad them all in Lincoln green. "Now we shall all ride to Nottingham," said the King.

The good people of Nottingham saw them coming and trembled as they watched the dark mass of Lincoln green drawing near. "I fear lest our king be slain," whispered one to another, "and if this wild band of outlaws gets into the town, there is not one of us whose life is safe."

The King laughed aloud when he saw their fear, and called them back. Right glad were they to hear his voice, and they feasted and made merry.

A few days later the King returned to London, and Robin and Little John and all the merry outlaw band went with him.

Robin dwelt in the King's court for a twelvemonth and a day. But his men, who had lived under the open sky of Sherwood Forest, could not dwell contentedly amid streets and houses. One by one they slipped away, till only Little John and Will Scarlet were left. Then they went also, and Robin himself yearned for the greenwood glades. At last he went to the King and begged leave to go on a journey.

"I may not say you nay," answered the King. "Seven nights you may be gone and no more."

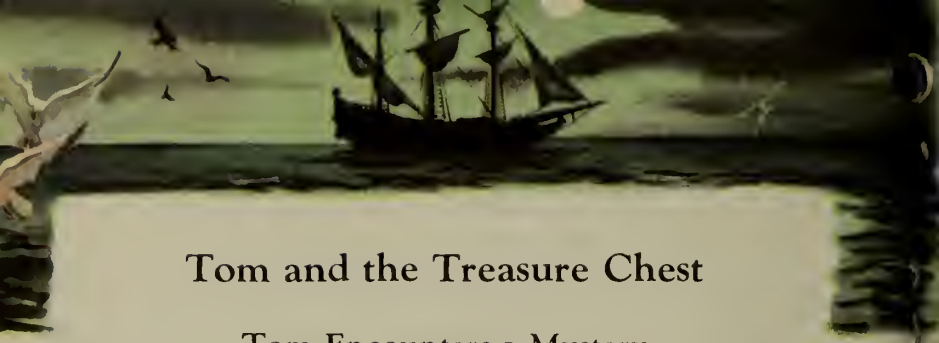
Robin thanked him and that evening set out for his old haunts in Sherwood Forest.

It was early morning when at last he reached the greenwood glade, and all about him he could hear the sweet notes of the larks and of other birds, great and small. "It seems long since I was here," he said to himself. "How happy I would be if only I could see my loyal band once more!"

So he blew on his horn three blasts loud and clear, and all the outlaws of the forest came flocking round him.

"Welcome, our dear master, back to the greenwood tree," they cried, and they fell on their knees before him in delight.

Nothing the King could say or do would tempt Robin back again, and he dwelt in the greenwood for two and twenty years. Come good fortune or ill, he was ever a faithful friend and kind to the poor.



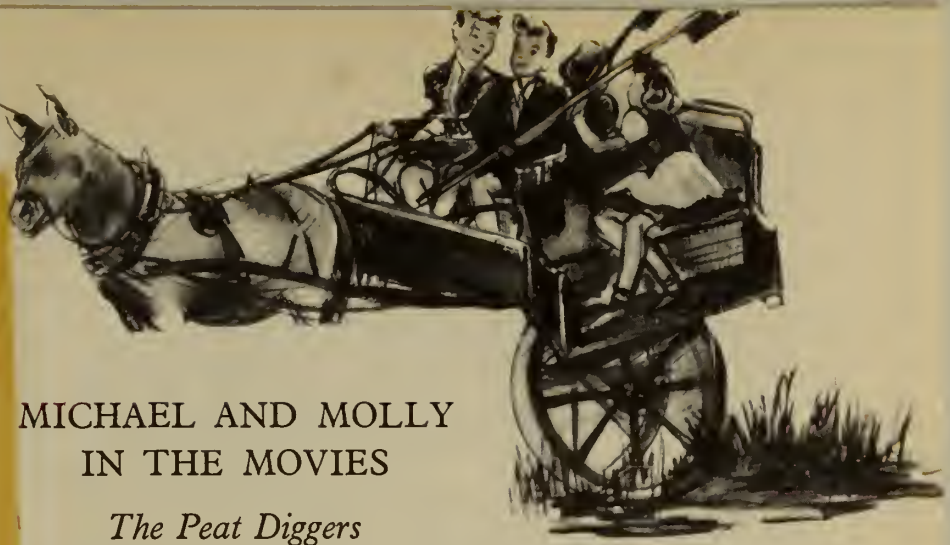
Tom and the Treasure Chest

Tom Encounters a Mystery

All day long a strange sloop had been lying just offshore. No one sought to board her, for these were pirate days, and the folk of Delaware Bay minded their own affairs.

There had been a thunderstorm that afternoon, and Tom Chist had gone down the beach to bail out the boat in readiness for the next day's fishing with his foster father, Matt Abrahamson. It was full moonlight now as he was returning, and the sky was full of clouds. Now and then there was a dull flash to westward, and once a muttering growl of thunder, promising another storm to come.

Tom could see the sails of the mysterious sloop glimmering in the moonlight. He was walking up the shore homeward when he saw at some distance ahead of him a ship's boat drawn up on the narrow beach and a group of men clustered about it. He hurried forward with a good deal of curiosity to see who had landed, but it was not until he had come close to them that he realized that they were pirates. With a shudder, half dread, half thrill,



MICHAEL AND MOLLY IN THE MOVIES

The Peat Diggers

The boy driving the jaunting car turned around in his seat. "And why are you pushing so?" he demanded of the little boy beside him. "Your slane is sticking into my foot, and your shoulder is under my chin. I'll be out of the car completely in a moment."

The little boy grinned, but he moved the long-handled spade away from the driver's foot. "I'm just making room," he explained. "We're taking on some more diggers at the Mahons' cottage. You move up, too," he ordered the other boys and girls in the jaunting car. The other three children obediently moved themselves and their peat-digging slanes nearer the front of the cart, while the donkey jogged patiently on down the village street.

In front of a low, whitewashed cottage with a

thatched roof the jaunting car stopped, and one of the boys jumped out and ran around the cottage to a potato patch behind it. Up and down the long rows moved some children, bending down to gather up the potatoes and put them in sacks.

"Can you stop sacking now?" asked the boy.

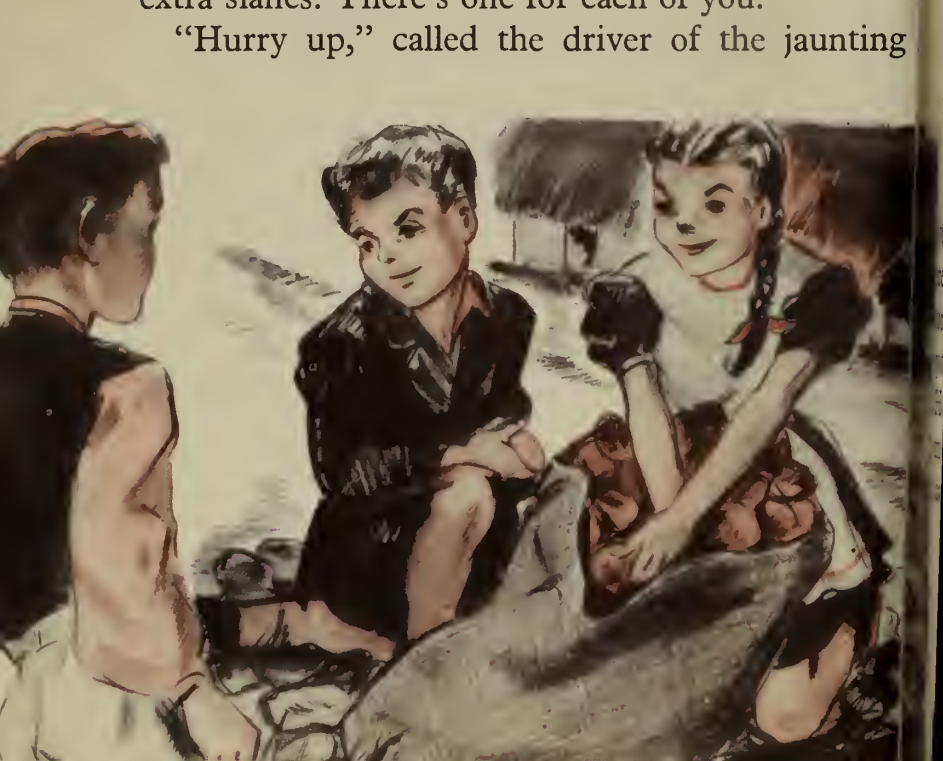
A blue-eyed, dark-haired girl answered him, "I'll be glad to stop. My back's aching from it."

"We're going out to the bog, to dig peat," said the boy. "Come along with us."

A boy who looked very much like the girl stopped working and asked, "Have you got slanes for us?"

"Sure," said the first boy. "We brought some extra slanes. There's one for each of you."

"Hurry up," called the driver of the jaunting



car. "We'll never get any peat dug with all this stopping and talking."

"Yes, hurry up!" called the children in the car. All of them were Irish, and they knew that they would need plenty of potatoes for food and plenty of peat for their fires in the winter months. The children in the potato patch came running to the car and climbed up into it.

The driver turned around. "Is that the twins from the house on the hill you've got with you?" he asked.

"Yes, it's Michael and Molly," came the answer in chorus. "We've got slanes for them back here. Hey, wait a minute," called one of the children. "There's Mr. Harrigan at the dairy. He's calling to us."

"Hello, Mr. Harrigan," shouted the children.

"Stopping again," grumbled the driver. But he jumped down from the cart as quickly as any of the rest, when Mr. Harrigan said, "How would everyone like a drink of milk? Come inside and show this young man here what Irish children look like." He pointed to a tall young man, who was standing in the doorway. "This is a cameraman from America," he said. "His name is Mr. Thorpe."

The children politely said, "How do you do?"

Then one of them asked, "Are you making a picture in our village?"

"I'm making a picture of all of your country," answered the cameraman. "I want to get a picture of Ireland—you know, scenery and how people live and how they earn a living. I'm getting a film of the dairy and the cows, of the pig farms, and of the hay-makers. I've already made a movie of linen making, all the way from the flax in the field to the big weaving looms. I want to get in everything I can."

While he spoke, he looked sharply at the little group of rosy-cheeked children, and they stared back at him over their thick china mugs of milk. All at once he said to the dairyman, "Have you got a telephone?"

"Right in the office. I'll show you," offered the driver of the jaunting car. In a moment he came back breathless. "He's calling New York!" he reported excitedly. "He's telephoning to New York, in the United States!"

The children put down their empty mugs and crowded outside the office door. They could hear the cameraman's voice. "Hello, hello. Oh, hello. Hello, Jack. This is Thorpe talking. I'm in a village in Ireland. I've got a new idea. What? Woke you

up? I don't care if it is four o'clock in the morning over there. It's about nine here. I've got a great idea. Listen. I want to make some more reels—of children, Irish children. Do you think you can sell the picture?"

Here he lowered his voice, and the children could not hear any more. When he came out, he almost stumbled over them. He laughed as he said, "Do you want to be in a movie?"

The children looked at each other, open-mouthed. Then one of them said, "Like we are now? In our everyday clothes?"

"Just as you are now," said Mr. Thorpe. He walked up to the twins. "What's your name?" he suddenly asked the girl.

"Molly," she answered, surprised.

"And that boy beside you?"

"That's my twin, Michael."

"All right, fine," said Mr. Thorpe. "We'll start right away. Now, all of you go out to the jaunting car." He unpacked a long black case and took out a tripod. Then he set the tripod up in the road and placed his camera on it.

"Now, start climbing up on the car," he ordered, beginning to crank his camera. "You, Molly, turn back and look at me. Michael, you stay near the

front. You certainly are the most Irish-looking pair I've ever seen," he added with a grin.

Michael and Molly also grinned, at each other.

"Fine," called the cameraman. "Hold that, just as you are. Keep on grinning for a minute. Now, go ahead," he said to the driver of the jaunting car. "I've got an automobile and a chauffeur somewhere around. I'll follow you." He dashed around the corner and soon appeared in his automobile. As the jaunting car drove along the road, the cameraman followed in his car, all the while cranking the camera.

By the time they reached the peat bog, the other children had grown a little bit jealous because Michael and Molly seemed to be the stars of the picture. Mr. Thorpe was continually shouting to them to "face the camera." But the others were too polite to show that they were jealous.

At the peat bog the donkey came to a sudden stop, and the children jumped down from the cart. Each took a slane over his shoulder. The driver unharnessed the donkey and gave him a sharp slap, and the tired little animal walked away toward a patch of green grass.

Mr. Thorpe walked along ahead of the children, cranking his camera and photographing them as

they came toward him. When they began digging with their slanes, he stopped and watched them for a few minutes. They worked busily, pushing the sharp tools into the black earth, cutting blocks of it about a foot long, and piling them up near the edge of the bog.

Mr. Thorpe began to crank the camera again. Michael and Molly were swinging their slanes in front of him. He studied them with a puzzled look. "What on earth's the matter with you two?" he demanded. "I've taken fifty feet of you now, stumbling all over those spades, or whatever you call them. You'd better move back. Hey, you, back there," he called to three sturdy children, who

were digging hard and silently a little way off. "You seem to know how to handle these things. Come up in front here."

The three children came forward and took the twins' places. Michael and Molly did not mind in the least. Their faces had become very red, and they kept bursting into giggles. In silence the digging of the blocks of moist peat went on. Soon there were a dozen piles of peat near the edge of the bog, ready to be left there to dry in the sun.

"I guess that's enough," said Thorpe. "And I guess this is pay day now," he added. Out of his pocket he pulled a handful of shillings. The first child, a little girl of about ten, put her hands behind her back, as he offered her one of the coins. "Oh, no, thank you," she said quietly, "we couldn't take money from a stranger."

"But I'm not a stranger," said Thorpe. "We were introduced at the dairy, don't you remember? And I hired you. We always pay our actors," he added, with a smile. "Surely you know that actors are always paid, and you've been very good actors and actresses, too."

So the children overcame their shyness and came forward, and each one got a shilling. They thanked Mr. Thorpe with a funny little bow.

Michael and Molly made the same kind of bow and giggled harder than ever, as they took their shillings.

Michael and Molly Become Stars

Early in the morning of the next day the twins were surprised to find Mr. Thorpe in the sitting room of their house on the hill. He and a white-haired old lady were deep in conversation. "Well, I suppose it will be all right," the old lady was saying as the twins came in.

"I'm asking permission to film you two again," explained Mr. Thorpe. "I want to drive you around to some spots I've picked out." He turned again to the old lady. "Madam, I do wish you would listen to reason. I'm more than willing to pay the children well." He looked at her simple gingham dress and the black shawl around her shoulders and at the twins' faded linen clothes. But the old lady shook her head, and there was a twinkle in her kind blue eyes as she said once more, "No, really, Mr. Thorpe. We couldn't take any money from you."

"But we can be in the movies, can't we?" asked the twins.

"Yes, you may," answered the old lady. "I'm sure Mr. Thorpe is a very nice gentleman, and you must behave like good children. He says he will bring

you back in his automobile when you've finished."

Mr. Thorpe and the twins spent a very busy day. He stopped the car once and sent them into a field to pick shamrocks, while he photographed them. Then he filmed them standing by a spinning wheel outside a one-room whitewashed cottage, and again standing by the big fireplace inside. From the cottage they drove to an estate a little way beyond the village.

"Oh, I know that place," cried Michael, "but the big house is closed. The owner lives in England, and he almost never comes here."

Soon they were at the high, rusty-hinged gates, and the twins got out and walked up the long driveway, while Thorpe cranked his camera at them. "Why are you laughing?" he said suddenly. "Look at this run-down ruin of a place! Look at that grass, grown all over everywhere! Look sad, why don't you? Or can't you?" he asked. "Never saw anything like these Irish youngsters!" he exclaimed to his chauffeur. "They are always laughing."

They all walked across the uncut grass toward the barns. Four men, all rather thin and poor looking, were grooming some fine horses.

"Stand over there by the grooms," said Thorpe

to the twins, working his camera again. The men at work never looked up, but kept on with their grooming, making a strange whistling sound through their teeth as they worked. Two beautiful dogs appeared around a corner, and one of the grooms called them away from the camera.

"Are they friendly?" asked Thorpe. "Fine-looking dogs!"

The man looked up. "Friendly enough," he answered. "Hunting dogs, and good ones, too. Owner wants them kept in good condition, like the horses, so he can come down for a hunt when the season is open. Other times he doesn't come near the place. He lives in England. His farm is going to ruin," he added sadly.

Mr. Thorpe and the twins ate luncheon in the

open, on the broad lawn of the big house. After more pictures, he took the twins home. They said good-by to him and the chauffeur and ran into the house, laughing merrily.

A Pre-View of the Picture

A few days later Mr. Thorpe sailed for New York. When his ship landed, a small excited man dashed up to him. It was Jack, his agent. "Give me that film," cried Jack. "I'll take it right away and get it developed. We haven't a moment to lose. Who do you think is going to be in town Saturday? O'Hara, the biggest movie man in the country! I've been talking with him on the telephone about your Irish film. He's coming to a pre-view on Saturday afternoon. Think of it, man! O'Hara himself! It's the chance of a lifetime."

On Saturday afternoon three men met in a small, dark projection room. In front sat Thorpe and Jack, their eyes fixed anxiously on the screen. Far in the back sat a large, pleasant-looking man, with lively blue eyes. There was a little whizzing sound, and then a title appeared on the screen: INDUSTRIES OF IRELAND. Across the screen moved pictures of men and cows and pigs. There were pictures of farms and cities; flax fields and linen

factories; woolen mills; the streets of Dublin; lakes and hills.

Mr. O'Hara sat perfectly still. Thorpe and Jack wondered what he was thinking. They looked around at the great moving-picture man. His eyes were half closed. His face showed no interest at all. Thorpe and Jack looked at each other and shook their heads hopelessly.

"He doesn't like the picture!" whispered Thorpe.

Just then there was a click. The screen was empty for a moment. Then the whizzing began again, and another title came on: CHILD LIFE IN IRELAND. Onto the screen walked a donkey, and behind him came a group of children climbing up onto a jaunting car.

In the back of the projection room there was a sudden movement. Mr. O'Hara was leaning forward in his seat. His eyes were wide open now. He looked very much excited.

Thorpe and Jack looked back at Mr. O'Hara. "What's happening?" whispered Jack. "Do you think he's leaving?"

But Mr. O'Hara sat still, his eyes fixed on the screen. The picture showed the jaunting car stopping at the peat bog. The children got out and picked up their slanes. They began digging. In the

front of the group Michael and Molly bent over their slanes. They stumbled, tried again, and stumbled again.

From the back of the projection room came a loud sound. Thorpe and Jack jumped from their seats. It was a great roar of laughter! Mr. O'Hara was shaking with amusement. Thorpe and Jack stood staring at him. Still laughing, Mr. O'Hara arose and came forward.

"I'll buy your film," he cried. "It's a prize. CHILD LIFE IN IRELAND! CHILD LIFE IN IRELAND!" he repeated. "I'll buy it all right. Your two 'Irish' children from the village! Your two 'Irish' child stars! Why, they're my own youngsters, Michael and Molly! Your 'Irish' children come straight from California. They never saw Ireland till a month ago, when they went there to visit their old nurse. And how did you ever get that old nurse of theirs to let them do it? Peat diggers! My twins!" he said over and over, as he roared with laughter.

Suddenly Mr. Thorpe understood everything. He remembered how the twins had giggled. He remembered how the old lady had refused to let them take the money. He remembered how her eyes had twinkled. And there had been a twinkle in the twins' eyes, too!

"I'll take the whole thing," said Mr. O'Hara. "Delighted with it! Come over to my hotel, and we'll talk business. Fine youngsters, my twins, aren't they?" he asked proudly. And still laughing, he led Jack and Thorpe out of the dark projection room into the bright sunlight of the street.

When the twins returned to America, the first motion picture they saw was CHILD LIFE IN IRELAND.

ENGLAND'S FAMOUS POTTERIES

For many years one of England's important industries has been the making of dishes and other kinds of pottery. Two things are necessary for making pottery—the right kind of clay and plenty of fuel for baking it. England has both.

One district especially, in the middle part of England, has a great deal of coal and clay. From early times pottery has been made there. At first, the pottery was made at home by people who lived on the farms or in the villages. Later, certain people built factories for making pottery and hired other people to work there.

The men who started the factories did a great deal of experimenting with new kinds of clay and new ways of using it. Many of their experiments were so successful that pottery became greatly improved. Their dishes looked prettier, cost less, and lasted longer than any kind known before.

Some of the men who did the most to make the pottery industry famous are named Wedgwood, Spode, and Minton. Have you ever seen their names on dishes? These names are very famous in pottery manufacturing.

The factories started by these men and by other

WITH SKILL AND PLUCK

The Runaway Plane

ABOVE the steady throb of the seaplane motor sound the faint dismal howling of a dog. Lawson Hale, of Mi west Skyways, Inc., frowned as he looked toward the re cockpit, which held a young Airedale he was transporti to northern Michigan for a friend. The sound, fai though it was, was getting on the pilot's nerves. It seem to him that the dog had been howling at two-minute i tervals ever since they had taken off from Chicago.

Lawson glanced downward at the misty blue expan of Lake Michigan. The lake at that point appeared d serted. Far to the west, where the Wisconsin shore w almost out of sight, a solitary vessel was moving to th north.

The dog paused for a few seconds as if for breath. The the dismal howling began again, more loudly now.

"Believe me," Lawson said to himself, "the next tim a friend asks me to do him a favor like this — now what' the matter?"

The motor had suddenly lost its steady rhythm Lawson listened with head cocked on one side, his blu eyes anxious. Yes, the motor was complaining. There wa a harsh, uneven sound to it. "The only thing to do i to check up," he decided.

He cut off the power and headed the seaplane dow gradually. In a few minutes the plane was on the water.

ng the waves. The dog back there in the cockpit was
it now.
emoving helmet, goggles, and gloves, Lawson climbed
onto one of the pontoons. The plane rose and fell. The
l water washed up around his ankles.
rom the rear cockpit came a scratching sound, then a
ndly pleading yelp. The young man suddenly forgot
he had been annoyed. "Poor fellow!" he murmured
edged over to lift a section of the covering of the
kpit. There on the floor sat the dog, wriggling and
ing his stump of a tail from side to side.
awson's lips twitched into a smile. "Listen to me,
ter! Next time Jack Kenyon, or anybody else, asks
to transport a dog, the answer is no! Understand?"
uster beat his tail more vigorously. He seemed to
rove.
t took Lawson less than five minutes to discover a
ken wire leading to the ignition. At the end of another
minutes he had repaired it. Standing upon the pontoon,
eached into the forward cockpit and threw open the
tch. Now to crank the motor! He edged forward and,
ing a blade of the propeller, jerked it downward. Zip!
e motor roared and the plane raced ahead. Too fast!
made his way back to the cockpit and throttled the
or. That was better!
He was about to climb back into the cockpit when a
e somewhat larger than any of the others struck the
ie broadside. The next instant, before he knew what
happened, he was in the water.

It was several seconds before he came to the surfac
As his head rose out of water, the first thing he saw wa
his plane speeding away from him. Here he was in Lak
Michigan, clad in heavy flying clothes, at least a doze
miles from land, with not a soul aware of his danger
Treading water, he tugged at his heavy clothes.

A wave spilled over him, forcing him down, down int
the blue-green depths. He struggled to the surface again
Above the sound of the waves he could hear the throbbing
motor, steady, powerful – and somewhat louder. Then

ıe saw the plane again. To his surprise, it was moving, not n a straight northerly course, but northeast! And sud- lenly he understood the reason: just before he had landed, ıe had pushed the rudder to the right in order to head lirectly into the waves. That meant the plane would con- tinue to move in a great circle until the supply of gasoline was gone – a matter of at least six hours. He groaned. If only the motor would fail! But he could expect no such good luck as that. His only chance was to swim and try to intercept the plane.

Lawson was beginning to feel the effects of the c
water and of his efforts to keep afloat. With awkw
fingers he tugged at the buttons of his flying jacket.
last he had them loose. But the wet leather clung
his body, seeming to defy his attempts to free him
of it. Finally he yanked one arm out of the sleeve.
moment later he had the other arm free and saw the jac
slowly sink. Next he tried to rid himself of his shoes

That proved to be difficult. Again and again he w
under water, as his fingers struggled with the laces.
great fear now was that he might pull a lace into a knot
he never could untie. He came to the surface, puff
half-strangled. It took a few moments for him to catch
breath, then under he went once more.

At last one shoe was off! But he had done the very th
that he had dreaded: he had pulled the lacing on the ot
shoe into a hard knot. Could he swim with one shoe
Not very well. He must have a last try. Down he w
his knee updrawn. Catching his fingers in the lacing
straightened his leg and pulled with all his remain
strength. To his joy he felt the lacing snap.

Up again, then under once more! Now both feet w
free, but he had swallowed a great amount of water, a
his struggle had taken much of his strength. He tur
over on his back, floating, resting. The steady throb
the motor beat upon his ears as the runaway plane co
tinued on its wide circular course.

Lawson closed his eyes. He moved his hands gen
just enough to keep his body afloat. The minutes pas

y and by Lawson began to tread water again. He felt
nger, and with strength came a kind of confidence. He
ied the course of the plane. It was east of him; if he
e to swim south, he might be able to catch it.
He began to swim with strong overhand strokes, his
s on the plane. It came nearer, nearer. He quickened
strokes. Nearer – nearer! Just a few more yards!
had a feeling of triumph. He had timed its approach
rectly.
Suddenly, as he reached for the rear end of a pontoon, a
ng puff of wind caught the ship and thrust it from him.
th a feeling of despair, he saw it glide past him, just
of reach. Away it went, the motor throbbing. And
w, as if sensing the presence of a man so near at
nd, the dog began to howl again. A moment later a
ggy head appeared above the rear cockpit. Catching
ht of the pilot in the water, the dog gave a leap toward
n. His body hung for an instant on the edge of the
ckpit. Then, with a yelp and wriggle, he was in the
ater.
As Buster swam close to him, Lawson lay back and
ated wearily. Disappointment had struck him hard.
Vith eyes closed, he remained motionless save for the
ght movement of his hands. The sound of the motor
ew fainter . . . fainter . . . The waves rose and fell.
Now the sound of the motor was becoming louder

again. Suddenly rousing for another attempt, Lawson began to tread water once more. There was the plane against the eastern horizon, bobbing gracefully as it moved southward on its circular course. He tried to estimate the distance and the speed at which the craft was moving. Then with the dog following him, he began to swim.

He had taken not more than a dozen strokes when he felt a queer tightening in the muscles in the calves of both legs. He kicked harder, but was unable to rid the muscles of their tightness. Now the gliding ship was within fifty yards of him. If he should miss it this time, he knew there would be no strength left for a third attempt. He increased the speed of his strokes. Oh, he couldn't possibly miss it! It was only a score of yards away now.

Suddenly it was as if a powerful hand seized the calf of his right leg and pulled the muscles up into a painful knot. A wave broke over him, filling his mouth, his nose, his throat. His head went under. He tried to kick, but now there was a cramp also in the other leg.

Something touched the side of his face. He reached up, and his fingers closed upon the shaggy neck of the dog. Lawson's head came out of water again. He breathed clear air. For a second or two he forgot the pain in his knotted muscles. There was the plane gliding past him hardly a dozen feet away. Buster began to swim toward it.

Clinging with one hand to the wiry hair on the dog's neck, Lawson made rapid strokes with his free hand. He even managed to kick again, again! Two yards from the

iding plane he lunged desperately toward the near ontoon – and missed it! Again he lunged, this time with oth hands. His reaching fingers touched the smooth wet ood, slid along it – farther, farther until they came to slanting upright. He had won! With teeth clenched, he ung to the upright. After a few seconds he succeeded getting a leg over the partly submerged pontoon.

In the wake of the moving plane the dog swam bravely n alone, but his was a losing fight. The distance between im and the plane increased swiftly.

It was a matter of several minutes before the muscles n Lawson's legs relaxed enough so that he could pull

himself up onto the plane. Standing unsteadily on the pontoon, he clung with one hand to the edge of the cockpit and with the other reached forward and shut off the motor. The plane rocked and swayed. There was a buzzing in his head and a pounding in his ears, but he managed to hang on until the feeling passed.

The dog! Where was the dog? The pilot turned his head and peered anxiously toward the rear. At first he saw nothing except heaving blue water. Then, as a big wave broke, he saw a dark speck in the midst of the foam. It was Buster!

Lawson shouted, "Come on, boy! Come on, Buster, old fellow!" His voice was weak and wavering. After a few seconds he shouted again, "Keep it up, Buster! Come on, old boy!"

Perhaps the wind carried the encouraging words to Buster's ears. Onward the dog came, now on the crest of a wave, now hidden in the trough, until Lawson had a clear view of the friendly brown eyes.

"Good old Buster! That's the boy!"

The dog was almost exhausted as Lawson, clinging with one hand to the upright, bent down and passed an arm under the quivering body. Somehow he managed to lift the poor creature. Somehow he succeeded in getting him into the forward cockpit – and there Buster lay with paws outstretched. As Lawson climbed in after him, the brown eyes blinked wearily, the water-soaked stump of a tail stirred, beat once or twice from side to side, then was still.

Poor fellow! The pilot swallowed hard. "Buster," he l abruptly between chattering teeth, "I must own you t any price!"

Again the dog blinked his eyes and moved his stump of a . He seemed to approve.

Five minutes later the plane was in the air.

It was evening when Lawson Hale called his friend ck Kenyon on the telephone. Near by on the floor lay ister, his paws outstretched.

"Jack, this is Lawson. Yes, I'm here in town, and ister is with me. But – er – I want to tell you something, ck. I must own that dog. Absolutely! I'll pay you ıy price you ask, but – all right, I'll tell you why!"

In short, quick sentences he gave an account of his adenture and of the dog's important part in it. "I tell you, ack, if it hadn't been for Buster, I'd probably still be out ıere in the middle of Lake Michigan. At the bottom of it, ı fact. So I must have that dog! How about it?"

From the other end of the wire came Jack Kenyon's aughing voice, "All right, old man, you needn't be so mphatic. He's yours!"

On the floor Buster stirred, blinked his eyes, and moved ıis stump of a tail. Once more he seemed to approve.

Russell Gordon Carter

RACING A THUNDERSTORM

SHIRLEY CARLYLE was afraid of thunderstorms, terribly afraid. When a girl worries about possible thunderstorms more than she looks forward to the joys of a summer at camp, something is wrong.

For the first week at Camp Asquam, Shirley was blissfully happy. The days were clear and cool, without a trace of a thunderhead. She liked the girls in her tent, and they liked her, and they all felt sure that their counselor, Miss Evans, was the nicest in camp.

At the end of the first week, the weather changed and grew rapidly hotter. The next day was scorching. The usual afternoon hike was canceled because of the heat and the threatening clouds. By four nearly everybody had gathered at the bungalow. In spite of the weather, some of the girls were tramping around the porch, while still others were dancing. One group was planning a tent show, and a few girls were writing letters at the desks on the open balcony. Shirley was curled up with a book in a window seat.

A girl who had been sitting on the porch poked her head in the door. "There's a peach of a storm coming up," she shouted over the dance music.

The campers poured out on the porch to look.

"Come on out, Shirley," called one of her tentmates.

"I want to finish this story," answered Shirley, as she

CLIO AND THE IMAGE CALLED PHIDIA

A Gift from Phidias

This is the story of a little girl called Clio, who lived in the city of Athens more than two thousand years ago. She was twelve years old, and to show that she was now grown up, she must take all her dolls and give them to the goddess, Artemis, at her temple. Thereafter she would learn weaving, embroidery, and the care of slaves—all that the head of a household must know. For, perhaps, when she was thirteen, she would be married.

In that day the Greeks believed in many gods. The city of Athens had a special goddess, Athene, a beautiful gray-eyed maiden clad in armor.

Little girls had their own goddess, Artemis. She too was a maiden, active and young, who often roamed in the woods. She had many temples, and one of them was near Clio's home, on the side of a high hill called the Acropolis.

Clio did not mind giving her dolls to Artemis. She no longer played with them or took them to bed with her. But one doll was different. It was more than a doll. It was almost a person, and its name was Phidia. It had been given to Clio as a special gift.

Once, when Clio was seven years old, she had run to the aula to get a drink from the fountain. The aula was the central room of the house. It had no roof and was so pleasantly sunny and light that everyone in the family liked to go there.

Clio did not know that her father had a guest in the aula, or she would not have gone there. Antilochus, her brother, could go to the aula when guests came, but Clio could not; she must stay with her mother in the back part of the house.

When Clio saw the guest, she said "Oh!" and

was about to run away. But the guest who was seated near the fountain began gazing steadily at her face.

"Don't run away, little Athene," he said. Then he asked of her father, "Is this your daughter, Nelides? Let her stay, I beg of you."

He came and knelt in front of Clio, holding her shoulders and gazing at her again.

"By the gods," he said, "if Athene had ever been a child, I would say this is she. Look at her gray eyes. Look at her intelligent, beautiful face, her

nose, her mouth. She is the perfect image of Athene."

Father laughed. "Oh, Phidias, you are for ever and ever seeing Athene," he said.

"No, but look for yourself," said Phidias. "I mean it."

"Clio is only a child," said her father.

"Oh, when she is fifteen, she will look even more like the goddess. If I could only model that face then," went on Phidias.

"When she's fifteen, she will be a married lady living in another street," said Father.

"I care not," said Phidias. "I will find her wherever she is. Little Athene, I shall model you now, even though you are not fifteen."

He did not wait for her father to reply. He hurried out to fetch his materials.

Clio liked Phidias almost as much as he liked her. Anyone would love to be praised and to be called a goddess.

"May I, Father?" she pleaded. "May I stay and let him make a statue of me?"

And Father consented. He too loved Phidias. He did not respect him as much as he would respect a soldier, for Phidias was only a sculptor. Father little knew that what Phidias made would last for

thousands of years and be praised by men of whom the people of Athens never dreamed.

Phidias soon returned with some wet gray clay, a stand, and some tools. He told Clio to sit in the light on the edge of the pool in the aula. He seemed in a great hurry and yet he was singing to himself. Then he began.

Sometimes he worked very fast. Again he worked slowly. When Clio smiled, he suddenly crushed with both his hands what he had made and began all over again. But before long, the statue was done. Father looked at it.

"That's certainly Clio to the life," he said. "But don't tell anybody, Phidias. They'd think it strange for my little girl to have a statue made."

Phidias kissed Clio and went out with the little statue.

A month or so after this, Phidias came to the house again.

"I have a gift for the little girl who showed me the face of blessed Athene," he said.

They all gathered in the aula, Father, Mother, Antilochus, and Clio.

"Come close, little Athene," said Phidias.

He sat down and drew Clio to his side. Then he opened a small, narrow box and took out the most beautiful doll anybody had ever seen. The doll looked exactly like Clio. The head, shoulders, and chest were made of ivory. The eyes were made of some sort of gray crystal, and the ivory face was painted the delicate color of life. The body was of wood with the arms and legs hinged on. The tiny hands were of ivory, and the bare feet with their sandals were made of ivory too.

Phidias gave the doll to Clio, who clasped it to her breast.

"Phidias, by heaven, that's no doll," cried Father. "It's a beautiful costly statue, not a child's plaything."

He started to take it from Clio, but Clio cried out with such a pitiful cry that he stopped.

"It belongs to Clio," spoke Phidias. "Please don't take it from her. She will care for it better than anybody else."

Clio looked up into the kind face of Phidias and said, "Yes. I promise, and I shall call her 'Phidia' for you."

She went to her room and laid her precious Phidia on the bed. Then she came back and fetched the box. She put the open box on a chest by her bed and the lovely Phidia she laid within it.

Clio Deceives Artemis

Years went by. Clio had other dolls—five of them. One was of wood with hinged arms and a dull, ugly face. One was of baked clay and had no face at all, only a smooth round head. One had a wax face, but Clio knew it was not beautiful like Phidia.

With all these dolls she played, but never with Phidia. As she grew older, she realized how precious Phidia was. Mother would bring her friends in to

look at it. Father would take Phidia out of the box and carry it into the aula to show the men who came to have supper with him.

"Phidias made it," he would say proudly, for Phidias was becoming a famous sculptor.

And now Clio was twelve years old and she must give all her dolls to the goddess, Artemis. Clio cried at night when she thought of giving Phidia away. When she awoke in the morning and saw Phidia lying in her box, her whole mind seemed to say, "I can't, I can't give Phidia away."

She knew that at the temple of Artemis the dolls were thrown into a well. No, no, she could not have her Phidia thrown down a well.

"Mother, must I give Phidia also to the goddess, Artemis?" she asked.

Mother hesitated, but at last she said, "Yes, Clio, yes, I fear you must."

Clio gave a little cry of sorrow and then turned away, weeping.

When the last morning came, Clio awoke long before anyone else. It was hardly light at all. As she sat up in bed and saw the sweet little face of Phidia looking up at her, Clio knew she could not give Phidia away.

She got up trembling and lifted Phidia from the

box. Then, within the big chest, she found some small woolen pieces and wrapped Phidia in one of them. Softly she tiptoed out into the aula. She went back into the weaving room and back of that into the storeroom, where there were many jars and baskets. She found a small empty basket, in which cherries had been brought from their farm. In it she hid Phidia. Then she hid the basket behind the row of large jars which held olive oil.

Back, back again she hurried and put her wax-faced doll into Phidia's box. It was a pretty box. Phidias had carved on the top of it a tiny picture of Athene sliding down the air to come to Athens. Now Clio closed the box and tied it with a string.

This was done none too soon. Mother and the old slave woman came now and together they dressed Clio in a long yellow robe, because yellow was sacred to Artemis. The old slave gathered up the dolls, but she did not count them.

"Phidia is in her box," said Mother. "That is right."

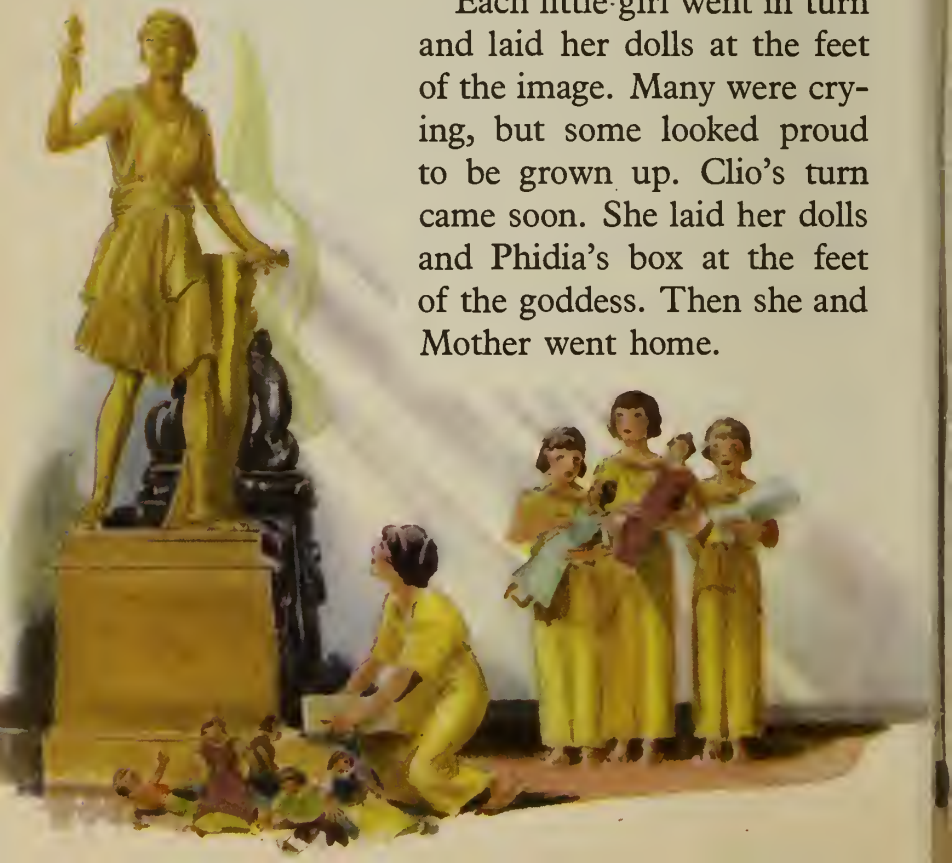
Clio's heart pounded strangely. She had never deceived her mother before, and to do so made her feel unhappy. She took Mother's hand and walked close beside her as they started for the temple of Artemis.

They passed from their own street into another street. Here they met many other little girls, each clad in her yellow robe. They crossed the market place, climbed part way up the Acropolis, and entered the temple of Artemis.

Here were priestesses all dressed in yellow. They chanted songs and said sacred words before the image of Artemis.

The image was ancient, and most people thought it beautiful. But Clio hated it. What right had Artemis to take away all the dolls from the little girls?

Each little girl went in turn and laid her dolls at the feet of the image. Many were crying, but some looked proud to be grown up. Clio's turn came soon. She laid her dolls and Phidia's box at the feet of the goddess. Then she and Mother went home.



All that day Clio was restless. She went from room to room. Mother watched her. "I didn't know Clio cared for her dolls," she said to herself. "It must be that she misses the little image Phidias gave her. She loved that."

Clio began to be afraid. What would she do when Phidia was found? Surely some day the slaves would go to get that basket. What good was Phidia in the basket in the dark where Clio could never see her? That was almost as bad as being down in the well near the temple of Artemis.

That night Clio could not sleep. She was frightened. Artemis was a kind goddess caring for baby animals and little girls. But she was also one of the most dreadful goddesses that dwelt on Olympos, the home of all the Greek gods. She would shoot her arrows at anyone who displeased her; you would not see the arrow but you would die. Clio almost felt the arrow flying into her heart now—or was it her grief for Phidia that felt so? She had no other beautiful thing. She could not go into the city as her brother did and see the wonderful paintings in the market place and the temples. She could not see the ships going out to sea with their many oars moving like wings. She could see only this one beautiful thing, Phidia, and now—!

Hour after hour Clio did not sleep. Toward morning she fell into a troubled slumber. Then she slept so late that Mother was worried and came to waken her. When Clio opened her eyes and saw her mother, she began to sob and cry. She threw her arms about Mother's neck.

"What is it—dear, dearest?" begged Mother. "Are you ill? Oh, you have a fever."

"No, no, no," sobbed Clio. "It isn't a fever. Oh, Mother, I deceived Artemis. I deceived you. I didn't take Phidia yesterday. Artemis will shoot me with her arrows. She will shoot me today."

"Clio, are you crazy? You took Phidia to the temple. I saw you."

"No." Clio could hardly talk for crying. "It was only the box. Only the box! Phidia is in a basket out in the storeroom." Then Clio led Mother out to the storeroom, to the basket behind the great jars of oil, and to Phidia herself.

Mother believed in Artemis and she too was afraid. She was deeply sorry for Clio. Tears were in her eyes.

"Phidia will have to go to the temple. I am so sorry, Clio," she said. "Eat your breakfast. Then we'll put on the yellow robe again and go back to the temple. Hurry."

She almost said, "Hurry before Artemis finds out."

As for Clio, she had been so frightened and unhappy that it was a relief just to follow her mother's directions. Soon she was ready. She clasped Phidia in her arms as she had done that first day so long ago, and once again they started toward the temple of Artemis.

As they came into the temple, a priestess was coming out of the door. Her arms were full of dolls to throw into the well. Clio gasped.

"We have come," said Mother hurriedly, "we have come with a doll which my daughter did not bring yesterday. I hope the lady goddess will not be angry. We are giving it to her now."

The priestess took Phidia and looked at her closely. "It is a strangely beautiful doll," she said.

For some reason, Clio spoke up, "Phidias said it was an Athene."

"An Athene—of course, it is an Athene," said the priestess. "That explains that curious box which we found among the dolls. A picture of Athene was on it. Did the image come in that box?"

"Yes," said Clio's mother.

"See, the image even has Athene's shield on her breast," said the priestess.

Phidia had always had that shield on her breast, a wooden shield gilded all over.

The priestess watched Clio's tearful face. "Artemis would not want an image of Athene," she said. "It could never belong to her. Wait, little girl—wait till I fetch the box."

She returned into the temple and brought the box. She put Phidia into it and gave both to Clio.

"Must I give her to Athene instead of to Artemis?" asked Clio.

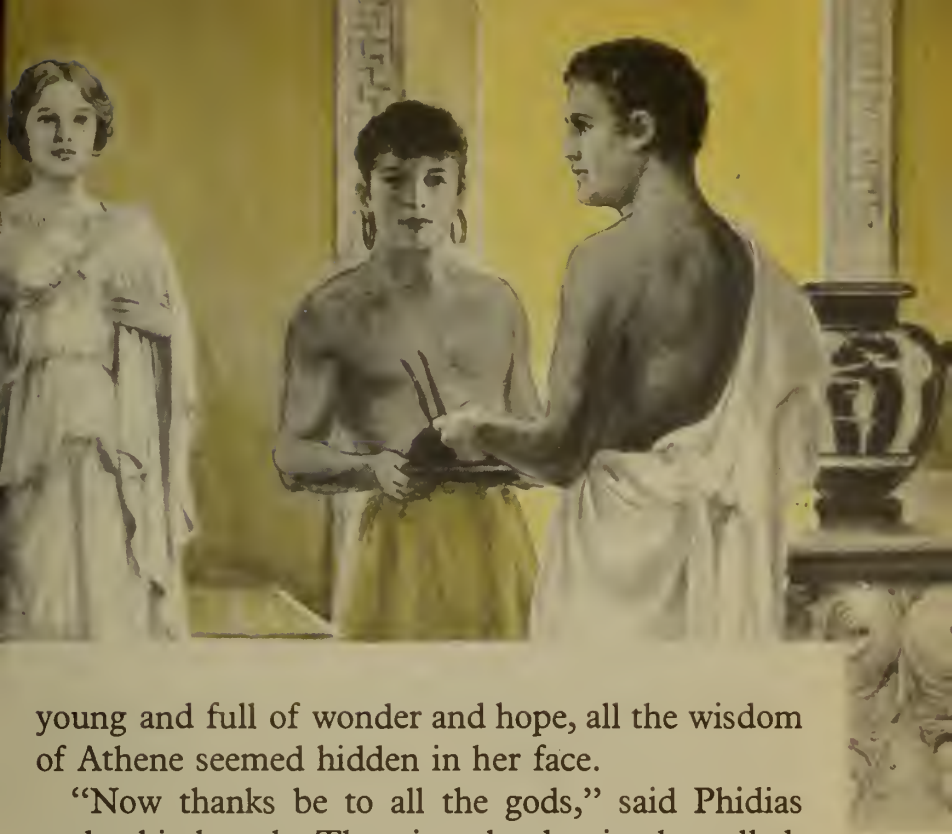
"No, Athene does not want dolls. No, go home with your image. Why! child, it looks just like you."

After that Phidia did not lie in her box by Clio's bed. Mother had a shelf put up in the aula, and Phidia stood on that. They called her Athene now. And every day Mother bought flowers in the market for Clio to put before the statue.

Phidias Makes Another Statue

Clio was not married until she was fifteen, because her father hated to part with her. The day before she was married, Phidias came to the house. He begged so hard to see Clio again that at last Nelides consented. He brought Clio into the aula.

Very tall and lovely was Clio in a long white woolen robe she had woven herself. Because she was



young and full of wonder and hope, all the wisdom of Athene seemed hidden in her face.

"Now thanks be to all the gods," said Phidias under his breath. Then in a loud voice he called, "Damon, come quickly."

Damon, his slave, came in from the street bringing a smooth board and crayons and clay. Before Father or anyone else knew what Phidias was about, he was working like mad.

Thus it was that when Phidias' great lofty statue of Athene, made of ivory and pure gold, stood in the Parthenon, the temple of Athene, the face of the image was the face of Clio.

ACINIA'S HOME AT POMPEII

The Journey to Pompeii

The summer of A.D. 79 was very hot in Rome. Yet Rectina and her little family still lingered in the city. She kept hoping that when her husband, Bassus, came home from Jerusalem she might be in Rome to meet him. He had gone out to Jerusalem the winter before at the bidding of his emperor. Rectina had every reason to hope that her husband's business was now finished. So she waited in Rome.

The baby was very young to stay in the hot city. Rectina's little son, Marcus, kept well, but Acinia, her daughter, looked pale. Rectina was afraid of the fever which was, as usual, raging in the poorer quarters of the city. So one day in August she decided she would go to her husband's villa in Pompeii.

"What would you think," she asked Acinia at

ANCIENT STORIES ABOUT THE STARS

When you look up into the sky in the daytime, sometimes you can see clouds that seem to be shaped like animals or people. As you know, several thousand years ago men liked to think they could see pictures of animals and people in the sky at night, outlined in stars. In one part of the sky, they thought they saw the outline of a lion. In another part of the sky they saw a group of stars which looked to them like a giant.

As these men of ancient times had good imaginations, they began to tell stories about each group of stars, or constellation, which seemed to make a picture in the sky. Hundreds of these ancient stories, or myths, have been handed down to us. Three of them are retold here—to show you what they are like.

Berenice's Hair

Several thousand years ago, there lived in the city of Alexandria in Egypt a queen whose name was Berenice. She was the wife of a great king of Egypt.

Like many Egyptian ladies of ancient times, Queen Berenice was vain and spent a great deal of time in trying to make herself more beautiful.

Egyptian women of that time painted their fa and lacquered their fingernails, just as many m ern women use rouge and fingernail polish. A Queen Berenice's particular pride was the bea ful black hair which she wore in a high pain headdress. She was even more proud of her h than of her many beautiful jewels.

One year, the king decided that he must le Egypt and make war on Assyria. Queen Bere was afraid that she might not ever see him a again, as many warriors were sure to be killed.

On the very day that her husband left Eg with his army, Queen Berenice swore a sacred o in the temple. She swore she would sacrifice beautiful hair as a thank offering to the gods if king were allowed to return to Egypt safe sound.

For many months she waited for news of husband. And then at last one day bugles soun and drums beat. The king and his army v returning victorious to Alexandria!

Overjoyed to see him, Queen Berenice hur to the temple and commanded the priests ther cut off her beautiful black locks. They were placed as a sacrifice upon the altar in the templ she had sworn she would.

ater that night, the queen went again to the ple to offer more prayers of thanksgiving. en she arrived there, she was horrified to dis- er that the long locks of black hair were no ger upon the temple altar. Very angry indeed, commanded the priests to come before her. h eyes flashing, she demanded, "What has be- ie of my precious sacrifice?"

he plain truth of the matter was that someone stolen the queen's hair, and the priests knew more where it was than she did. They sent for royal astronomer, Conon, and asked him to them what to do.

Conon knew that the priests would be killed for ir carelessness if the queen discovered that her r had really been stolen. So he made up a story please Berenice. He went to the queen and said, your Majesty will come outside the temple for moment, you will soon see what has happened to ir beautiful hair."

The royal astronomer then pointed to a faint ch of very dim stars. "The gods," he said, "have ced your beautiful hair in the sky. And there it l shine forever in memory of your love for your g and husband."

The queen looked up and saw her radiant locks,

for which she had been so famous, outlined stars against the midnight blue of the sky.

And so today, as we look up into the starry sk we can see near the handle of the Big Dipper t little group of stars which men of ancient tim thought was Berenice's hair.

Orion and the Scorpion

A great many years ago, so the story goes, the lived in Greece a famous hunter whose name w Orion. Orion was known over all that part of t world, not only because he was such a powerf hunter, but because of his giant size. One writ of those early days said that the giant Orion w about sixty-nine feet tall, towering far above eve the tall men of those times.

Orion had never met on land or sea any creatu which he could not conquer. This was not su prising when you consider his great size ar strength. As a result, Orion became a great boaste He boasted openly before his friends and h

emies, as well as before the gods themselves, that
ere was no animal upon the earth which he could
t beat in a fair fight.

This story tells us that Juno, who was the queen
the gods, became very tired of hearing Orion's
asts and his stories of how wonderful he was.
ıe decided he needed to be taught a lesson.

One day, when the giant was engaged in battle
th the King of the Lions, Juno sent a scorpion

out of the swamp to sting him on his heel. The b
poisoned Orion and he died, overcome in t
rather unfair way.

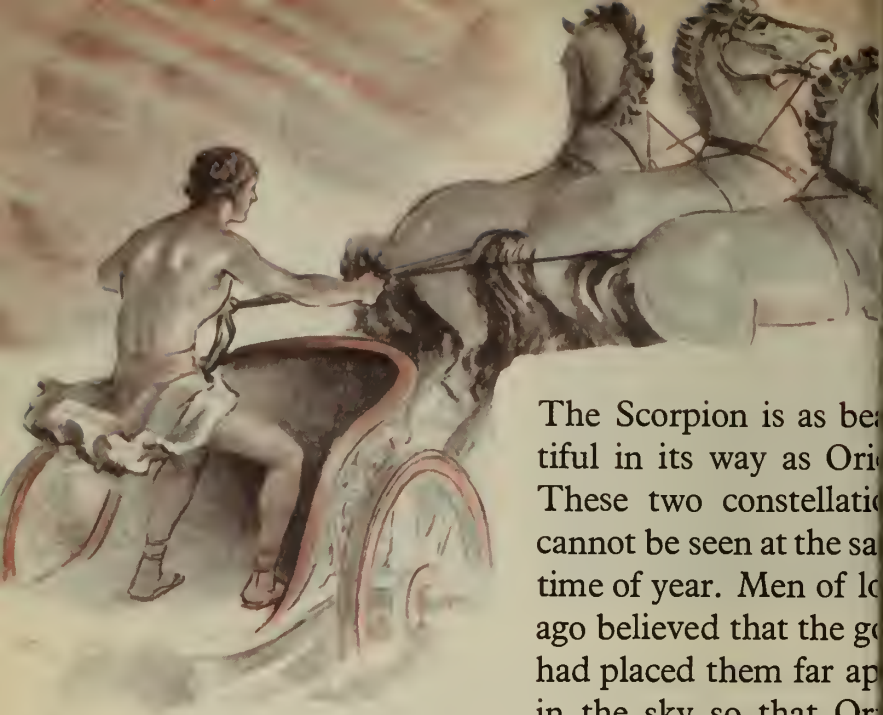
After Orion's death, the gods felt sorry a
placed him among the stars. They wanted to ke
fresh in the hearts of men the memory of his gr
strength and bravery. And so, if you look into
winter sky, you will see the figure of this gi
towering over all the other constellations.

You can easily pick out the stars which form
constellation of Orion. A row of three bright st
makes up his belt, and from it hangs his swo
outlined in fainter stars. In the right shoulder o
Orion shines a brilliant red star named Betelgeu

s is one of the larger suns known to us—several ndred times as large as our own sun. In the left t of the giant is another very bright star named el.

Orion is always followed across the sky by his dogs, the Big Dog and the Little Dog. In the e of the Big Dog is the star Sirius, sometimes ed the Dog Star, which shines more brightly n any other star in the sky. Another very bright r is Procyon, in the body of the Little Dog.

Directly opposite Orion in the sky, appearing y in the summertime, is a group of stars known the Scorpion. In the heart of the Scorpion, ning with a reddish color, is the star Antares.



The Scorpion is as be tiful in its way as Ori These two constellati cannot be seen at the sa time of year. Men of l ago believed that the g had placed them far ap in the sky so that Or might be safe from the little creature which caus his death. In the late spring of the year, as Or sets over the western horizon, the Scorpion co up in the east, chasing the giant before him.

Phaëthon's Wild Ride through the Sky

One of the most interesting myths told by early Greeks was about the youth, Phaëthon, wh father was Apollo, the sun god. Phaëthon h never seen his father, and when he grew to b young man, he longed to meet his father and make himself known. So one day the youth set

find the beautiful palace of the sun. He knew at, each morning, from the gates of this palace, s father drove the horses of the sun across the sky.

At last, Phaëthon located his father's palace, and as brought into the presence of Apollo himself. he sun god was very much pleased to see Phaëion and to know him as his own child. He told ie youth to ask any favor and it would be granted. haëthon smiled and said that he would like, just or one day, to drive the horses of the sun across he sky.

When Apollo heard this, he was very sorry that e had promised Phaëthon to give him anything he sked. The horses of the sun were wild and dangerus to drive, much too strong for a youth like haëthon to manage. But the sun god had promised y the sacred oath of the gods, and he could not break that promise.

When the time came for the sun to rise in the norning, Apollo led Phaëthon out into the courtard of the palace. There the great horses were champing at their bits, ready to carry the chariot of he sun across the sky. Apollo begged his son not o drive the horses, but Phaëthon insisted.

At first all went well. The great prancing horses followed their usual path through the sky, climbing

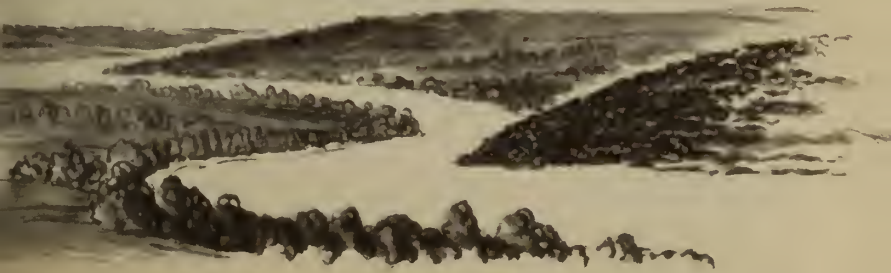
always higher and higher. But little by little, Phaëthon became afraid, for he began to realize that he could not manage the horses. He was frightened, too, of the awful animals they had to pass in the sky. The great Lion stretched out his paw and struck at the chariot as it went past. The Archer aimed his arrows at the head of Phaëthon. The Scorpion raised his claws, and nearly crushed Phaëthon to death in their grip. Little by little, too, the horses began to realize that an untrained hand held the reins. Before long, they were running away at a mad speed.

Shying away from the main path which the sun always traveled, the horses carried the chariot toward the north. The heat of the sun was so fierce that the creatures of the sky all drew back and tried to hide themselves as the chariot rushed by. The Big Bear and the Little Bear dived down toward the sea, hoping to be able to hide themselves in its cool waters. The earth, too, was burned by the heat of the sun, and cried out to Jupiter, the king of the gods, for help.

Jupiter, who was very angry when he saw what was happening, aimed one of his great thunderbolts directly at Phaëthon, striking him squarely. From the heights of the sky Phaëthon fell from the

chariot, brightness streaming from the rays of the sun crown on his head. At last, striking the earth, he fell into a large river and was drowned.

The horses of the sun were found, far off their path, by Apollo, and were driven back to their royal stable to await the coming of another dawn.



STUDY HELPS

EXPLORERS OF THE SKY

To Think and Talk About

1. What can we learn about the stars, using Tycho Brahe's method?
2. Why did the people want to punish Galileo? Discuss other explorers or inventors who have been punished because people misunderstood them.
3. Compare the contributions made by Brahe, Galileo, and Herschel to the science of astronomy. Which man made the most important contribution? Why?

To Write and To Do

1. Write a paragraph summarizing the information you have read which explains the difference between a planet and a star.
2. Reread this article and list questions about astronomers and their discoveries which this article does not answer.
3. Use your dictionary to find other meanings for the following words, then write each of the words in a sentence to show that you know its meaning as used in this story: rest, like, glasses, record, wonder, faint, kind, act, spectacle, study.

BOB MEETS THE STARS

To Think and Talk About

1. Give reasons for the location of the observatory.

The Silver Bracelet

I

Maada, the Indian chief's daughter, lay upon the soft green moss under the tall cedars and sobbed softly, so softly that anyone passing on the trail behind the screen of tall ferns fifteen feet away could not have heard her.

The final festivities of the potlatch time were at hand. Quasset was seething with excitement. The tumult in the village was so great that the gulls soared, screaming overhead, afraid to land upon the beach. With the cawing ravens, they circled endlessly over the lodges and totem poles,

and to their clamor now and then were added th harsh wild cries of a disturbed crane.

The new totem pole had already been carve and painted. Many willing hands were pulling it slowly along on rolling skids to the deep hol that had been dug for it in front of the head chief's lodge.

Above the chants and shouts of the workers, the cheers of the onlookers, the cries and laughter of the children, and the barking of the dogs, Maada could hear the weird noise and cries of the medicine men. Tum-tum-tum went their drums. Click-click-click went their rattles in the house where the white slave was held a prisoner.

Maada did not hear other sounds at all. She heard only the chants of the medicine men who were undoubtedly torturing the white slave, her friend, with hot sticks to drive away the evil spirits. He was to be sacrificed on the next day. It was terrible to think about, terrible to bear! Maada sobbed louder.

Seldom had the Haidas sacrificed a white slave beneath a totem pole! It was an old custom revived on this special occasion to honor Chief Edenshaw, who was main guest at the potlatch. Not for many, many years had a slave been sacrificed in Quasset at potlatch time.

It was the part she herself had played in the capture of the white slave that caused Maada such grief and remorse. She and no other was to blame for the plight of the prisoner.

One day, months before, she had been wandering along the shore a mile or two from the village. There had been a storm, and the waves were still thundering in upon the beach, although the wind had died down and the sun was shining brightly.

As she walked slowly along the beach looking at the dead fish and crabs and starfish, she came upon the body of a man, a white man, lying half in, half out of the water.

She had dragged him up on the sand above the reach of the tide. She had worked over him skillfully as she had often seen her people work over those who were nearly drowned. At last the stranger had opened his eyes and stared at her, then at the forest and at the ocean, as if he could not understand what had happened.

Maada understood his bewilderment and pointed to the beach, to the distant waters, trying to explain by signs what had happened. While he was still staring, still mumbling unintelligible words, she had darted swiftly away. She had run back to the village and told her father, the chief, about the white man.

Maada sobbed loudly and beat upon the moss with her clenched hands when she thought of this thoughtless act. Why had she ever told her father? Why had she not remembered that her father had expressed a wish to own one of these white slaves!

Alas! in her excitement she had not thought about these things! She had been so anxious to bring help to the poor man that she had thought of nothing else, not until her father announced that the stranger was to be kept in Quasset as a slave!

As the weeks passed, Maada had seen much of the white slave. He had always been grateful to her for saving his life; grateful also, for the many favors which she, the chief's daughter, was able to bestow — gifts of food and warmer skins, tools, and more freedom and consideration than was given to any of the other slaves.

In return, he had made many trinkets for her, little carved articles of bone and wood such as no Haida had ever seen. He had sewed her beautiful warm garments of fur which had made her the envy of the village maidens. Best of all, he had painstakingly taught her to speak words and sentences in the language of the Yetz Haada which he had heard. She in turn had taught him the

Haida words. As time passed they were able to speak falteringly with each other.

II

Then had come the potlatch. Never had Quasset seen such a potlatch. Never had so many guests been entertained in the village. For days there had been sports and dancing, songs and merrymaking, while the carvers worked upon the totem pole. For days no other work had been done in the village; the fishermen had not gone to the fishing grounds, nor the hunters into the forest.

For a week now the white slave had been imprisoned in an old lodge behind the chief's, with a warrior always on guard before the only entrance, the yawning hole in the totem pole in front. Every night Maada, sobbing softly, had listened to the wild chants of the shamans in the prison lodge, as they prepared their prisoner for the sacrifice. They were casting out all evil spirits with the aid of burning brands, that the death of the white man might not cause evil to fall upon the tribe. Hour after hour Maada had shivered and listened, wondering desperately what she could do to save the life of her friend.

Each day she had been allowed to carry food to the prisoner, plenty of food, for the daughter of a great chief was the most privileged person in the tribe. When he had asked her the reason for his imprisonment, she had confessed that he was to be sacrificed beneath the totem pole. But she was determined to save him, if possible.

On this last morning she had smuggled in a knife, his own, hidden beneath a big piece of halibut on a long wooden trencher. She had helped him hide it where he could get at it. When she had told him that she could think of no way to aid him in his escape from the lodge, he had pointed to the smoke hole above.

"Bring me a rope," he had whispered. "Let it down through the smoke hole and I will climb up it." Her heart had instantly lightened, for the white slave could climb up a rope as easily as her brother could climb up a cedar tree.

"That I will do," she promised. "When darkness comes, I will climb up on the roof and let down a rope."

It had not been difficult to get a stout rope, for the cod lines of twisted spruce and cedar fibers were often many fathoms long. She had hidden it in the forest, and food also, as well as warm furs and tools and weapons. The difficult part of her promise, however, remained to be fulfilled.

III

Maada could not see how it would ever be possible to climb up on the roof and let down the rope without being discovered. All day long Maada had pondered about the matter. She had tried to plan something that would send all the merry makers to another part of the village and cause the guard to relax his vigilance.

But now, though the day had almost ended she had not been able to think of anything. Filled with despair, she buried her face in the cool moss and sobbed anew.

"What is the matter, little one?"

Maada sat up quickly, drying her eyes with a quick brush of her hand. Shim the Foolish One stood beside her, bending down with a perplexed, kindly smile upon his wizened old face.

Old Shim the Storyteller was the clown of the village. He was sometimes noisy and foolish and sometimes extremely cunning. Carefree as a child, Shim wandered among the villages, laughing, singing, talking, telling stories and beating upon the drum which he always carried.

As Maada looked up at Shim, a plan came to her mind. She was sure that the Foolish One would do anything she asked him to do, no matter what it might be. He would not be punished,

for he was held in great reverence by all the tribe and all his offenses were forgiven. For many years he had been carefully sheltered and fed and protected.

Maada had suddenly thought of Toona, the cross bear, which the head shaman kept in a pen of pointed logs behind his lodge at the end of the village.

Ferocious and snarling was Toona the Evil One, hating dogs, hating people. All day long when he was not sleeping, he trotted around and around his prison, longing to be free, growling and uttering horrible noises that sent the chills chasing up and down Maada's spine whenever she heard them. The cries came from imprisoned evil spirits, the shamans said.

Everyone in the village except Shim the Foolis
One feared Toona. For some strange reason, th
bear did not dislike old Shim and would even l
the Foolish One stroke his head and feed hi
pieces of fish. Maada had seen this happe
many times.

It occurred to her that if Shim would only l
the bear out of his pen, the villagers would b
terrified. There would be such a commotion fo
a short time that the white slave would be abl
to escape. No one would dare to kill the savag
animal, because he belonged to the head shaman
and, besides, an arrow would loose all the evi
spirits which were said to dwell in the bear's body

"Why are you crying, little one?" Shim aske
again.

"I was crying because I am sad, Shim," Maad
answered, wishing that she dared confide in him.

"Shim does not like to see Maada cry," said th
old man, tears running down his own cheeks i
sympathy.

"Do you want to make me laugh again, Shim?"
Maada asked quickly. "Do you want to make m
forget these things that make me sad?"

"Shim will do anything to make Maada happy,"
the Foolish One declared earnestly. "What can
Shim do, who can only dance and sing?"

"There is Toona the bear," Maada replied, speaking slowly, so that Shim's dull brain might understand. "The poor bear is unhappy, shut up in his pen all day long. Around and around he walks from morning until night, trying to find a way to escape into the forest. If you were to open the gate and let him loose, he would run down the street and all the people would run shrieking to their houses. They are all afraid of Toona. Maada would laugh to see them running away, and her heart would be happy again."

"Then Shim will let Toona loose," Shim declared, patting Maada's head. "It will make Shim happy, also, to see the people run away. Shim will let Toona out of his pen and drive him down the street so that all the people may see him and be afraid."

"That will make me very happy, Shim," Maada cried, scarcely daring to believe her good fortune. "But remember, this is not to be done until Maada whispers in your ear. This she will do before the evening is over, and you must wait for her to come to you."

"Shim will do as Maada says," the Foolish One agreed, nodding. "He will wait for Maada, who will whisper in his ear. She will bring a big piece of fish so that Toona will follow Shim along the

village street. Shim is not afraid of the bear. He will not harm Shim. With a spirit-catcher Shim will draw a spirit from the bear and make the people wonder. Shim will laugh loudly to see the people stare."

So it was arranged. Shim stumbled away singing loudly of a cross bear vexed by many evil spirits. Tumpety, tum, tum, he drummed as he marched away into the forest, and Maada listened happily to his song until it mingled with all the other noises of the village.

IV

That evening a fog came in from the sea. Across the cove, up over the village it rolled like a downy blanket, shrouding the tops of the totem and memorial poles, hiding all things. Maada watched with a glad heart as it settled thickly upon the village. She felt sure now that her plan would succeed and the prisoner would escape safely.

When the great driftwood fires were lit in front of the houses, lighting the village, and the merrymakers had gathered around them to go on with their songs and games and dancing, Maada slipped cautiously down to the beach and pushed one of the smaller canoes off into the water.

Unobserved, she paddled quickly out of the cove, rounded the headland, and skirted the wooded shore. She followed the noise of the surf, until she came to a little cove behind the village which she knew would be utterly deserted on a night like this.

Here she beached the canoe and ran swiftly back along the foggy forest trail to the village. Twice she returned to the cove with food and water and other things that the white man would need on his long journey.

At last all her preparations were complete. She stole back to the firelit street just as the shamans were leaving the lodge where the white prisoner was confined. As she passed the place she sang a Haida chant she had taught her friend, so that he might hear and know that she was waiting.

For a short time she mingled with the others beside the roaring fires and listened to the story tellers and the songs of the visitors. She strolled here and there among her friends and relatives until she was certain that her absence from the village had not been noted. All the while old Shim followed her around like a faithful dog, chuckling, beating softly upon his drum. At last she stopped in a deep shadow and whispered in his ear.

"Here is the piece of fish, Shim," she said. "Now you can let Toona out of the pen. Maada will be waiting."

"Maada will see many things worth watching," Shim chuckled as he moved quickly off in the direction of the bear pen.

Swiftly Maada ran to the place where the rope was hidden, snatched it up, and hastened to the prison lodge. She crouched behind it and listened intently. A few moments later she heard a com-

otion at the far end of the street, heard shouts of rror, and the loud laughter of old Shim. Peering around a corner of the house, she saw the watchman run out into the street with all the others. Without losing a moment, she scrambled up on the roof, ran along it until she came to the smoke hole. Quickly she tied the rope firmly around a plank, and dropped it down into the darkness.

"Here is the rope. Come quickly!" she cried in the Haida tongue. Almost instantly she felt a tug upon the rope, felt it sway, heard hoarse breathing in the darkness, and saw the head of the prisoner appear above the planking.

"Go over the roof to the back," she whispered. "I will loosen the rope and follow. Then I will lead you to a canoe I have hidden in the cove behind the village. Go softly. The guard is standing out in the street, but his ears are keen."

When she had untied the rope, she crawled across the roof and climbed down to the ground where the prisoner was waiting. For a moment she stood listening. She heard the uproar in the village get louder and louder; heard the shouts of the angry shaman; heard the commands of the chief, the yells of terror; and above all the loud laughter of Shim the Foolish One.

Then she led the way along the foggy trail to the cove behind the village, and showed her friend the canoe and other supplies which she had provided. She would not listen when he tried to thank her.

"Do not thank me. Forgive me, instead, for the great wrong I have done you," she told him gravely. "When I saved your life before and thoughtlessly reported your presence to my father, I did not dream that he would condemn you, a white man, to slavery. I supposed he would treat you as an honored guest.

"Had I been quick-witted then, I could have hidden you and sent you away secretly as I am

oing now. As it is, you have narrowly escaped eing sacrificed. Had that fate been yours, I hould have felt that it was my fault and I could ıot have borne such sorrow.

"For this reason I have done what I could to aid you to escape. For this reason I asked Shim the Foolish One to let Toona the bear out of his pen, so that the village would be in an uproar for a few minutes while I climbed to the roof and dropped the rope down through the smoke hole. Old Shim is your savior; old Shim and the bear.

"Go, now," she continued breathlessly, glancing back toward the forest, "before we are discovered. Go straight east and find the white traders upon the Skeena River. Go quickly, that you may be far out on the waters before the fog lifts in the morning. The eyes of the Haidas are keen, and their canoes are swift."

Before the man could utter a word of thanks, Maada darted into the forest and hurried back to the village where everything was confusion. One of the visiting Haidas had killed the bear, not knowing that he belonged to the head shaman, and that many evil spirits were imprisoned in his body.

As a result of this rash deed, a pitched battle between the two tribes almost followed. But the

chief, Maada's father, could not allow the honor of his tribe to be blackened by an insult to invited guests. With his own hands he disarmed the furious shaman, while his sub-chiefs, at his command, disarmed the shaman's followers.

Then all the people were invited to a council in the chief's lodge. Hours of debate followed. During all these hours, Maada sat there, expecting every moment to hear the guard announce that the prisoner had escaped.

As it happened, however, the white slave's escape was not discovered until the council was over and the shamans had gone to the prison. Then the head shaman quickly announced that there

ere no signs of the prisoner. The guard was certain that he had not escaped through the entrance hole. The head shaman declared that the evil spirits released from the bear's body must have entered the house and carried him away, for that was exactly the sort of thing the evil spirits were always ready and eager to do.

Everyone in the village was glad to believe the shaman. So sure were they that the medicine man was right, that no search was made for the prisoner. When the canoe was missed in the morning, that too was thought to be the work of evil spirits, so that Maada was no longer worried.

V

As the weeks and months passed, the chief's daughter often thought of the kind white man and wondered if he had reached the trading post upon the Skeena River. Then, one day a year later, a vessel sailed into the bay in front of the village. The captain came ashore to bargain with the chief for the privilege of establishing a trading post in the village. When the matter was settled, the captain turned to the chief and asked if he had a daughter, Maada.

"This is Maada," said the chief, calling the astonished girl.

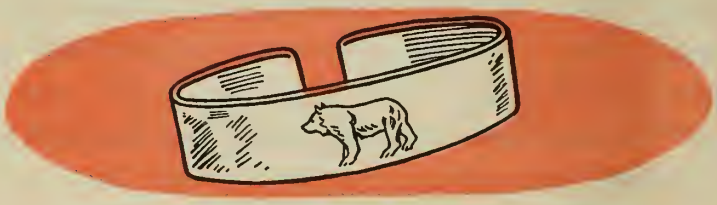
"I was told to give this present to Maada, daughter of the chief," explained the captain, handing a box to the bashful girl. "I was told to say that it comes from one who remembers her many kindnesses and her patience in teaching him the Haida language."

With trembling fingers Maada lifted the lid of the box. Within were two thin bracelets of beaten silver such as the Haida women loved. Both were new and shining; both were very plain except for a tiny bear cleverly engraved upon each one.

"They are from the white slave!" she thought happily.

The white slave had lived. He had returned to his people. He had remembered Toona the bear, and the part he had played in his escape! This was a sign, a message, for her eyes alone; a message from a grateful white slave whom her cleverness and bravery had saved that foggy night at potlatch time so many moons ago.

Lurline Bowles Mayol



Saved by a Shark

An Old Tale

I

Kalawaia was feeding the shark, because his father had gone to join the chief's expedition and had left him to be the kahu, or caretaker, to the shark. This duty had been handed down in their family from father to son for three generations. It was said that this shark had once saved the life of Kalawaia's great-great-grandfather.

Since then each generation of the family had given the shark food in thanks for that rescue.

Often Kalawaia wondered how a shark could h
saved a man. No one knew the story, but ev
one believed it was right to offer thanks an
pray to the shark for help in time of need.

The boy had paddled to a point where the m
tain reached out a finger of land into the oc
He pulled his canoe on to a small strip of sand
threw some bananas to the shark.

As he stood leaning on his paddle, watching
shark slowly devour the food, something r
him turn his head toward the cliff which
steeply from the water. To his surprise he s
stranger, high up on the cliff side where it see
impossible for anyone to climb. There stoo
youth of about Kalawaia's own age, looking d
at Kalawaia and resting on his spear as the o
rested on his paddle.

Wondering who the youth could be, Kala
gazed and gazed. Was this a man or a god
appeared so suddenly out of the cliff?

A splash in the water close by recalled K
waia's attention to the shark. It had eaten
last of the fruit and had come close to the roc
which he stood. Kalawaia knew quite well w
it wanted. He rubbed its back with his pad
The old shark kept itself lazily afloat, revelin
the backscratching like a dog or a pig.

on the boy's thoughts went back to the nger on the cliff. He turned for another look, the youth had gone! Who could he be? awaia knew all the men in his valley. No, youth was not one of them. He must be of the gods who had taken the form of a man a time. Why had he appeared to Kalawaia? he boy was filled with both fear and joy. s this strange appearance a bad sign or was it gn of special favor to himself?

He was still wondering when the shark swam ay. He prayed to it to guard his father and guard him, too. Then he stepped into his oe and paddled back to the little village of ss huts which was his home.

In the days which followed, Kalawaia o
thought of the stranger. If the stranger v
human, where had he come from? Why ha
disappeared so quickly. If he were a god, w
he appear again and speak with the boy.

Kalawaia did not tell anyone what he had s
If his father had been at home, or the wise
man of the village, he would have talked v
them about the matter. Both had joined
from other villages for a friendly expedition v
their great chief to the island of Oahu.

So the boy went quietly about his ordi
life, fishing and preparing food for his mot
wrestling and playing with his companions,
sleeping on the sand.

Many days passed, and the villagers bega
grow anxious because no news came from the
who had gone away with the great chief. K
waia had never seen the great chief because
village was many valleys away. But the pe
said the high chief was a man of peace.

Had the chief and his men met strange,
friendly tribes? Were the boats lost at s
Why did no news come?

The women and old men talked quietly, fea
that some trouble had overtaken the men of t
village. The days of waiting seemed very long

II

was in these days that Kalawaia saw the
ıger for the second time. Early one morning
boy was paddling out to fish for ula-ula.
e distance out he looked toward shore to get
lirection. On the point of land where he al-
; fed the shark, he saw a figure beckoning to
Though he could not be certain at that dis-
e, he thought it was the stranger.
ıwillingly he turned and paddled toward the
t. What could the stranger want of him?
boy felt afraid.
; he came closer, he saw that it was indeed the
ıger, this time without his spear. When
ıwaia drew near, the other said in a command-
:one, "Take me with you."
he boy feared to have the stranger enter his
›e, but even more he feared to refuse. There
something about the stranger that made it
›ssible for Kalawaia to disobey him. Kala-
ı brought the canoe close to the rock, and the
r stepped in and sat down.
You are going fishing?" the stranger asked,
cing the coiled line, the bone hooks, and gourd
of bait.
Yes," said Kalawaia, "I am going to fish for
ula."

After that nothing more was said. Kalaw bent to his paddling, the familiar work giving courage. The stranger sat quietly in the ca and gazed out over the water.

They paddled a long way. Now and then K waia rested for a moment, and looked caref from the cliff above the point of land and to topmost peak at the head of the valley. W his canoe was in line with these two landma he knew he had reached his fishing ground.

He laid down his paddle and made ready line, a long one which he himself had twiste olona fiber. Near the end were a number of sh pieces of bamboo, to which lines with bone ho were attached. The boy placed some bait on hooks. To weight the line, he knotted the around a piece of lava rock as big as his head.

When all was ready, Kalawaia lowered weight over the side of the canoe and let out line. At last he felt the weight touch bott With a quick jerk he loosened the stone, and line rose a bit.

As he worked, the boy almost forgot stranger who was watching silently. But w Kalawaia waited for a bite, his fear retur Then he felt a tiny movement of the line, as fish were biting. Instantly he forgot everyt

cept the landing of his fish. Hand over hand, pulled in the line, moving so that it lay coiled the bottom of the canoe. At last the hooks ap-ared. Sure enough, on one was a fine, red-gold a-ula.

Kalawaia took off the fish, baited the hook ain, fastened another weight, and again lowered s line. This time he waited longer. At last felt a tiny jerk and then another. Eagerly he lled up his line. It was hard work; the strong uscles stood out on his back and shoulders. big fish appeared above water, and, an instant er, another, larger than the first.

The stranger exclaimed, "Good for you!"

As Kalawaia worked at taking off the fish a
baiting the hooks, he wondered at the exclamatio
It was the shout which any excited boy might giv

As Kalawaia fitted the weight to the line, t
stranger spoke: "Let me try fishing this time
The words were a command, but the voice was th
of an eager boy.

Kalawaia looked up in surprise, then hand
over weight and line. He did not offer advice,
he would have done to another boy. Surely t
gods knew how to fish! He was surprised at t
excitement he saw in the stranger's manner, as
lowered the weight and jerked the line free.

For some time the two were silent. Kalawa
was thinking about his strange companion, n
about fish. Suddenly the other asked, "Ho
does it feel when the fish bite?"

"Just a little jerk," Kalawaia told him.

"Then I have one!" the stranger exclaimed a
began to pull in the line. Kalawaia coiled t
line as the other pulled, for it must not beco
tangled.

At last the hooks appeared, but they were ba
of fish and even of bait. "The fish dropped of
said Kalawaia quietly, as he baited the hooks a
attached another weight. "Next time you w
have success."

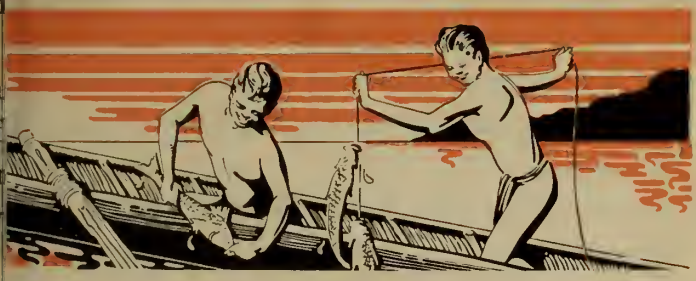
Now Kalawaia felt no fear as he watched the ranger lower his line. Whether god or human, is youth did not know so much about fishing as himself did.

This time, as Kalawaia had said, the stranger ad success. He tried again and again, shouting ith joy when he caught two fish at once.

He seemed to have no thought of giving his mpanion a turn at fishing, but eagerly drew in he red-gold beauty after another until his final iumph. This came when the canoe was well led with fish.

Kalawaia saw that the stranger pulled in the ne with more excitement and also with more effrt than before. Again there were two fish on the ne. "But I thought I felt three bites," the ranger said in disappointment.

"You did!" exclaimed Kalawaia quickly, as he ached over the side to grasp a third fish that se to the surface. "A wonderful catch!"



Both boys had been so excited that they h thought of nothing but fishing. They had n noticed that half of the sky had clouded over, f the dark clouds had not yet covered the su Suddenly the wind, which had been blowi steadily, became fierce and gusty. Waves spra up and splashed into the canoe.

Kalawaia seized his paddle. As he pulled for t shore with all his strength, he continued thin ing about the stranger. His feelings toward t youth had changed. Both fear and wonder h disappeared. Now he felt as if they were bo together.

The wind blew harder. Kalawaia had all could do to keep the canoe head-on to the wav Despite the other's bailing, the canoe was filli with water.

"No harm if we swamp," Kalawaia calle "I've been swamped before. But it's too bad lose the fish."

Hardly had he spoken, when a great wa struck the canoe and filled it with water. Kal waia found himself swimming beside it. H prayed that there were no man-eating shar about! But where was the stranger? He shou be swimming near.

The boy raised himself as high as he could in e water and looked about. Where could the anger be? Was he indeed a god who had anged his form and disappeared once more? e next instant something bobbed from under e canoe. It was the stranger, but he was not imming. Even as Kalawaia looked and won- red at what he saw, the youth sank in the rmy ocean.

Instantly the boy dived and grasped the shoul- r of his companion. The stranger's body seemed ıp and lifeless. Kalawaia rose and clung to the noe with one hand, holding his companion's ad above water with the other.

Again questions puzzled him. Was this a boy, d not a god, and had he drowned? But how? rely he could swim; every boy could do that! had a god left the human form lifeless and anged himself into fish or bird?

From thick clouds that shut out the sun, heavy n began to fall. But very soon the storm ssed. The day was bright once more, the wind w gently, and the waves were only heaving ells. Now if only Kalawaia could get the water t of the canoe!

Twice before he had been in a canoe that amped and had helped to up-end it. But this

time he was alone, except for his apparently li
less companion. What should he do?

Kalawaia decided to call for help from t
shore. With all his strength, he sent call af
call out over the ocean. Then he waited, a
after a time, called again. Once more he waite
It was useless. Well, he would swim asho
carrying his companion. With a prayer on h
lips, he started.

The swim would have been a long one for t
boy if he had been fresh and unburdened. As
was tired and had the helpless stranger to suppo
it was impossible for him to reach the shore. De
in his heart he realized this, yet help might com
He swam and rested, then swam wearily on agai
Those gray mountains seemed no nearer!

Suddenly, close beside him, he heard a splas
A fish! Perhaps a shark! The next moment t
boy gave a cry of joy. It was a shark — h
shark! The one he and his father fed and car
for! The wise old fish had heard his call.

Often it had answered that call to receive foo
now it answered it to bring help. Fearless
Kalawaia grasped the back of the great fish wi
his free hand, and the shark began to swim t
ward shore.

The line of mountains grew more blue and cle

t last the boy could see the coast line. The
ark was not taking them to the point where it
as fed, but toward the village. It swam through
e opening in the reef, and Kalawaia found him-
lf in the quiet bay near his home.

"Thanks, O Wise One!" he cried, as he splashed
rough shallow water toward the beach, still
earing his companion. "I will never forget
hat you have done this day. Come to the point
morrow, that I may give you thanks."

Men carried the youth into Kalawaia's hut and
id him on the bed of mats where the father
sually slept. Kalawaia lay near by on his own
ats. It was so good to rest!

In Kalawaia's tired mind there was no wonder about his companion and no thought of fearing him as a god any longer. His last waking thought was of the fish they had caught. "Too bad we lost them all!" And then he also slept.

Next morning the two boys wakened at the same moment, sat up, and stretched. Then the stranger rubbed his head.

"Our canoe did swamp," he said, as if continuing the thought he had had before he slept. "I remember now. A great wave washed over us and that was all I knew." He rubbed his head again, and now Kalawaia noticed a swollen place on the temple.

"You must have hit your head on the outrigger as you fell," he said.

"Yes," said the other slowly. "But how did I get here?"

"The shark saved us," Kalawaia answered, and very simply he told what had happened the day before.

The story was interrupted by eager voices just outside. Kalawaia recognized one of them and sprang up. "My father!" he shouted as he ran out.

There was much excitement in the village. From his father Kalawaia learned that their high

hief and his men had fought a battle on Oahu, but not against the chief of that island. On the contrary, they had helped him to put down an uprising. After the success of the battle, the high chief of Oahu had insisted that his guests remain, and he had taken them to several villages on his island. Everywhere they were royally entertained.

"Our high chief did not like the delay," Kalawaia's father said. "He was thinking day and night of his son. You see, he did not leave the boy at home with his mother and sisters, but in the village of the valley next to ours. Two nights ago, our chief saw clouds, at sunset, which he thought were signs of danger to the lad. As quickly as we could, we left Oahu. Yesterday there was a storm, and the high chief said it brought ill to his son. I fear ——"

A shout interrupted him. "The high chief comes! He is coming to our village!"

Men threw themselves on their faces before their chief, as he sprang from his canoe. "He is not there!" he cried. "My son is gone! They have hunted for him all night among the mountains. They say he could not have been on the ocean in the storm, but where is he now?"

"I am safe, my father!" And out of Kalawaia's hut the stranger came. Rested, he walked

erect and looked, indeed, like the young god the boy had at first supposed him to be. "I was in the storm," he said simply, "but this boy saved me. Arise, Kalawaia. Come here."

The high chief listened to his son's story and repeated Kalawaia's name and the name of his father. "A worthy son of a worthy father," he said, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Just as you saved the life of my son, so your father saved my life, for he caught a spear thrown at my back during the battle.

"What say you, my son, shall we ask this lad to live with us as your companion?" asked the high chief. "My son longs for companions of his own age," he explained to Kalawaia.

The chief's son spoke in a commanding tone just as he had spoken yesterday when he had ordered Kalawaia to take him fishing. "He shall come to be my companion," he said, "but first he and I must take food to the shark which saved us. We must give thanks. And when Kalawaia's father and mother are old and need him, then he shall return to care for them. And he shall be the kahu, caretaker, of the wise shark."

GRAY EAGLE'S HORSE

In the days when our western country was first being settled, John Seabold kept a trading station on the prairie. Here Indians of the Sioux tribe came to exchange furs, buffalo hides, and corn for cloth, beads, axes, guns, and other things that they needed.

John Seabold and his wife and daughter were well liked by the Indians. So it happened that the

little girl, Mary Anne, was taken to visit a Siou camp. Gray Eagle, one of her father's India friends, had invited her.

While Mary Anne was at the Indian camp, i was attacked at night by another tribe, the Aricka rees. They came to steal the horses of the Sioux Gray Eagle's mother, Swift Pigeon, somehow gc herself, her baby grandchild, and Mary Ann upon the back of a swift horse and rode awa The Sioux, at the time, were smaller in numbe than the Arickarees, so they scattered far and wid in order to escape.

When he heard about the attack on the camp John Seabold, with a neighbor named Thorve and Thorveg's son, Eric, started out to hunt fo Mary Anne. The men rode over the prairie, bu the boy turned toward some hills in the distance

1. THE SEARCH

When Eric turned his pony's head toward th hills, he knew exactly why he chose that direction The men were looking for the vanished Sioux In dians and the lost little girl all across the grea

lain to the west and south. Why did the boy ek to find her in the broken country toward ıe north? This was what he was thinking, if his ıoughts had been put into words:

"Gray Eagle took Mary Anne to visit his camp ecause he was a friend, not an enemy. So when e and his people ran away from the Arickaree orse thieves, they would take Mary Anne to the fest place they knew. And where would she be ıore securely hidden than in those broken hills far away to the north?"

Sancho, the pony, was tired; but he seemed to ave forgotten this for the time being. He seemed know as well as his rider that theirs was a press- g errand. He stretched his weary legs to the w trail and loped forward.

The sun came up and showed them the way ore plainly, though the hills seemed no nearer. was one of those hot, heavy days that come at e beginning of summer. They stopped as they ossed a shallow creek, and both pony and boy ank. Eric ate some bread and cheese that his andfather had slipped into his pocket. Sancho opped a few mouthfuls of grass and would have

liked to linger, but he went on obediently wh
Eric slid into the saddle again.

By noon they had reached uneven, bare cou
try where the edge of the great grassy pla
had begun to break up into cracks and ravin
The sun was hot overhead and the sky was wi
out a cloud.

Both boy and pony were so worn out that it w
plain they must rest a little before they could
forward. They came to a wide creek bed,
nearly empty of water that it held only a ser
of pools instead of a running stream. Its cou
bent around a broad sandy curve where grew
dense thicket of young poplar trees.

It was the trees that decided Eric to stop he
to eat, drink, and rest. Any patch of shade look
welcome after the brightness of the beating su
He guided Sancho carefully down the steep ba
skirted the poplar grove — and stopped short.

A huge, shaggy beast came splashing and sno
ing through the shallow water and out on t
sand. It was a great bull buffalo, big-shoulder
and heavy-horned. The shaft of an Indian arr
was standing out from a wound in its neck. A

rdinary grazing buffalo is fairly peaceable. A ounded bull is a bellowing whirlwind of stupid ıge. The moment his angry eyes caught sight f Eric and the tired pony, he dropped his horns ıd charged at them.

Sancho fled swiftly along the sandy level, keep- ıg close to the poplar thicket. An angry buffalo ın gallop faster than a tired pony, but this buf- lo was floundering in heavy sand. How long e had carried that cruel arrow in his shoulder

Eric could not know. It was only plain that the great beast knew that a human hunter had hurt him, and that now he was going to hurt someone in payment.

They rounded the end of the poplar grove and Eric saw the steep bank rise before him. The worn-out pony could never scramble up it, not even if he were driven by terror of the furious animal at his heels. There was nothing to do but swing about, still skirting the edge of the poplars and ride in a wide curve down toward the stream again.

The buffalo's feet had stumbled and sunk deeper in the sand than Eric had thought. Snorting and angry, their pursuer was still following them, but more and more slowly. The boy and the pony had come in a circle all the way around the grove of trees. They had galloped so much faster than the buffalo that they were presently behind him instead of in front. Eric knew that they were still in danger, but in spite of that he almost laughed aloud.

A buffalo viewed from behind is very different from a buffalo seen from in front. When one

oks at his huge shoulders, at the hump behind
em covered with a shaggy mane of hair, at his
eavy head and short thick horns, he seems a terri-
le beast indeed. But seen from the rear, he shows
sloping back and such small hind legs that he
oes not seem terrible at all, but even a little
diculous.

At the sound of the horse's hoofs behind him,
e big bull did not wheel about, but only strug-
led harder and harder to plunge forward
rough the sand. The hunter whose arrow had
ounded his shoulder had shot him from the rear.
ow, in his dull buffalo mind, the big creature
ould only think that he was again being pur-
ued. He snorted with terror, though a minute
efore he had been bellowing with rage.

Eric shouted to drive him still faster. With a
ramble of hasty hoofs and a rattle of stones, the
reat beast went climbing up the bank to the level
bove. The arrow caught on a branch of poplar
nd was jerked free. In wonder and relief but
ill in a tremendous fright, the buffalo, with his
il straight up in the air, went galloping away
cross the plain and disappeared.

Eric slipped out of the saddle, sat down on th sand, and drew a long breath. The pony waste no time in wondering over their escape. H waded into the water and dropped his head to tak a long cool drink. All about them the sand wa stirred and trampled by the buffalo's feet, bu the danger was safely past. The big animal wa already far away.

Eric loosened the cinch on Sancho's saddle, an lifted the saddle off. The grateful pony scram bled up the bank to the green level above an rolled happily on the soft grass. Then he fell t snatching a hasty dinner, while Eric lay at fu length on the sand in the shade of the poplar He closed his eyes, and listened sleepily to th whispering of the lightly hung leaves and the com fortable grazing of Sancho on the bank above h head.

He must go on in a few minutes to look fo Mary Anne, but he knew enough to be quiet an to rest completely as he lay for that short tim upon the sand. Sancho came obediently at h whistle when it was time to saddle and ride o once more.

Eric traveled more slowly now, looking anxusly at the ground as he rode. If any of the oux Indians had come this way bringing Mary ne, he might, with good luck, catch sight of the il left by their horses. Wherever there was ft ground near a watercourse, wherever the fresh ass had been newly trampled or the branches a willow thicket had been recently broken, he oked for footprints with care.

He found the marks of buffalo and of the small arp hoofs of deer and antelope. The bent and oken twigs among the willows showed where buck deer had slept the night before and — perps startled by some sudden noise — had jumped and gone crashing away through the low, taned branches. But of the traces of horses' feet found none.

It was late afternoon when they mounted the rst slope that brought them into the hill couy. All about them ran little streams in beds so arrow that they seemed like deep cracks cut beween the rocky ridges.

Eric stopped his pony and stood on the crest the first ridge. It would take hours to explore

even one of the creeks, and there were a dozen to choose from. In not more than two hours it would be dark. Which way should he go?

Sancho settled the question by half sliding, half cantering down the nearest slope toward the largest pool that they had yet seen. He was thirsty and cool water was near; that was enough.

As Eric sat waiting for the pony to lift his head from his drinking, the boy saw plainly in the soft earth beside them the trampled print of hoofs. This time they were not deer or buffalo tracks. They were the marks of the unshod feet of an Indian pony. He interrupted his horse's drinking with an abrupt jerk of the reins.

"Go on, Sancho!" he ordered sharply.

The creek wound and twisted in and out among the hills. Eric followed it mile after mile, looking, listening, getting down now and again as the shadows grew deeper to examine the wet margin of the stream. Once, then again, he found new footprints. He was going in the right direction. At every turn of the crooked way he would think, "Now I shall find them!" But each new stretch of the narrow valley was as empty as the last.

The ravine broadened finally to a green, grassy
vl, wide enough to catch a gleam from the
pping sun. A spur of rocks ran down from
ridge almost to the edge of the water. All
rest of the hillside was smooth and covered
h close-growing sod. The stream wound
ough the level space at the bottom, its banks
ered with fresh green willows. Eric and
ncho stood still and looked and looked.

Was that a faint curl of smoke going up from
vond the rocks? It was so thin that he could
t be sure. Was that an animal moving up the
slope of the valley? Was it a deer grazing —
a pony with a deer-colored coat? And if it
s a pony, if that was the smoke of a burned-out
mpfire, to whom did both belong? To friendly
oux Indians or to hostile Arickarees? How
uld he know?

A little breeze stirred the willows. Something
oved close to the green bank, something show-
g a glint of red. Then drifting softly on the
ind, there came a thin, wavering sound, a high,

shrill piping. No Indian could have cut and fashioned a green whistle that would blow just that strange note. There was no one who knew how except the playmate he had come so far to seek.

"Mary Anne!" he shouted with all his might. In answer the sound came again, the clear call of a willow whistle.

A moment later Mary Anne appeared from behind the trees. As she came rushing to meet Eric

across the little grassy valley, her first words were a warning.

"Crouch down here under the bushes! Swift Pigeon said I must never run across the open grass like that, but — when I saw you — "

She did not finish. She did not need to. Her shining face was enough to tell her comrade just how welcome he was.

"Why must we hide?" he said, but she hushed him instantly.

"Not so loud! Speak in a whisper. The — the Arickarees might hear us."

Eric crouched obediently, stole down to the edge of the water, and hid himself beside her under the drooping cover of the scrub alders. He listened silently while Mary Anne, speaking low and close to his ear, told him the story of her visit to the Sioux village and of the flight with Swift Pigeon, the brown baby, and the dun pony. She told how the Arickaree Indians had scattered her friends in the dark.

"Swift Pigeon will hardly let me get out of her sight. We build the littlest fires there behind the rocks, and we eat berries and fish, and try to keep

hidden all the time. She thinks the Arickarees may find us yet."

She looked anxiously all about them, and crept even deeper under the bushes. There was no sound or sight of anyone behind the spur of jutting boulders. The little curl of smoke had floated quite away. Eric touched the green whistle she still held in her hand.

"Where did you get that?" he asked. "The old one must have dried up long ago."

"I got tired of sitting still below the rock," she answered, "so I slipped down to the water. I was thinking about the cabin at home and about you, and before I knew it I was cutting myself a willow whistle just the way you showed me. Then I heard a horse's feet and saw you and Sancho come over the ridge, and if there had been a thousand Arickaree Indians listening, I couldn't have helped blowing the whistle to make you hear!"

Eric, falling under the spell of her whispering anxiety, stole out from the thicket, unsaddled his pony, and hid the saddle and bridle behind a log. He drove Sancho up the slope to graze out of sight beyond a stretch of bushy trees. Then he came

ack to his place beside Mary Anne. But he was till not sure that they really needed to take such are to keep hidden.

"Gray Eagle's village is miles and miles away," ie said. "The Arickarees only wanted the horses. Certainly they would never follow you so far just o get one more."

"They all wanted our dun pony. The Indians everywhere for miles around have heard of Gray Eagle's horse that runs so fast and is the color of a deer. Swift Pigeon knew the Arickarees would ride and ride until they found him. She chose the way ever so carefully as we came along, always going on hard ground so the pony's feet would not leave a mark. Now and then we had to cross a river where the bank was soft, but she wouldn't let me get down for fear of making footprints."

Eric had taken no such care — he had found them on a chance guess. But would anyone following his trail need to trust to good fortune? That trail was marked as clear as noonday. Had anyone been riding behind him?

"Do you think — " he began. Mary Anne put her hand on his arm to silence him.

She had been hiding in that place only two days and a night. But the sense of danger had already taught her ears to be very keen. In a minute Eric heard the sound she had caught first — the noise of scrambling and trampling feet. A horse and rider came over the ridge that Eric had crossed and stood looking across the valley.

It had grown darker now, for it was more than an hour later, but it was still light enough to show the lean, long-legged horse and the rider with a feather in his hair. It was an Indian — a boy about sixteen years old — an enemy Arickaree and not a friendly Sioux.

3. THE ARICKAREE

The two under the bushes hardly dared to breathe as the Indian came near. He rode by, so close that when his horse's hoof struck a rotten log the pieces flew into Mary Anne's lap. She did not move a muscle. Swift Pigeon had taught her what every Indian woman teaches every Indian child, what every mother deer, rabbit, and partridge teaches her babies — that to keep perfectly still is far safer than to run away.

Somewhere behind the spur of ragged stones, he old Indian woman, Swift Pigeon, was clasping he brown baby. She was crouching, equally motionless and watchful, while their enemy rode by without seeing them.

An older brave would have looked to right and left, would have noticed a dislodged stone or a blowing, half-burned leaf that turned over and over before the evening breeze. But the Arickaree lad saw nothing except the prize he had come so far to seek — the dun pony. Gray Eagle's horse had grazed out on the open slope. He could be plainly seen even in the fading light. His head was up, his pale mane was blowing. Through his wide nostrils came a snort of angry defiance. Indian ponies are wise little beasts. Among other things, they catch easily the difference between a friend and an enemy.

There followed a contest so intense and exciting that the two in the bushes could hardly even pretend to hide themselves, so eager were they to see what was to happen. The clever Sioux pony doubled and dodged, ran headlong, then stopped short to spin about and speed away in the opposite

direction. He never lost his footing on the steep slope, and he stayed in the open ground, away from the rocks and wooded hillside, where he could wheel and scamper without hindrance.

The long-legged Arickaree horse was no match for him in cleverness or speed. He tried to follow

nd turn as the dun pony did, but he was clumsy nd slow beside that other. The pony's quickness as like a darting swallow's. Under his rider's eating quirt, the bigger mount lumbered heavily p and down in pursuit, but was always left far ehind.

"He will never get him!" rejoiced Mary Anne, ut Eric shook his head.

"The Arickaree has something more than just is horse. Look!"

The Indian rider was uncoiling the rawhide ope that hung at his horse's withers. He tested he smooth-running noose at the end, whirled it bout his head, and flung it as the pony sped by. The little beast was quick and clever, but man's wit was too much for him. The noose dropped about his neck — and he was fairly caught. The Arickaree boy leaped to the ground and swung himself up on the back of his prize.

"The pony will throw him," Mary Anne said to Eric.

But she was mistaken. Gray Eagle's swift horse submitted sullenly, and stood with hanging head. His new master took a turn of the rope

around the little horse's lower jaw — the Indian substitute for a bridle. Then they rode away, all three of them — the stranger, the meek captured pony, and the long-legged horse trailing in the rear. Big tears were rolling down Mary Anne's cheeks as she saw them go. Her grief was over the loss of a good friend. She was not thinking of any further trouble until Eric said, "It's not going to be very easy to get home now."

Worn-out Sancho was their only mount, and he had been ridden for a night and a day. He could go no farther without at least a day of rest. Then he could carry Swift Pigeon, Mary Anne and the papoose, while Eric must walk beside them for all that long, slow journey through country where the enemy was still at large.

"Perhaps your father or mine will find us before we've got very far," he said to Mary Anne. But he had no very hopeful heart behind the words. It was a boy's guess to try riding in the direction he had taken — a lucky guess, for he had found Mary Anne. But with a boy's carelessness he had neglected to tell any of his companions which way he was going. There were many miles

of prairie and hills to be searched before John Seabold might chance to follow him.

When Mary Anne brought Eric to the little camp under the shelter of the rocky spur, Swift Pigeon looked at him with black, beady eyes and said nothing. The small papoose lying on its bed of dry grass stared at him in the same Indian silence. But for Eric there were only two things that counted — that he had found Mary Anne and that he needed sleep. He ate such food as the squaw could put before him, his eyes growing heavy even as he sat by the fire and tried to talk to Mary Anne. Then he curled up on a bed of willow boughs. The smell of the crushed leaves and the green twigs was sweet as he dropped his head upon his arm.

"If you want to wake me, blow the willow whistle," he said, and was instantly asleep.

4. THE RETURN

All that night and well into the next day Eric slumbered. It was almost noon when he sat up, suddenly wide awake, rested, and as hungry as a young wolf.

Swift Pigeon was making preparations for the homeward journey. She had gathered berries and roots. She had caught more fish and was showing Mary Anne how to wrap them with bark and willow leaves.

Sancho was stuffing himself greedily with the grass that grew beside the creek. As Eric watched him graze, stepping from one stretch of green to another, the boy's heart sank. The stout little pony must have strained a foreleg or a shoulder that had stiffened with rest, for he moved forward with an awkward hobble. Yet, lame as he was, he must give them what help he could on the long homeward trail.

They set out at sunset, since it would be safer to travel in the dark. Mary Anne and Swift Pigeon took turns in riding and carrying the baby. Eric trudged bravely ahead and Sancho limped behind. Slow progress they made, down the winding valley, over the ridges, and out on the great dark plain. Tonight there was not even a moon to light them from the clouded sky.

They traveled until midnight, stopped to rest a little, and then got up to plod on again. Sancho

moved slower and slower. With all Eric's urging, he could scarcely stumble forward. Mary Anne uttered never a complaint. Indeed, for the last five miles she had been too weary to speak at all. The patient baby whimpered softly but still did not cry. The old Indian woman muttered a little in her own tongue as she rocked the papoose in her arms.

Suddenly Swift Pigeon flung up her head to listen. They all heard the sound — horses' galloping feet coming from a great way off. Sancho stood still and lifted his own head to give a loud whinny.

"If it is white men coming, they will shout," Eric thought. He stood listening. The feet came nearer, but no voice answered. Was it Indians? He did not have time to ponder long over what they should do. Two dark forms came blundering out of the night. Then the dun-colored pony dropped his nose into Swift Pigeon's hand and stood nuzzling and nickering in soft delight.

Trailing behind him, attached to the hide rope that his captor had used for a bridle, was the long-

legged horse which the Indian boy had ridden. It was not difficult to guess what had happened. The Sioux pony had loped along, apparently obedient to the will of his new master but actually biding his time. When the easy pace had lasted for hours, when the rider was quite satisfied and secure, when perhaps he had even dozed a bit because of the drowsy, jogging motion — then was the little horse's moment. For an instant the Arickaree's hand was unsteady on the bridle. The dun pony's heels were up like a flash, and his head down between his knees. Over and over went the Indian rider, tumbling upon the grass. While the two horses galloped away into the dark, he was left to reflect upon the pleasure of walking fifty . . . sixty . . . a hundred miles home.

John Seabold and his companions had circled far over the prairie and had found no trace of Mary Anne. They passed a few scattered groups of Arickaree Indians driving horses southward. But these carried no captives, certainly no little girl. In the faint hope that Gray Eagle might

have found his way to the cabin, the white men had ridden homeward. There they must get fresh horses if the hunt was to go on.

They met Gray Eagle on the way, a haggard and desperate Gray Eagle. He had searched for Mary Anne, as they had, without success. The chief, too, had thought that some of his braves might have caught up the little girl in the confusion and carried her home. John Seabold gave one glance at the Indian party and saw that Mary Anne was not with them. Thereafter he rode ahead with a stony face and said no word to the red men clattering behind him.

Thus it came about that there was a knot of men, white and red, and a group of weary horses and Indian ponies clustered before the door of the cabin just as the sun came up. It was exactly when the first rays touched the willows that the men saw a little cavalcade come toiling across the plain — a yellow-maned pony ridden by a boy, followed by a long, lean nag that carried a girl, a baby, and a bent squaw. When the sun rose higher, it was to show also a tiny distant dot that was Sancho, limping homeward far in the rear.

The dun pony came splashing through the ford with the taller mount following him. The Arickaree horse had never seen white men; he hesitated and shied as Swift Pigeon urged him up the bank. Mary Anne could wait for no delay. She slipped to the ground and went running up the path calling, "Mother! Mother!"

Gray Eagle and John Seabold had not spoken

to each other before, but now they turned, and each looked at the other steadily.

"How!" said Gray Eagle. It is so that an Indian greets a friend.

"How!" returned Mary Anne's father. It is so that a white man returns the greeting of an Indian whom he trusts. They both stood aside as Jane Seabold ran out of the cabin door to snatch her little daughter into welcoming arms.

Some Books to Read

This story is taken from *The Willow Whistle,* a very interesting book by Cornelia Meigs. If you like good stories about pioneers, or Indians, or horses, or all three, you would probably enjoy the following, also: *The Young Trailers,* by Joseph A. Altsheler; *Jack among the Indians,* by George B. Grinnell; *War Paint,* by Paul Brown; *The Ranch on the Oxhide,* by Henry Inman; *Sajo and the Beaver People,* by Grey Owl; and *The Magic Forest,* by Stewart Edward White.

Find the Right Ending

Write on a paper the numbers from 1 to 8. Choose the best ending for each sentence. Write the complete sentence on your paper after its number.

1. Mary Anne went to the Sioux camp because
   Gray Eagle had invited her.

THE VISIT TO TIA MARIA

To Tia Maria's Ranch

Arturo and Berta lived with their father and mother in the beautiful city of Buenos Aires. Their home was in an apartment house on a narrow crooked street in the old part of the city. It is said that the Spanish people who founded Buenos Aires made its first streets very narrow so that people might ride or walk in the shade of the low buildings as much as possible during the hot summer days. Wide streets were not needed in those early days, for there were no trolley cars or buses and very few carriages. Almost everybody rode horseback.

In the old days, the horse was king in Argentina. People thought that nothing was too good for their horses. The saddles were made of leather with

patterns carved on them, and the mountings were o silver and sometimes of gold.

In the new part of Buenos Aires there are fin houses and straight, broad streets lined with trees Parks made attractive by trees and flowers are found in many parts of the city.

Often Arturo and Berta rode horseback with their father in one of the great parks on the edge of the city. They liked Palermo Park best because there was a beautiful rose garden in it where thousands of roses were in blossom near a little lake.

While they rode over the smooth brick-red bridle path in the park, their father often told them stories of the time when he was a boy. He told them about his visits to his grandfather who lived in the country, far away on the Pampa.

"When you are on the Pampa," their father said, "you can ride as far and as fast as you like. There is nothing to stop you. As far as your eye can see there is nothing but prairie—hundreds of miles of it, almost as flat as a floor."

The stories which their father told them made Arturo and Berta long to go to the country and ride on the Pampa.

One day a letter came from Tia Maria inviting them to come to visit her on her estancia. Tia Maria

is Spanish for Aunt Mary, and estancia is the Spanish word for ranch.

The letter made Arturo and Berta very happy.

But their mother said, "I am afraid that Berta is too young to go."

"Oh, I'm not too young!" cried Berta.

"I'll take care of her. I won't let anything happen to her," promised Arturo.

Arturo and Berta wanted very much to go to visit Tia Maria. At last their father and mother decided to let them take the trip.

From their home in Buenos Aires their father and mother took them, in the subway, to the railroad station.

When they reached the station platform, their mother opened her bag and took out two little packages. "Here is a gaucho handkerchief for each

of you, to wear around your neck when you ride o
the Pampa. The red handkerchief is for Berta, a
the purple one is for Arturo."

Soon the bell rang for the train to start. Artu
and Berta waved good-by from the car windo
"Adios, adios!" they called.

"Adios, adios!" called their father and moth
from the station platform.

All day and part of the night, the brother a
sister traveled over the flat Pampa. At last t
train came to the station where Tia Maria was
meet them. As the porter helped the two slee
children off the train, they saw their aunt waiti
for them.

"Tia Maria! Tia Maria!" they called out happil

Arturo and Berta were so stiff from sitting sti
so long that they could hardly climb over the whe
to the high seat of Tia Maria's old-fashioned ca
riage. The cold night air made them shiver. Th
moonlight seemed almost as bright as day. Pulle
by two lively horses, the carriage bounced them u
and down as it rolled along the wide dirt roa
Soon they were wide awake, and Tia Maria saw th
their eyes, bright as the stars, danced with excit
ment. The full moon was high above their head
and the dark ground seemed far below the hig

eat of the carriage. They seemed to be swinging hrough the air.

The horses trotted so fast that in less than two ours they reached the estancia, which was ten miles rom the railroad station.

It was past midnight when they went to bed in Tia Maria's great white house which was very much arger than their house in Buenos Aires. Near the ouse was a great spreading ombu tree.

The next morning when Arturo and Berta came to breakfast, there was no one in the dining room. They helped themselves to the bread and butter and quince jam and milk which had been set out on the long, bare table.

After breakfast, they dressed in their riding clothes and tied the gaucho handkerchiefs around their necks. Tia Maria took them to the stable, which was built with an open veranda at the front.

It was much larger than any railroad station which they had passed on the Pampa. The arms of a tall windmill sang *clang-clang*, while pumping water for the cattle to drink.

"There are more than twenty horses in the stable," said Tia Maria. "You may each pick out a horse which you want to have for your own while you are here."

Arturo chose a black horse with two white hind feet. For a long time Berta could not decide which horse to pick out. Finally a brown horse with a white star on his forehead whinnied. She thought that meant that the horse wanted her to take him, and so she walked up to him, put her arms around his neck, and whispered, "You shall be my horse."

Every day Arturo and Berta went riding over the Pampa. Sometimes they rode alone. Sometimes Tia Maria or one of the gauchos rode with them. Gauchos are cowboys who take care of the cattle and the sheep on an estancia.

It was the lambing season. Young lambs were learning to stand on wobbly legs, and older ones were gamboling about. One day Arturo and Berta saw a lamb trying to stand on three legs. The poor little thing did not run away when they rode up to it, but bleated as if it wanted help.

Arturo got off his horse and stooped down to see what was the matter. "Its leg is broken," said he.

Berta's horse seemed to know that they were trying to help. It stood very still while Arturo was lifting the lamb up so that Berta could hold it on her saddle. Berta rode back to the stable holding the lamb as carefully as she could.

One of the gauchos set the lamb's leg and bandaged it with a splint.

"I'll give the lamb milk and take care of it until its leg is well," said the gaucho. "Then I'll take the splint off and put the lamb back with the flock."

On another day, Tia Maria rode with Berta and Arturo. At noon they were far from home. They ate boiled beef for dinner in a little thatched hut with an old gaucho and his wife. The man was too old to do much work, but he took care of the windmills and kept the troughs filled with water for the cattle.

A week later, after a heavy rain in the night, the pampas grass suddenly turned very green. Every day it grew taller and taller. Often Arturo and Berta rode through patches of pampas grass taller than they were, even when they were sitting on their horses.

One day Tia Maria said, "I am going to take the

train today to Buenos Aires, where I must attend to some business. I will stay in your house in Buenos Aires while you take care of my house."

Lost in the Tall Grass

The next day Arturo and Berta started off early in the morning for a ride on the Pampa.

"I'll race you!" called Arturo, galloping ahead.

Soon Berta got tired of racing and walked her horse. After a while, she saw an ostrich strutting along between the patches of tall grass. Berta turned her horse to follow the ostrich.

She followed the ugly long-legged bird, darting this way and that until she was hot and tired. She

got off her horse near a clump of tall pampas grass to rest in the shade of it. Soon she was fast asleep.

Arturo had galloped on ahead, and it was a long time before he looked around and noticed that Berta was not following him. He saw her horse, but she was not in the saddle. He rode up to the horse, but Berta was nowhere to be seen. Arturo called, "Berta! Berta!"

The only answer was the whistling of the wind.

At last he decided to ride back to the stable. Berta's horse tried to follow, but Arturo drove the horse back. He hoped that Berta would find her horse and ride home.

Arturo could not find a gaucho in the stable. Then he went to the kitchen. Nobody was there but the cook, who was an old, old woman dozing by the open fire. He shook the old woman to wake her up, and called, "Berta is lost. What shall I do?"

"Ask the gauchos," she said, sleepily. "The gauchos will find her. Go eat your dinner. It's on the table in the dining room." The old woman went to sleep again.

Arturo went into the dining room, but he did not eat any dinner. Then again he went back to the stable. He could not find a gaucho, but he did see Berta's horse return by itself to the stable.

When Berta opened her eyes, she looked for Arturo and then for her horse. Her horse was nowhere to be seen, and neither was Arturo. She called, but there was no answer. She did not know how long she had been asleep. She thought that it must have been a long time because she was so hungry and thirsty.

Berta called "Arturo!" again and again. She could not call very loudly because her mouth was so dry.

She stood up and looked around, trying to remember which way she had come. All she saw was the sky and the great flat Pampa. She realized that she was lost.

"Oh, will anyone ever come to find me?" she sobbed. "But it won't do any good to cry."

She sat down on the ground again. The sun be-

gan to go down, and the wind to blow colder and colder. She was so cold that she got up and began to walk to keep herself warm.

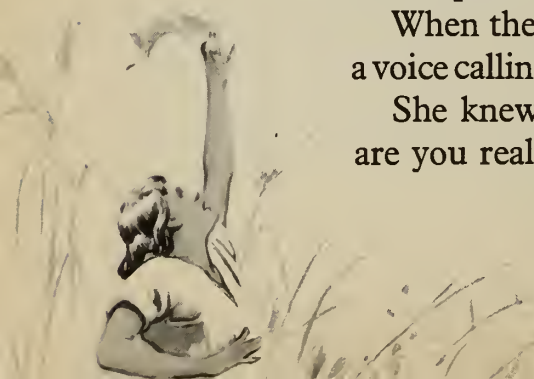
It was almost dark when she heard the sound of an airplane in the distance. She could see the plane coming nearer and nearer. It had great silver wings.

"Oh, perhaps someone in the airplane will see me!" thought Berta. She took the red gaucho handkerchief from her neck, and standing on tiptoe waved it high above her head. Then she saw that it was coming down to land on the ground not far away, where there was no tall grass and the ground was hard.

Frantically she ran toward the great silver wings, waving her red handkerchief. "I'm lost! Take me home, please, I'm lost!" she begged.

When the plane landed, she heard a voice calling from it, "Berta! Berta!"

She knew the voice. "Tia Maria, are you really here?" she cried.



"Yes, I am here," said Tia Maria, who by this time was climbing out of the airplane.

Berta threw her arms around Tia Maria's neck. "How did you know that I was here? You are the most wonderful aunt in all the world to come and find me," she half sobbed and half laughed.

Tia Maria patted Berta's hand, and said, "Arturo telephoned me that you were lost. I rushed to the airport. There I found one of the pilots who is an old friend of mine. Last year he took me, in this same airplane, over my land so that I could count my cattle. I thought that if I could see my cattle from an airplane, I could also see my niece. I am not sure that I would have seen you so easily if you had not waved your red handkerchief."

"I have done a good deal of flying," said the pilot, smiling down at Berta, "but I have never before gone out to find a little girl."

"Climb into the airplane, Berta," said Tia Maria, "and our friend, the pilot, will take us home. Arturo is anxious to know that you are safe. He thought it was his fault that you were lost. We'll telephone your mother and father in Buenos Aires that you are safe. Everybody will be happy to know that you are not alone on the Pampa after dark."

"And I am happier than anybody," said Berta.

PABLO'S UNCLE PEDRO

Pablo Spends His Money

Pablo lived with his grandfather, grandmother, and his Uncle Pedro in the city of Rio de Janeiro.

Every morning, before breakfast, Uncle Pedro took Pablo to the white sandy beach near their home, and they both went swimming. Sometimes, in the afternoon, they sailed Uncle Pedro's boat in the beautiful blue waters of the bay and looked up at Sugar Loaf Mountain, a huge peak guarding the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. On holidays they went for bicycle rides in the country, and saw clouds of brilliantly colored butterflies.

One day Uncle Pedro said to Pablo, "I am going away to work on a coffee plantation and will be gone a long time. Here is a purse with some money in it. Keep this until you want something very much. You may want to buy a new bicycle. Don't spend this money until you are sure that you are buying what you want more than anything else in all the world."

Pablo was very lonely after Uncle Pedro had gone. He went swimming with the boys, but it did not seem much fun. No one else was so jolly as Uncle Pedro.

The King of the Golden River

A Stranger Comes to Treasure Valley

In a secluded mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains which were always covered with snow. From the peaks of the mountains torrents of water descended in continuous cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set and all below was darkness, his beams still shone upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the valley, the Golden River.

It was strange that not one of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all flowed down the other side of the mountains and wound their way through broad plains and crowded cities. In time

of drought, when all the country round about was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley. Its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, its apples so red, its grapes so blue, and its honey so sweet, that it was called Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Now Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with heavy eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could not see into them, yet you always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming Treasure Valley, and very careful farmers they were. They killed everything that did not earn its food. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit, and they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen.

They worked their servants without wages till they would not work any more and then quarreled with them and turned them out without any pay. They generally contrived to keep their corn till it was very dear and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors; yet they had never given so much as a penny or a crust of bread in charity. They never went to church and were so cruel and selfish that they came to be known far and near by the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was completely opposite in both appearance and character. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree very well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to be the turnspit when there was any meat roasting on the spit, which was not often. For to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. No sooner had the hay been cut, than the haystacks were floated down to the sea by a flood; the grapevines were cut to pieces with the hail; and the corn was killed by a blight. Only in the Treasure Valley all was safe.

As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm and went away pouring curses upon the Black Brothers, who asked what price they liked and got it, except from the poor, some of whom starved at their very door.

It was drawing toward winter, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out with their usual warning to Gluck, who was left to turn the roast,

that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have a nice piece of mutton like this, and no one else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to share it." At that instant, there came a double knock at the door, heavy and dull—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck. "No one else would dare to strike double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put out his head to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little man Gluck had ever seen. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored, and his cheeks were very round and very red. His eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes; his mustaches curled twice around like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth; and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, hung down to his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height and wore a conical hat almost as high as himself, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet

was topped by an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which the wind whistling round the house carried out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so paralyzed by the peculiar appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's bright-yellow head in the window, with his mouth and eyes wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little man justice, he *was* wet. The brim of his hat was dripping like an umbrella and from the ends of his mustaches the water began running down over his whiskers like water in a millstream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "but I can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed. My elder brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman irritably. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window by this time that he began to feel it was really cold. "He does look very wet," he thought. "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman. "I'm sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, nd it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen d sat himself down by the hearth, with the top his hat reaching up the chimney, for it was a eat deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and t down again to turn the mutton. But the little d gentleman did *not* dry. He went on drip, drip, ipping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, d sputtered, and began to look very black.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after atching the water spreading in long streams over e floor. "May I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your hat, sir!"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentle- an rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, "but— ally, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," re- ied his visitor.

Gluck was puzzled by the behavior of his guest; was such a mixture of boldness and humility. e turned away at the spit musingly.

"That mutton looks nice," said the old gentleman length. "Can't you give me a little bit!"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat today. Your brother surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so melancholy a tone that he melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the gentleman again.

Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," he thought. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped from the hearth. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton leg with desperate efforts at exactness, and ran to open the door.

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Why, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, dministering a box on the ear as he followed his rother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he caught ight of the stranger.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken is hat off, and was standing in the middle of the itchen, bowing again and again.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a roll- ng pin and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I am a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman egan, "and I saw your fire through the window; so begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," aid Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our itchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; ook at my gray hairs."

"There are enough of them to keep you warm," aid Hans. "Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare ne a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you sup- ose we've nothing to do with our bread but to ive it to such fellows as you?"

"A little bit?" said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen——"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went spinning round and round till he fell into a corner.

Then Schwartz ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but Schwartz also had hardly touched the collar, when he went spinning after Hans, hit his head against the wall, and tumbled into the corner.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round in the opposite direction until his cloak was all wound neatly about him, gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock tonight I'll call again. After such unkind treatment you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz; but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud that rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes and melted away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish up the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice," replied Gluck.

"And you were cutting it hot, I suppose, to catch ıe gravy. Leave the room and wait in the cellar."

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rush-ıg rain! The brothers double-barred the door efore they went to bed. But as the clock struck welve, they were both awakened by a tremendous rash, and their door burst open.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, sitting up in bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers stared into the darkness. The oom was full of water; and by a misty moonbeam hey could see an enormous foam globe, on which, s on a cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, at and all.

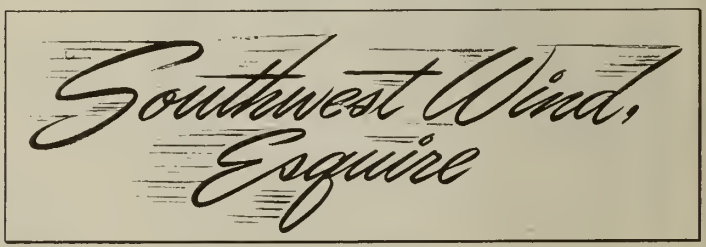
"Sorry to inconvenience you," said their visitor "I'm afraid your beds are dampish. Better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no further urging, but rushed into Gluck's room in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, crops, cattle; and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the entire first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were the words



Southwest Wind, Esquire, kept his word. After the momentous visit just related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, neither did his relations, the other West Winds. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers abandoned their valueless property in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood in the city. All their money was gone. They had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade. We can put much copper into the gold without anyone's ever finding out."

So they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two things affected their trade; first, people did not approve of coppered gold; second, the two elder brothers, whenever they sold anything, used to leave Gluck to tend the furnace and go and squander all the money in the alehouse. So they melted all their gold without making money enough

to buy more. Finally they were reduced to one mug which an uncle had given to Gluck, and which he would not have parted with for the world.

The mug was very odd to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal. These wreaths flowed into a beard and whiskers which surrounded and decorated a fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable. When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was melted.

When they were gone Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes. He walked dejectedly to the window and sat down to catch the fresh air and escape the hot breath of the furnace.

Now this window commanded a direct view of the mountains which overhung Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of day, and Gluck saw through the window the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. And the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice;

double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't," said a metallic voice nearby.

"Bless me! What's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room and under the table and behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he kept thinking that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again. "What *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him. Then the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"—no words, only a soft melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil.

It seemed to Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it and

ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room for a minute or two with his hands up and his mouth open, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energy, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but as he looked in, he saw, not the reflection of his own head, but the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again. "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to obey.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice sharply.

By a violent effort Gluck grasped the crucible and sloped it to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of little yellow legs, then two coattails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up in the shape of a golden dwarf a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out rst his legs, then his arms, and then shaking his ead up and down and as far around as it would) for five minutes without stopping.

Gluck looked at him in speechless amazement. e was dressed in a doublet of spun gold. Over is his hair and beard fell full halfway to the round in waving curls so delicate that Gluck could ardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt to air. Finally the dwarf turned his sharp eyes ll on Gluck and stared at him.

"No, it wouldn't, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly a rather abrupt mode of com- encing conversation. It might refer to what luck had been thinking when he first heard the oice from the pot. Whatever it was, Gluck was ot inclined to dispute what he said.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck meekly.

"No," said the dwarf. "It wouldn't." And with at the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows nd took two turns up and down the room, lifting is legs up very high and setting them down very ard. This pause gave time for Gluck to think a ttle, and seeing no great reason to view his iminutive visitor with dread, he ventured to ask, Pray, sir, were you my mug?"

At this the little man drew himself up to his ll height. "I," said the little man, "am the

King of the Golden River." Then he turne about again and took two more turns up and dow the room in order to allow Gluck's consternatio to evaporate. After this he again walked up t Gluck and stood still as if expecting a reply.

Gluck determined to say something at all event "I hope Your Majesty is very well."

"Listen!" said the little man. "I am king what you mortals call the Golden River. The shap you saw me in was owing to the malice of an ev king, from whose enchantments you have this ir stant freed me. What I have seen of your condu toward your wicked brothers renders me willing t serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell yo

"Whoever shall climb to the top of the mountai from which you see the Golden River springin forth and shall cast into the stream at its sourc three drops of holy water, for him, and for hir only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one fai ing in his first attempt can succeed in a second; an if anyone shall cast unholy water into the rive he shall become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turne away and deliberately walked into the center of th hottest flame of the furnace. His figure becam red, white—a transparent, dazzling blaze of ligh as he rose, trembled, and disappeared. The Kin of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "Oh, dear, dear me! My mug! My mug!"

The Brothers Try Their Luck

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came into the house, roaring drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of gold made them just sober enough to be able to stand over Gluck, beating him steadily for a quarter of an hour. When they dropped into chairs and requested to know what he had to say for himself.

Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired and staggered to bed.

Next morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story gained him some belief, and the two brothers, after wrangling for a long time about which one of them should be the first to make the journey to the Golden River, drew their swords and began fighting.

The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, when they could not pacify the brothers, sent for the constable.

Upon hearing this, Hans contrived to escape; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and was thrown into prison till he should pay his fine.

Then Hans decided to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He consulted the priest, but the priest would not give any holy water to such a man. So Hans went to church for the first time in his life, and pretending to cross himself, stole a cupful of holy water and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before sunrise, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some bread into a basket. These he slung over his back and, taking his staff in his hand, set off for the mountains. On his way out of town he had to pass by the prison, and as he looked in at the barred windows, whom should he see but his brother Schwartz peeping out through the bars and looking very unhappy.

"Good morning," said Hans. "Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth in rage and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face, and marched off in high spirits.

Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at a rate of walking which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of hills. He was surprised on surmounting the range to find

nat a large glacier, which he had not seen on any revious trip up the mountain, lay between him nd the source of the Golden River.

The glacier ice was slippery, and out of all its hasms came sounds of gushing water, changeful nd loud, now rising into wild melody, then breaking ff into sorrowful tones or sudden shrieks.

The ice was broken into a thousand shapes, and Hans thought he saw a curious expression about all heir outlines—like human features, distorted and cornful. His ears grew dull and his head dizzy vith the constant roar of the hidden waters. The ce crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; ottering spires nodded around him and fell thun- ering across his path. It was with a feeling of error that he leaped the last chasm and flung him- elf, exhausted and shuddering, on firm ground.

He had been compelled to cast aside his basket of ood, which had become too great a burden, and ow he had no means of refreshing himself but by reaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. his, however, relieved his thirst, and an hour's est recruited his strength. With the unyielding pirit of greed, he resumed his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red ocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot r a projecting angle to give an inch of shade from he sun. It was past noon, and the sun's rays beat

fiercely upon the steep path. Burning thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted. Glance after glance he cast at the flask of water which hung at his belt.

"Three drops are enough," at last thought he. "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eyes moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side. It was half empty, but there was much more than three drops. He stopped to open it, and again something moved in the path. A fair child was stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank,

and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snakelike shadows crept up along the mountainsides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking. Its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was nearer. He saw the shining cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man stretched out on the rocks. His eyes were sunken and his features deadly pale. "Water!" he cried feebly. "I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans. "You have had your share of life."

Hans strode over the prostrate body and darted on. A flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword. It shook thrice over the whole heavens and left it dark with heavy black shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their

foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the wild torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The icy waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over—THE BLACK STONE.

Poor little Gluck waited anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. When Hans failed to come back, Gluck was terribly frightened and went to the prison and told Schwartz what had happened. Then Schwartz was much pleased and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night.

When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck hired himself to another goldsmith. He worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay off his brother's fine.

Then he got Schwartz out of prison. This pleased Schwartz, and he said that Gluck should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged him to go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he determined to manag

better. So he took more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water into a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him.

The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and he passed on. As he went, he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a bank of black clouds rising out of the west. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again. Then he saw the old man lying on the path and moaning for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself." And on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes. He looked up, and behold! a mist had

come over the sun. The bank of black clouds, too, had risen very high, and they cast long shadows which flickered over Schwartz' path.

Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water.

"Ha!" laughed Schwartz, "are you there, Hans? Remember those prison bars! Water, indeed—do you suppose I carried it all the way up here just for you?" He strode over the figure which seemed to have a mocking smile on its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther, Schwartz stopped and looked over his shoulder. The figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, and he knew not why. But the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness. And now as Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes; the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters

closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it roared and gushed over—THE TWO BLACK STONES.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, so he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money.

After a month or two Gluck grew tired of this and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River.

"The little King looked kind," he mused. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone."

So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it.

Then Gluck put some bread in his basket, took the bottle of holy water, and set off.

If the glacier had caused a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. When he had climbed for an hour, he became dreadfully thirsty and was going to drink as his brothers had done, when he saw an old man coming down the path.

"My son," called out the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some water."

"Pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade Gluck God-speed, and Gluck started on again. The path became easier to his feet, and blades of grass appeared upon it. Some crickets began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so much that he thought he should be forced to drink. As he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Having done this, it smiled, got up, and ran down the hill. Gluck then turned and began climbing again. And now there were all kinds of flowers blooming on the rocks, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it. He dared not touch it.

But just as he was hanging the flask on his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it.

Gluck looked at it and then at the Golden River; and he thought of the dwarf's warning that no one

could succeed, except in his first attempt. He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and he stopped again.

"Poor little beast," said Gluck. "It will be dead when I come down again." Then he looked closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King, and his gold, too," said Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, silky, and golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling. In three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the King. "Don't be frightened; it's all right. Why didn't you come before, instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours for me to have the trouble of turning into stones?"

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. I can't allow that."

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, Your Majesty, they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf sternly, "but the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white petals there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley. And so Godspeed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The colors of his robe formed themselves into a brilliant mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with a belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint; the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River; he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, and there opened where they fell a circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a strange noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because not only the river did not turn into gold, but its water seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf and went down the other side of the mountains toward Treasure Valley. As he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. As he came in sight of Treasure Valley, behold, a river was springing from a new cleft in the rocks.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew among the

moistening soil. Flowers opened suddenly along the riverbanks as the stars leap out when twilight is deepening. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

To this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in Treasure Valley. And at the source of the Golden River there are still to be seen Two Black Stones round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley—THE BLACK BROTHERS.

BOOKS TO READ

Young Americans Today

Tenderfoot of Bar X Ranch
M. M. Perdew

Gulliver Joins the Army
Alice Dalgliesh

In My Mother's House
Ann N. Clark

Up the Hill
Marguerite de Angeli

Masquerade Mystery
L. A. Wadsworth

Training Sylvia
Eliza Orne White

Camp Hero
B. J. Chute

Sailor in the Sun
Robb White

Early Adventures in Progress

Mounted Messenger
Cornelia Meigs

Children of Necessity
Grace Humphrey

America Was Like This
Emma G. Sterne

Coat for a Soldier
Florence M. Updegraff

The Long Winter
Laura I. Wilder

Down to the Sea
Louise Hall Tharp

Nicholas Arnold, Toolmaker
Marion Lansing

Indigo Treasure
Frances Rogers

Gunsmith's Boy
Herbert Best

The Schoolbell Rings
Evelyn R. Sickles

Noah Webster
Isabel Proudfit

Wreck of the Wild Wave
Edith Thatcher Hurd

Man-made Wonders of Today

Transatlantic Pilot
Frederic N. Litten

We'll Take the Skyways
Irmengarde Eberle

Skyfreighter
Howard M. Brier

Dynamo Farm
Adam Allen

A Microphone for David
H. L. Goodwin

You're on the Air
William Heyliger

Roll Out the Tanks
Wm. H. McGaughey

Bombardier
Henry B. Lent

Fun and Fancy

Fifteen Tales for Lively Children
Mary and Margaret Baker

Five Golden Wrens
Hugh Troy

Treasures Long Hidden
Arthur Bowie Chrisman

The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle
Hugh Lofting

The Pig Tail of Ah Lee Ben Loo
John Bennett

Ben and Me
Robert Lawson

The Gremlins of Lieut. Oggins
Irwin Shapiro

Time to Laugh
Phyllis Fenner

I Discover Columbus
Robert Lawson

The Little Prince
Antoine de Saint-Exupèry

The Great Geppy
William Pène du Bois

My Friend Mr. Leakey
J. B. S. Haldane

Publishers of these books are listed in the *Teacher's Guide Book* for *People and Progress.*

"C'N I HAVE A DOG?"

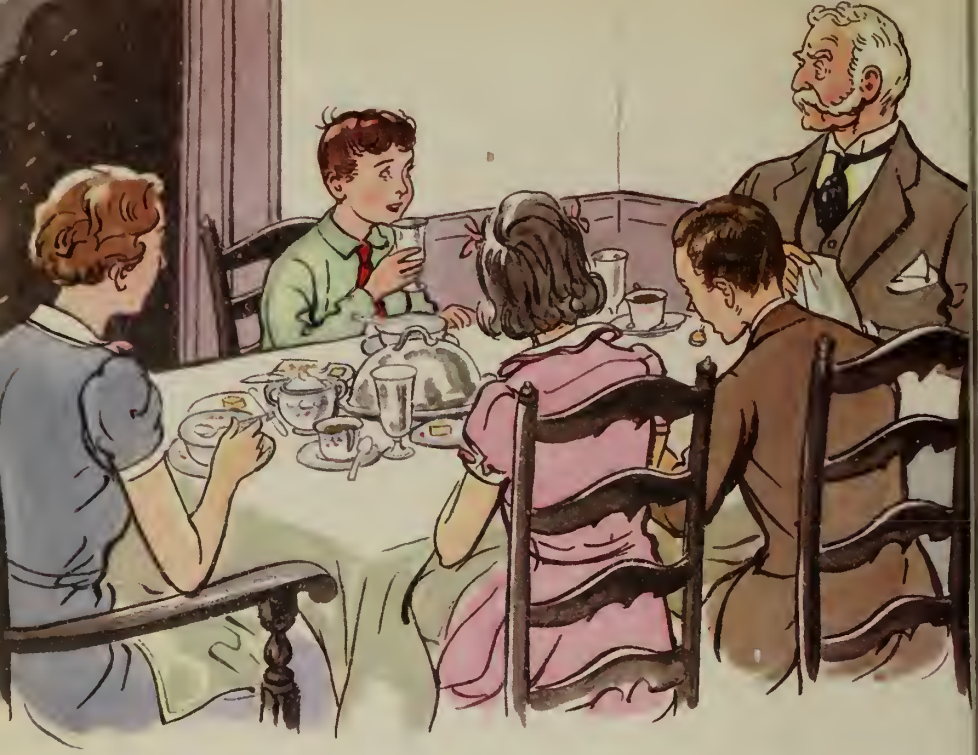
"C'n I have a dog?" asked Freeman.

"You mean, '*May* I have a dog?' " said his sister.

Freeman paid no attention to the correction. He looked hopefully over his glass of milk at his grandfather, who sat at the head of the table. "There's a fellow on Twelfth Street that says he knows a man with a batch of puppies — bull terriers. He'll sell one for five dollars."

"No, I don't want a dog around. I have just paid eighty-five dollars for having the yard resodded. I'm not going to have any cur scratching it up."

"But this isn't a cur, Gramp. They're all full-blooded dogs. This one's father's been exhibited at a show."



"I suppose their blue blood makes them scratch less," said his grandfather in a rather sarcastic voice.

"I could train it not to scratch. This fellow told me those dogs were so smart you could teach them anything. He's going to buy one himself. He says they're regular trick dogs. They're only ten days old, and they know enough to bite your shoes, now."

"That must be a great help in a dog."

Freeman didn't notice this. "I've three dollars and eighty-six cents, now. It wouldn't take me any time at all to earn the rest."

"I'd be willing to pay you three dollars and eighty-six cents to keep you from buying it."

"Would you?" asked Freeman, eagerly.

"What would you do with the money?"

"Buy some other dog with it," said Freeman, promptly.

Grandfather Ashton's sense of humor was not so strong as his sense of dignity. "We're not going to have any dog around here," he announced with decision.

Freeman's mother, at the foot of the table, gave the boy's dish of oatmeal a second spoonful of sugar, but she said nothing. The yard was Grandfather's, not hers. She knew that her son, while disappointed, was not crushed. He had a way of being always hopeful. So she was not surprised that night, when he said at the supper table, "Gramp, I heard of a spitz dog that I could get if I wanted to take it."

"Didn't I tell you that I wouldn't have a dog around here?"

"Oh, I thought that was about a bull pup. I thought you just didn't like bull pups."

"I don't like any kind," said Gramp.

Grandfather was seventy-eight, a fine, dignified old gentleman. Freeman was between nine and ten and not at all dignified. Grandfather was careful and saving; Freeman was careless and wasteful. Grandfather was orderly; Freeman was scatterbrained. Grandfather expressed himself largely by means of long words; Freeman confined himself almost altogether to short ones. Grandfather was quiet; Freeman was noisy. The two things they had in common were persistency and the fact that each had wanted a dog when he was nine. Grandfather, however, had chosen to forget this fact about himself.

There had been a long period in Grandfather Ashton's life when his home had been empty of young people. His children had married and gone away, and the house had settled down into the sedate, quiet life of its owners. There were no echoes from its walls, and the doors creaked; they did not slam. Then Grandmother Ashton died, and Molly came back to keep house for her

ather – Molly, with half-grown Esther and John nd young Freeman. Their coming was like the iss of the fairy prince. The old house roused rom its sleep. Carpets began to wear out, the woodwork was scratched, the telephone rang all lay long.

Grandfather stood it all like a soldier. Molly he adored, Esther and John he was proud of, Freeman he loved – with his teeth set.

And Freeman, with no idea that he was the thorn in the bed of roses, went blustering on in his noisy, careless way. Grandfather's sarcasm slid off him like mercury from a broken thermometer.

Two days passed before he began again. This time he spoke to the table at large, rather than to his grandfather:

"Ted Ellsworth's chauffeur's got a hound dog he isn't using at all. It isn't a pup; it's *got over* scratching time. It's a hunting dog. If anybody wanted to go after prairie chickens, it'd be just the dog to have."

There was an unusual silence. Freeman was not discouraged by it.

"He never runs in front of an automobile; so there wouldn't be much chance of his getting run over."

"Are you telling that in his favor or against it?" inquired his grandfather.

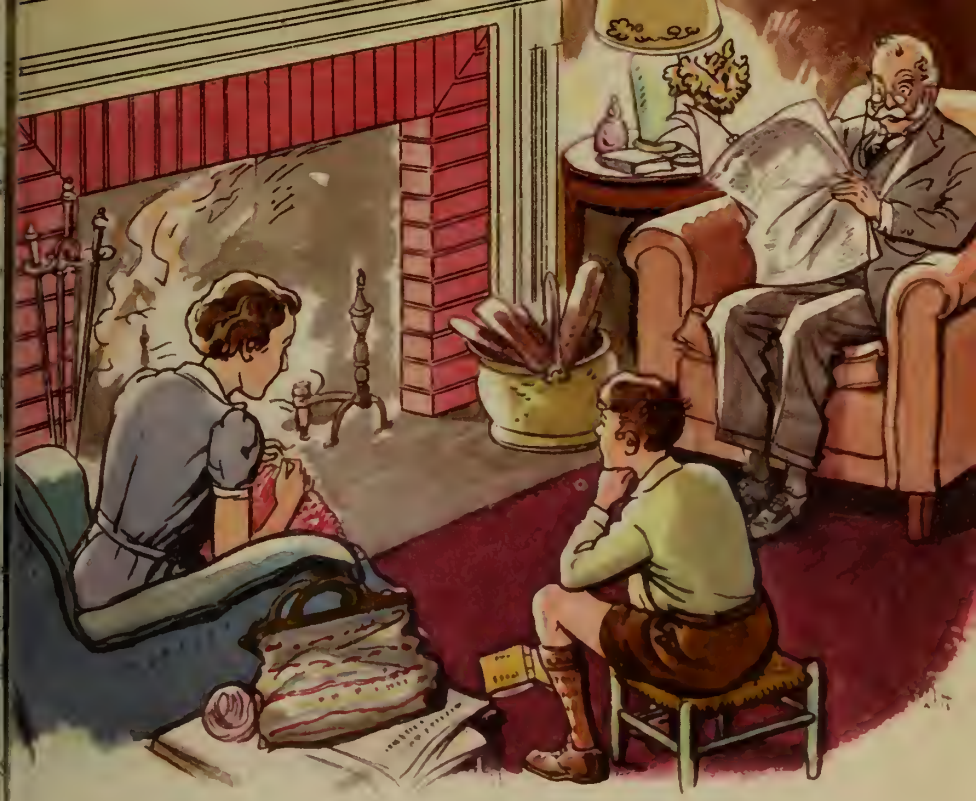
Freeman hastily tucked the corners of his waffle into his mouth. "Hound dogs eat most anything," he said. "It doesn't cost much to keep them. They aren't a bit particular."

"Having had some slight acquaintance with hounds during the past seventy years," remarked Gramp, "I know a good deal about the size of their appetites."

"Ted Ellsworth's chauffeur says this one eats turnips. He could have all of mine."

"I don't care what his favorite vegetable is. I won't have a dog around."

Freeman cheerfully returned to his waffle, and the subject was dropped. That was Tuesday. On Thursday, Grandfather was sitting in front of the fireplace, at peace with the world. Molly was knitting, the two older children were out, Freeman was reading to himself. Then it was that Freeman laid down *Robinson Crusoe,* and began



gain, "I could have had a dog this afternoon if 'd taken it."

His grandfather said nothing.

"I could have had it for nothing. It didn't be-ong to anybody. There were a whole lot of boys hasing it, and the poor thing was just about ready o give in. I wish I could have brought it home. pretty nearly did, and then I thought you might ot like it."

"You thought correctly," said Gramp. "If you bring home stray dogs, you'll fill the house with fleas."

"If it was scratching up fleas all the time, it wouldn't be scratching up grass."

"It would probably be able to do both."

"Well, I didn't *take* it," said Freeman. "I thought probably you wouldn't want a *stray* dog."

The subject of animal life dropped for four days. Then, as if it were a fresh topic, the boy remarked at the table, "I guess collies don't eat as much as hound dogs."

Esther gave him a warning poke.

"There's money in raising collies," went on Freeman, after returning the poke. "All you have to pay is five dollars for a dog, and every year you can sell her puppies for five dollars apiece. If I were raising puppies, I wouldn't always be asking you for money, Mother."

"That's a pleasing argument," said his mother. But she smiled at him, and he knew she was not making fun of him.

"And I wouldn't be asking you what to do either."

"Now look here," said Gramp. "You're not oing to have a dog. I won't have one around. hey're dirty beasts, always keeping people awake night, and biting them in the daytime. When told you all this a week ago, I thought the matter as settled. But you insist upon bringing it up gain. Once for all, Freeman, let the subject rop. I do not speak without due thought, and ou know that after I have made up my mind, I'm ot likely to change it. Now *stop talking about ogs!*"

"Yes, sir," said Freeman.

After the meal he went in search of his tools. He inally brought them out, much the worse for rust, rom under the lilac bush. It was there they had ested since the last rain. From the laundry he ook a wooden box which had on its label the vords, "Pearl Naphtha Soap." His mother's last ball of heavy twine, a piece of old balbriggan nderwear, and a large safety pin completed his outfit.

Hammering, sawing, and whistling went on for ully two hours. Then his mother was called to see the result. The word "naphtha" had disap-

peared. In its place was an opening large enoug
for a good-sized rabbit. Beside the door was
staple, driven securely into the wood. To it wa
tied a long piece of twine which ended in a stri
of the underwear. A safety pin in the balbrigga
showed that its purpose was useful as well as orn
mental. Over the opening, the object of the bo
was set forth. Freeman had printed plainly:

PUPP DOG
PRIVATE HOME

"If I ever get a dog, I'll have a house for him,"
said Freeman.

Gramp was going out for his regular Saturda
afternoon walk. It had been his custom for
number of years to leave home at four o'clock an
take a bus to the cemetery where Grandmothe
Ashton was buried. He would then spend a
hour or two in that green, quiet spot.

It was so lovely a day that he decided not t
ride to the end of the bus line; so he left the bu
several blocks from the cemetery entrance.
moment later he discovered that he was being fo
lowed by a dog.

It was a very young dog – not past the fuzzy stage. Except for its youthful vigor, there was little to be said in its favor. It was a mongrel, with some leanings toward the collie. Its fur was matted, its bones stuck out in unexpected places, and it was loud of voice. It had evidently had no training at all in dignity or reserve. The puppy attached itself to Gramp and trotted along at his heels.

"See here, dog," said Gramp. "You run along home."

The dog stopped, sat down, and listened with polite attention; but it seemed that this was but skin-deep. The moment that Gramp went on, the dog followed.

"You'll get lost," said the old gentleman. "You'd better go home."

The pup sat down again and smiled at him. "Wuff," it remarked.

Gramp started on once more, and again the dog followed. Grandfather pointed with his cane in a direction that was probably northwest. "Go home!" he commanded. "Go home!"

The part-collie gazed obediently in that direction. But northwest and home seemed to mean little or nothing to him. He sniffed the air, then trotted along at Grandfather's heels with cheerfully waving tail.

Again and again this was repeated in the five blocks that led to Linwood, but the dog was unmoved. He seemed utterly lacking in proper pride. He even became playful, to show that his feelings were not hurt.

Then Grandfather Ashton gave it up and tried the process that is known as "ignoring." But the pup refused to be ignored and became very lively, biting at Grandfather's heels and occasionally nipping at his neat gray trousers. Grandfather cut a fresh green shoot from a box elder by the way and threatened him with it. The dog grabbed the end of the switch and growled fiercely and with every appearance of joy.

At the cemetery entrance Gramp made one last attempt. He stopped in front of the gilt-lettered sign that read:

GATES CLOSED AT SUNDOWN
CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED UNLESS
ACCOMPANIED BY PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

NO DOGS PERMITTED WITHIN
THESE GROUNDS

With his cane, he tried to enforce the last rule. He drove the part-collie out of the carriage entrance, only to have him enter at the small gate. He drove him out of the small gate, to find him waiting farther up the cemetery road. The part-collie was wagging his small tail. "I hold no hard

feelings," he seemed to say. "Come on, let's forgive and forget. I'm not one of the touchy kind."

So it was that the two spent the last part of the afternoon in Linwood together. The new grass was very soft to the feet and comforting to the eye, the air was full of the fragrance of lilacs and wild crab apple blossoms, and the April sunshine was warm and tender. The dog, on the whole, behaved very well.

Once, when a cemetery workman passed, carrying a bucket of tar, Grandfather Ashton was hailed.

"Hey, you know dogs aren't allowed in here."

"That isn't my dog," said Grandfather, indignantly.

At this the small beast ran at the workman, circling him, with raised haunches and prostrate fore quarters, while he gave vent to ten or a dozen earsplitting "wuffs." Then he ran back to Grandfather with a last bark, which seemed to say, "Here is my protector. If you have anything to say, say it to him."

The workman eyed them both with a look of suspicion, and went on down the road.

The pine trees cast black shadows on the green slope. The western sky began to turn red. Grandfather rose somewhat stiffly to his feet and started toward the gate. The part-collie followed him.

Grandfather chose a new way out of the cemetery, and approached it by a winding driveway. To his eyes, there was nothing unusual in the black and shining road ahead of him. He failed to see that a careless workman had pushed aside the sawhorse that had guarded the newly made road. It was not until his feet went deep into the tarlike surface that he realized what had happened. He pulled one foot loose, only to set it down again in the thick black ooze.

"This," said Gramp, "is absurd. I hope that nobody sees me." With much effort he lifted one foot. It came forth neat and shining in its gray silk sock. The shoe lay like a deserted scow in the tarry bog.

"Fine business!" said Grandfather grimly. "Now I'll have to get that shoe on." He balanced himself carefully on one leg and his cane, and aimed his gray silk foot at the shoe. But it missed

the mark and came down heavily in the bog. The gummy mass oozed around his neat ankles. Gramp groaned. He lifted out each foot, in turn, but as he raised one, the other slid. He was only a few feet from solid ground, but seventy-eight years and the suction of that gummy road were too much for him. It was too far to step, and he feared to leap. There was no hope of saving dignity now. He would have to be helped. He called — to the workman, to the cemetery superintendent, to the world at large. But the curving road was out of sight of the gate. Few people passed that way on foot, and he knew that no one on a bus could hear him.

The part-collie, in the meantime, sat and eyed him from a point safely above the sticky road. Refreshed by his long sleep, he was in a happy mood. He wagged his tail and cocked one ear cheerfully.

"Good doggie, go on down to the gate," urged Grandfather Ashton.

The dog cocked the other ear at him, and appeared interested.

"Go on," said Gramp.

The animal settled back on his haunches looking very much bored. At that moment came the clang of the great iron gates below. Linwood was being closed for the night.

Grandfather Ashton shouted loudly. The dog, thinking this was some new form of game, rose suddenly, growled, and pranced stiff-legged just outside the tarry area.

"Why don't you *bark?*" cried Gramp. "You've done nothing else all afternoon. Now, when you might be of some use in the world, you stop!"

The dog grinned and leaped about with stiff-legged little jumps. But never for a moment did his foot so much as touch the tar. Never once did his voice rise above a low growl.

"Bark, can't you? *Bark!*" ordered Grandfather. He threatened the dog with upraised arm. The action sent his right foot farther down the slope, and the hems of his trousers skimmed across the black stuff. Gramp bent to fold them back out of harm's way. The roadway "gave" again, and Selby T. Ashton, bank president, church elder, and library trustee, sat down, with a "smack," in a very soft seat. He cast a look of disgust at the

dog. The triumph in the dog's bright eyes, and the fact that not a drop of tar had touched his fuzzy coat, made Grandfather furious. He took off his soft gray hat and flung it at the pup!

The dog made one bound for it. He caught it in his baby teeth, and made swiftly for the gate, growling fiercely between his closed jaws.

"What in time is on this road?" demanded Grandfather of the workman who laid a bridge

of plank across the tarry bog and helped him safely to land. Grandfather was too much annoyed to stop for long words.

"It's a try-out," said the man. "The boss is using gums from the gas-works on these road repairs. It sure seems to stick."

"Yes," said Grandfather grimly. "It does."

"I wouldn't have found you if it hadn't been for the hat," went on the workman, cheerfully. "I heard that pup barking, and I came back to the gate. In another minute I'd have been in my car and on my way home. When I opened the gate to let him out, I saw that gray hat; and I had a hunch it was yours. He wouldn't give it up, but made right back up the hill with it to you. That dog's got sense, if he *is* only a pup."

Grandfather eyed the part-collie. "Wonder whose he is?" he said.

"He's a stray," said the workman. "I've seen him around here for a week past, following first one and then another. I didn't recognize him when I first saw him with you. We'll lock him out of the cemetery, now, and then I'll drive you home."

Gramp, in his stocking feet, stood in front of the car. The part-collie eyed him thoughtfully. His tail moved slowly, questioningly, from left to right. "I guess I'll take him along if you don't object," said Grandfather.

The man let them out at the Ashton back door. Gramp came silently around the house to the side

entrance. On the cement space, where Freeman had left it, stood the dog house. Gramp uncoiled the twine and put the band of balbriggan around the part-collie's neck. He pinned it firmly with the safety pin. Then he pushed the puppy gently through the door above which was printed:

PUPP DOG
PRIVATE HOME

SOME BOOKS TO READ

This story is adapted from a fine book of short stories by Marian Hurd McNeely. The name is *The Way to Glory*. If you like stories about dogs, you would probably enjoy, also, *The Smiths and Rusty,* by Alice Dalgliesh; *No-Sitch, the Hound,* by Phil Stong; *Polaris,* by Ernest Harold Baynes; *Beautiful Joe,* by Marshall Saunders; *Bob, Son of Battle,* by Alfred Ollivant; and *Igloo,* by Jane Walden.

JOIN THE PARTS

Copy the numbers that are with the names on page 242. Look at the sentence endings that are on pages 242-43. Write after each number on your paper the letter of the sentence ending that goes with that name. For example, you should write first, *1. I.*

1. The part-collie
2. The yard
3. Saturday afternoon
4. Freeman
5. The money
6. A box-elder switch
7. A workman
8. Esther
9. The dog house
10. The cemetery entrance
11. A tar-like substance
12. Freeman's mother
13. A sawhorse
14. Grandfather's hat
15. Freeman's tools

A. — had been left under a lilac bush since the last rainy day.

B. — and John were older than Freeman.

C. — had been newly resodded at a cost of eighty-five dollars.

D. — was carried to the cemetery gate by the stray puppy.

E. — that guarded the new road had been pushed to one side.

F. — was considered by the puppy as something to play with.

G. — was Grandfather's regular time for visiting the cemetery.

H. — showed a sign which said that dogs were not admitted.

I. — and Grandfather spent the late afternoon together in Linwood.

J. — Freeman had saved amounted to three dollars and eighty-six cents.

TITLES OF STORIES USED IN SURVEY OF INFORMATIONAL MATERIAL

A Great Healer of Long Ago

Explorers of the Sky

First Lady of China

Gilds of Craftworkers

Lafayette Meets His Hero

Mail Carriers

Shooting Stars

The Flying Brothers

The Girl Who Did What She Wanted

The Mazer of Lucrezia

The Runner Who Told of Victory

The Story of Books and Printing

EXPLORERS OF THE SKY

All through the thousands of years since the first people lived on the earth, there have been men who were curious about the stars, the sun, and the moon. They have looked up into the starry sky at night and wondered what the rest of the universe around them was like. These explorers of the sky, who spend their nights and days studying the heavenly bodies, we call astronomers.

Tycho's Star

One of the greatest and most famous astronomers was Tycho Brahe, who was born in 1546 in a part of Denmark which is now in Sweden. An eclipse of the sun, which took place when Tycho was fourteen years old, awoke in him a keen interest in astronomy. By saving his money, he was able

to buy a book on astronomy and several simple instruments to use in studying the stars.

Tycho lived before astronomers had learned how to make telescopes, and even before opera glasses were invented. Many things that we can see today were invisible to Tycho Brahe.

The best he could do was to watch as carefully as he could with his two eyes, and write down in a notebook what he saw. In this way, he discovered many interesting things about the heavenly bodies. The record which he made of his observations proved to be of great value to the astronomers who followed him.

One evening in the year 1572, when Tycho was twenty-six years old, he happened to look up into the sky. His heart almost stopped beating from excitement, for all at once there shone something which he had never seen before, a very beautiful and brilliant star. It was in the constellation Cassiopeia, a group of stars shaped like a great W. The star had appeared suddenly where there had been no star before. Tycho watched it carefully night after night. It grew so bright that it could be seen in the daytime, even when the sun was shining—a wonder star!

Tycho had no idea what had caused this star

suddenly to become so bright. He knew it belonged to the class of stars which astronomers call new stars, but he understood very little about it. It became so bright that it was more brilliant than the planet Venus, which is next only to the sun and moon in brightness. Tycho watched the star day after day, night after night, for nearly eighteen months, until at last its brightness faded away and he never saw it again.

Astronomers today speak of that star as "Tycho's Star" because he watched it so carefully and made a record of what he saw. But no one knows which of the faint stars in Cassiopeia is the one that blazed so brightly nearly four hundred years ago.

Astronomers now know something which Tycho could not know so long ago—that stars sometimes explode. Without a doubt, Tycho's star was an exploding star! A star of that kind becomes many thousands of times as hot and bright as it was before, and blazes up in the sky for a short time. Then when the explosion is all over, the light dies away and the star fades back to its former brightness. No one knows why stars act this way, but from time to time astronomers see a star that explodes just as Tycho's star did so long ago.

Galileo and His Artificial Eye

In Italy, in the city of Florence, there lived about three hundred years ago a man who was to become one of the greatest astronomers the world has ever known. His name was Galileo Galilei.

When Galileo first became an astronomer, he did not have a telescope through which to look at the stars. He did not have even a pair of opera glasses or field glasses, which would have helped him very much. Up to that time, no one had learned how to make these instruments. So Galileo had to watch the stars and the sun, the planets and the moon, with his naked eye, as Tycho Brahe had done before him.

One day, Galileo heard a story about a spectacle maker who lived in Holland. He was told that this spectacle maker, Jan Lippershey, had made a wonderful discovery. Lippershey had been playing with two lenses, which are specially made pieces of glass. While holding them close together, he had looked through them and had been astonished to find that he could see the weather vane on a church tower much better than when he looked at it only with his naked eye. The two lenses made a wonderful "artificial eye," or telescope. By looking through them, a man could see more than men had ever been able to see before, in the history of the world.

Galileo was quick to see that with an artificial eye he would be able to make many of the heavenly bodies seem to be much nearer than they really are. He immediately set to work in Florence to make a telescope that would be helpful to him in his study of the stars.

Imagine how excited he was when he looked through his first telescope! He was in a great hurry to study the heavenly bodies—the sun, the moon, the planets, and the stars. He soon discovered one very important fact about the sun which the people of his day did not know. Through his artificial eye,

he saw dark spots on the sun which made it look speckled. When he told the other astronomers what he had seen, they would not believe him. Strange as it seems to us, the people of Galileo's time—even scholars and astronomers—believed that the sun was a perfect body, without any spots or roughness on it, and they did not want to believe that there could be spots there.

When Galileo insisted that there were spots on the sun, the people of his day felt that he should be punished.

Galileo was unpopular, too, for another reason. Like the astronomer Copernicus, who lived many years before he did, Galileo believed that the earth

went around the sun. From the very beginning of civilization, most people believed that the earth was the center of the universe and that everything else in the sky moved around it. Galileo could prove that this was not true. He could prove that the earth moved around the sun. But no one wanted to listen to him. Many people wish to believe what they have always believed. They would rather not change their ideas.

Galileo made so many discoveries about our earth and the sun, moon, and stars that he became used to changing his ideas. He enjoyed changing, or trying to change, other people's ideas, also, and in that way made a great many enemies. Only a few people believed in him and became his friends. Even they were often astonished by what he told them. As he turned his telescope on the moon, he would point out the mountain ranges, ravines, and extinct volcanoes which his artificial eye made clearly visible. He was able to show also, by means of his telescope, that the Milky Way is made up of thousands upon thousands of stars.

The discoveries of Galileo are of great importance even today. Without a doubt, many of the wonders of modern science are based on the early experiments of Galileo with his artificial eye.

William Herschel, Music Master

From the time he was a tiny child, William Herschel was trained as a musician. As a boy, in Germany, he played in a band. Later he left Germany for England, and became organist and choirmaster in a very fashionable church in the town of Bath. On weekdays he gave lessons on the piano and organ. He became so popular that most of the ladies of Bath wished either to take lessons from Mr. Herschel themselves, or to send their children to study under him.

Night after night, Herschel would walk home from a choir meeting, or from lessons that he had been giving, through the quiet streets of Bath with the clear, starry sky above. Little by little, he became interested in the stars, and little by little also he began to spend more and more of his time studying them. His sister, Caroline, who lived with him, said that he would finish a hard day teaching music, and then come home and read books on astronomy until the early hours of the morning.

After a while, Herschel's interest in the heavens became greater than his love of music. He began to spend the larger part of his time working hard at making telescopes and studying the stars.

At last, in 1774, when Herschel was thirty-six years old, the time came when he gave up his music, and from then on he spent his whole time studying the stars. After he was finally able to make a telescope that satisfied him, he began "sweeping the heavens" with it, that is, carefully exploring the sky, little by little. To his great joy, he made many discoveries.

One night, while he was sweeping the heavens as usual, he noticed a strange-looking body in a group of stars. He knew that he had never seen it before. Through the telescope, the stars in the group looked like mere pin points of light, but the other body looked like a round and shining plate. At first, Herschel had no idea what it might be, but he soon decided that there was only one thing that it could be—a planet.

From ancient times, men had recognized five planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. In Herschel's day, astronomers knew that these planets, together with our earth, are moving around the sun and that they do not give off any light of their own. We are able to see them only because light from the sun is reflected from them.

Imagine how astonished the other astronomers were when they heard that another planet had been

discovered—by a music master in Bath! George III of England summoned Herschel to his palace and made him his own astronomer. In return, Herschel named the newly-discovered planet after the King, but the name was soon dropped. For a while the planet was known as Herschel, and finally it was called Uranus, the name by which we know it today.

The little boy who grew up to be a music master finally became one of the greatest astronomers of all time. He built enormous telescopes which were so large and so hard to manage that a whole crew of men was needed to operate them. Night after night, Herschel would stand upon the observing platform, looking through the great "eye" of his telescope at some distant object in the sky which was to him both beautiful and interesting. The things he noticed he would call out to his sister Caroline who sat below, often shivering from the

cold. She would then write down in his notebooks what he told her.

Because he was a real explorer, an explorer of the sky, William Herschel was knighted by the King of England. Like any true explorer, he made discoveries; he saw in the sky stars and other heavenly bodies that no one had ever seen before.

BOB MEETS THE STARS

On the Mountain

Bob Hamilton's home lay in a valley just below a very high mountain. On the top of this mountain was a famous observatory, where astronomers worked day and night studying the stars. On summer nights, Bob often lay on the grassy lawn in front of his home and looked up at the big dome which sheltered one of the largest telescopes in all the world.

Every so often the astronomers up there in the observatory held "open house." Bob had now and again been taken up the mountain to hear them explain the telescope, and answer questions asked by the visitors. But there were still many things he wanted to know about the stars, and now he would have a chance to find out. Recently his Aunt Jane had married one of the young "star professors" who worked in the observatory. Uncle Jack knew Bob was interested in astronomy, and

His back is Mail Carriers le stoop,
And his shoulders have a sagging droop.
Queer just letters could bend him so —
Small, light squares a breath can blow
With one quick puff so far and wide.
I think it must be things inside;
All the thoughts that letters tell:
Who are sick and who are well;
Who are merry, who forlorn;
People buried; babies born.
Letters sweet like songs of birds,
Letters full of wise long words,
Letters big and letters small —
Our old postman brings them all
In the bag upon his back;
(Strange, I think, it doesn't crack!)
As up and down the streets he bears
Everybody's joys and cares.

Some Books to Read

This poem is from a book named *The Pointed People.* Rachel Field is the author. On page 28 you will find the name of another book by this author. What other poem of hers have you read in *Let's Go Ahead?*

MAIL CARRIERS

Sometimes a letter does not go where it is su
posed to. But this is much more often becau
the sender has made a mistake in the address th
because of any error elsewhere. Most of us ta
the safe delivery of our mail as a matter of cour

Even though rain falls, heat stifles, or stor
rage, the postman comes. The main post-of
building in New York City has this senten
carved above the great pillars of its front entran

*Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom
night stays these couriers from the swift com
tion of their appointed rounds.*

Probably many people who read this think t
someone wrote it in honor of the faithful postm

New York City or in honor of the faithful carers of mail in all parts of our country. It is indeed a suitable tribute to postmen everywhere. ut it was not first written about American mail arriers. It is taken from the writings of a famous reek who lived about twenty-five hundred years go; and he wrote it about the postmen of Persia. is a generous tribute, for the Persians and the reeks were bitter enemies at that time. The ersians tried for many years to conquer Greece.

You can see from this that carrying mail is a ery old kind of job. We have had chauffeurs, nd people making moving pictures, and aviators, nd some other kinds of workers for less than a nan's lifetime; but there have been mail carriers or five thousand years and more.

One of the first persons we know about who ent out his mail with a stamp on it was a king n Asia. His name was Sargon. However, the tamp he used was not like ours, as you will soon ee. Sargon lived about five thousand years ago nd ruled over Chaldea, a country that lay northvest of the Persian Gulf. He was a very powerul and very active king; and he often needed to

send messengers to the various parts of his kin
dom.

This is the way messages had been sent up t
Sargon's time: The messenger, a trained runn
was told the message he was to carry. He ran
rapidly as possible to a place at some distan
where another messenger was waiting. The fi
messenger repeated the message to the second, t
second went on till he met a third, and so on, t
the person was reached to whom the message w
sent.

However, in Sargon's time or even earlier, pe
ple began to send messages written on clay table
The message was scratched on the tablet wh
the clay was soft. Then the tablet was harden
by drying it in the sun.

But Sargon was afraid that some person, wi
wrong intentions, might send a message and pr
tend that it had come from the king. So he h
a seal cut from precious stone. With this h
stamped all state messages that he sent out. Wi
Sargon's great seal stamped into the clay, no o
could doubt that the message came from hi
The king wore his seal on a bracelet on his wris

no one else had a chance to use it. Sargon
o had a smaller seal. He used this for his pri-
e letters.

If you should visit the great museum in Paris
led the "Louvre," you can see there the two
ls of King Sargon. Remember that King Sar-
n used these seals to *stamp* his letters. Do you
, now, where the name "postage stamp" came
m?

The early Egyptians used the same method of
ding messages that was followed in Chaldea.

However, they began very early to use paper m
from the papyrus plant for their letters. This
much more convenient than clay tablets. T
Egyptians used seals also.

There is a story of one Egyptian messenger w
had to carry a message of great importance. T
king who sent him was afraid it might be stol
The story says that the king had the messeng
head shaved and wrote the message on the sha
head. He kept the messenger shut up till his h
grew out. Then he sent him on his way w
another message — not the important one — h
den in the pocket of his girdle. The messen
was stopped by enemies of the king. The un
portant message was stolen just as the king h
expected it would be. The messenger then w
on and finally arrived at the place where he h
been sent. He asked the man to whom the k
had sent him to shave his head. This was d
and the real message appeared.

Among the most famous message carriers
ancient days were those of Greece. The Gre
had a great respect for the human body and
lieved in doing everything possible to keep it

ood condition. As a result, there were no better hletes at that time than those of Greece; and the unners were very swift and strong. The Greek hletes had a chance each year to show what they uld do in the great Olympic Games. The ory of one famous long-distance runner of ncient Greece is often told as an example of hat these athletes could do. But it is probable at there were few athletes equal to Pheidip-ides — the runner just mentioned.

As has been said earlier, the Persians tried for long time to conquer Greece. At last one sum-er about twenty-four hundred years ago, the ersian king sailed across the Ægean Sea with six undred ships. He was sure that with so great a rce he could defeat the Greeks.

He succeeded in winning one battle and went n toward the city of Athens. But news of the ming of the Persians reached Athens, and the thenians prepared for a hard fight. They were uch smaller in number than the Persians, so ey sent to Sparta, a city of Greece one hundred nd forty miles away, to ask for help. They had, course, to send a good runner.

The messenger was Pheidippides, who wa
regular bearer of messages for the city — that is h
was a mail carrier of that time. He was a spe
did athlete who had won all possible honors in h
Olympic Games. He got the message from h
Greek general at daybreak, started at once, n
was in Sparta by sunset of the following da
though runners usually took four days for hi
journey.

Pheidippides gave his message at once to the people of Sparta. They said that they would help the Athenians, but that a religious law forbade their starting before the moon was full. That would be five days later.

Pheidippides was bitterly disappointed. He knew that five days later would be too late. He rested over night and then hastened back to Athens. Only four days after leaving Athens, he was back in the city again.

Since it was useless to wait for help from Sparta, the little Athenian army started out to meet the enemy. The great Persian host had just landed at Marathon, twenty-six miles from Athens. Pheidippides went with the Athenian army. He was urged to remain in Athens for the rest he needed, but he did not wish to do this.

The two forces met. Without waiting for the Persians to come forward, the Greeks rushed at their enemies and attacked them with spears. In one of the most famous battles the world has known, the Persians were defeated. They fled to their ships, or, at least, to those that had not been set on fire by the Greeks. As quickly as they could,

they sailed away. Many Persian dead were l
upon the battlefield.

Pheidippides offered to run back to Athe
with the joyous news. He ran the twenty-s
miles, entered the city gate and gave his messa
and then fell dead at the feet of those who h
come to meet him.

To the Olympic Games of today, athletes cor
from many countries. At these games a race call
the "Marathon" is run by the swiftest runners
the world. It covers a distance of twenty-six mil
and is named in memory of the brave Greek wh
so many years ago, ran well to help his country.

The Persians had swift messengers also. B
in Persia they usually rode on horseback, as t
country was not rough and mountainous li
Greece. The messenger rode until he reached
point at which he met another messenger. H
turned over the message to this second rider. T
second messenger gave the message to a thir
So it went on, until the message was delivered.

Herodotus, the famous Greek historian, sa
"Nothing mortal travels as fast as these Persi
messengers." It was about them that he ma

e statement that was quoted earlier in this ory.

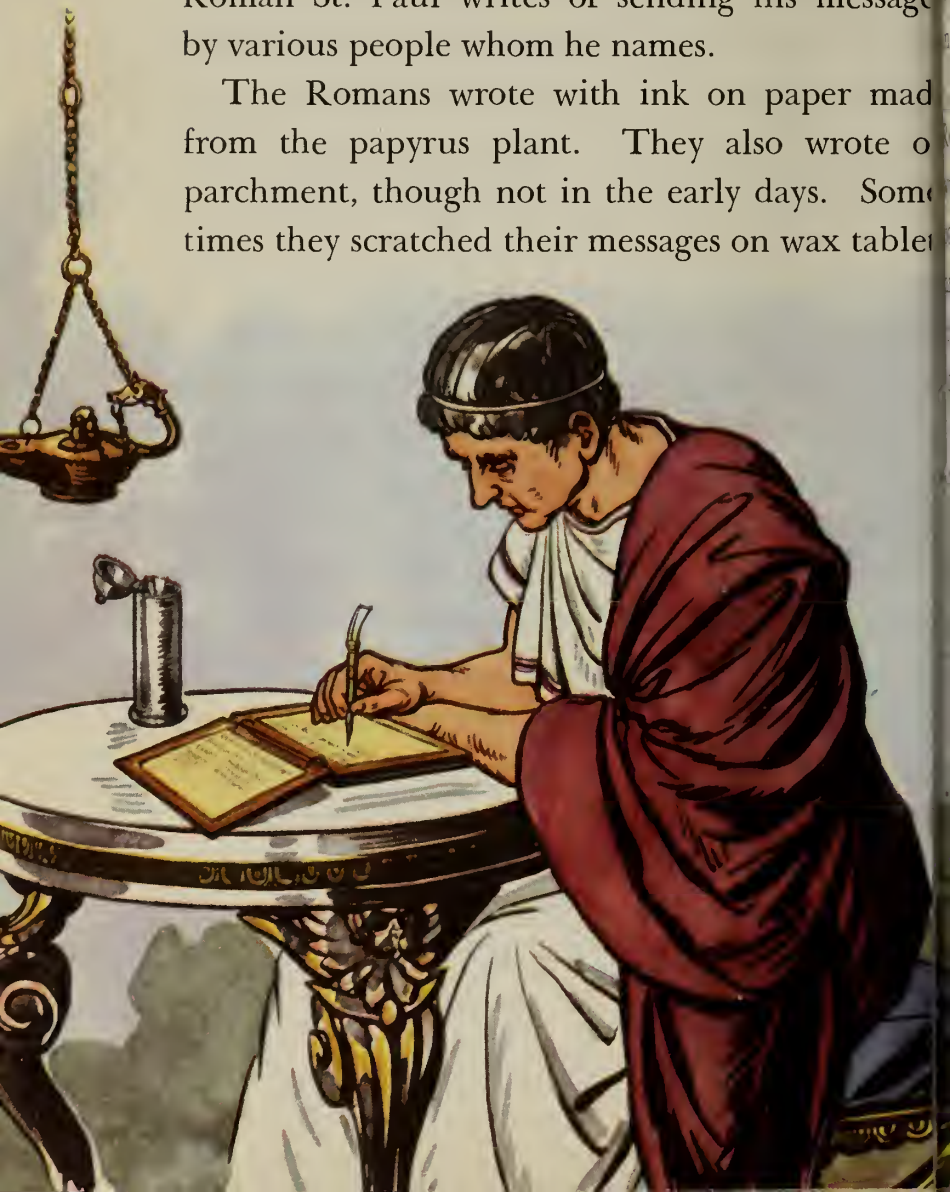
The Romans greatly simplified the carrying of essages by building good roads for their messen- ers to travel over. A Roman leader named Gaius racchus, who lived about two thousand years go, had long straight roads built out of Rome nto the surrounding country. In preparing the oads, trenches were dug the width of the desired oad and these trenches were filled with crushed ock and earth. When this was packed down, it ade a fine, smooth, hard road. There were five f these great highways. If you go to Italy today, ou can still travel over one of these roads. It is alled the Appian Way.

Gaius Gracchus had all the roads measured off y miles and had stone blocks — or posts — set up o mark the distances. It is probably from this eginning that we got the name *post road.* From hat we get *postman, post office,* and other related words. Over these roads, messengers traveled on horseback and sometimes in chariots.

The messages carried in those old days were always about matters of state. Any person who

wished to send a private letter to a friend had t
wait till someone he knew was traveling in th
direction the letter was to go. In the Bible, th
Roman St. Paul writes of sending his message
by various people whom he names.

The Romans wrote with ink on paper mad
from the papyrus plant. They also wrote o
parchment, though not in the early days. Some
times they scratched their messages on wax tablet



with a pointed instrument called a *stylus*. The advantage of the wax tablet was that the wax could be made smooth and used again. A person receiving a message on wax, could smooth it off and send his reply on the same tablet.

After the fall of Rome, the postal system the Romans had developed was not kept up. Europe was overrun by barbarians, education grew less common for many years, fewer people could write, and fewer letters were sent. This period is often called the "Middle Ages." Because education grew less common, it is sometimes called the "Dark Ages." It started with the fall of Rome and ended about the time Columbus discovered America.

Riders on horseback, riding in relays, however, still carried messages for kings and less important rulers. People who wanted to send messages to friends had to manage as best they could by paying messengers or getting travelers to take their letters.

During this period, carrier pigeons began to be used. Travelers in Asia had seen pigeons acting as messengers and had brought back the idea.

In the years that followed the Middle Ages, roads gradually improved and stagecoaches were more and more frequently used for carrying mail. The common people began to be allowed to send letters by the regular mail carriers, and the amount of mail sent was greatly increased.

For many years people paid in money for sending a letter. They were charged according to the number of sheets of paper used and according to the distance the letter was to go.

It was not until about the middle of the nineteenth century that postage stamps began to be used. About that time, too, the charge for a letter began to be made according to weight and not according to the number of sheets of paper in it.

Benjamin Franklin, who had a hand in many improvements in America, did a great deal to improve our postal service. He was able to make the Postal Department profitable to the government. It had never been profitable before Franklin's time.

The invention of the steam engine and the building of railroads were responsible for a great

ncrease in speed in delivery of mail. The iron orse could move much faster than the swiftest teed of flesh and blood. We had railroads in the astern part of the United States, however, long efore we had them in the West. So, in order to get messages rapidly from the East to the Pacific Coast, the "Pony Express," with mail carriers on horseback, was started in 1860.

The riders started from St. Joseph, Missouri, where the railroad from the East ended. They rode in relays, one rider passing on his two mail bags to another. In this way it was possible to send mail from St. Joseph to Sacramento in nine or ten days. Only important letters were sent in this way. Other mail traveled by stagecoach or went around Cape Horn in ships. The pony rider's trip was of course a dangerous one — over rough country and across mountains. There was always, too, the possibility of meeting wild animals or hostile Indians.

Each man rode an assigned number of miles, exchanging horses at various stations along the way. He then made a return trip to his home station. The most famous of the pony riders was

William Cody, more commonly known as "Buffalo Bill."

With the building of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads, the work of the Pony Express riders was ended. It lasted only a few years, but it will always be remembered because it was picturesque and because of the courage and endurance it required. Only the air-mail pilot's work, in recent years, has equaled it in these respects.

The entire country could now be crossed by train. More and more railroads were built till they reached all parts of the United States. For years, trains were the fastest mail carriers. People believed there could be nothing faster. Anyone who spoke of a "flying machine" as a possibility was sure to be greeted with laughter by most listeners.

But the airplane came. One of its most important uses is the carrying of mail. Only a few years ago we had no air mail. Now there are airways over every continent, and there are no better fliers than the air-mail pilots. The words of Herodotus written about long-ago Persian post-

men may fittingly be used to describe these brave and able messengers:

Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

The telegraph, the telephone, the radio have more and more completely conquered time and space, but it is with human messengers that our story has to do; so it ends with the air-mail pilots. There have been many changes since the days of Pheidippides, but courage, hardihood, and faithfulness still remain.

Some Books to Read

"Mail Carriers" was written for this book by Jean Ayer. A fine book that tells about the postal service from ancient times until today is *The Mail Goes Through,* by Charles G. Hall. You will find some exciting stories about mail carriers from long ago till now in *How They Carried the Mail,* by Joseph Walker. Books that tell much about the history of the world from its earliest days are *The World We Live In,* by Gertrude Hartman, and *A Child's History of the World,* by Virgil M. Hillyer. (The second is easier to read.) *The Adventures of Buffalo Bill,* by William F. Cody, is

First Lady of China

A Woman Makes a Brave Decision

Madame Chiang Kai-shek looked at the men around a conference table in Shanghai. These were the leaders of war-torn China. On each face she read an echo of the words she herself had just uttered, "We must work together for China!"

There was plenty of work to do, for the enemy was threatening a new attack. Wounded soldiers must be cared for. Shelter must be found for the homeless; rice for hungry children. There would be fighting, too, but she would leave that to her husband, Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo of the Chinese Army. But work or fight, they must all act *together*. A thousand times she had said it.

Somehow, all the many different provinces of the great, sprawling land of China must learn to work and fight as one nation, truly united.

The Generalissimo was now in the North at Si seeking to win over a rebellious young offi This officer was not willing to wait for Chian slow, careful planning. He wanted to attack enemy without delay, and he had persuaded oth to follow him and defy the Generalissimo.

Busy as Madame Chiang was with the proble of the conference in Shanghai, she could not h wondering about her husband. Would he be a to persuade that young rebel to wait, so t China might face the enemy united, not a nat divided against itself?

Abruptly the door of the room was flung op Through it burst Madame Chiang's brother-in-l an important official in the government.

"There has been mutiny in our force at Sia he cried. "Nothing at all has been heard of Generalissimo!"

Instantly the room was in a turmoil. Mada Chiang rose slowly to her feet. She tried to sp calm words of courage, but her heart was thump wildly. Fear, not only for her husband, but her country also, filled her mind. How could Ch fight without Chiang Kai-shek's wise, strong le ership?

A soldier rushed in with a late news bulletin: h Generalissimo had been captured by the rebels. e was a prisoner at Sian.

'Send regiments at once," demanded an officer.

'Send bombers," suggested another.

Suggestions and threats flew thick and fast.

'Wait," advised Madame Chiang calmly. "Sup- you *do* start an attack—what will happen? rebels at Sian will fight back. That means l war, and China will be divided when the enemy t our gates. The rebels may, if you attack n, kill the Generalissimo, just when China needs leadership most. Our attack would condemn to death at the hands of the rebels—if not by own bombs and bullets."

The officers listened to what she said, but some e unwilling to give up the idea of fighting for leader they loved and honored. Days passed. e arguments swung to and fro. And no word ne from the rebel troops in the North.

'The Generalissimo is dead," whispered the peo- . They did not say it in Madame Chiang's esence, but she knew what they were whispering, d she refused to believe it. Dark as the hour s, she kept her faith, the simple, childlike faith God that her parents had taught her.

Many times in these sad days Madame Chiang ought of how her father had faced loneliness and

discouragement when he had been a young Chine boy in the United States, struggling to acquire a education. Through the help of generous peop he had been able to study at college, and he can to believe in the Christian religion. When th Chinese boy, Charles Soong, returned to China, had spent all his time trying to make the Christia faith known to his people.

Because he had wanted his children to share t blessing of an education like his, he had sent h sons and daughters to the United States. Not stay always, but to study and learn so that the too, might return to China and help their count become a strong, united, and educated nation.

Ever since Madame Chiang had been the scho girl Mayling Soong, she herself had worshiped G with all her heart. Would she now find the coura and strength that her father had found? Wou her faith equal the faith of her Christian mother

Thinking of these things and praying for streng and wisdom brought new courage to the wife of t Generalissimo. When the army officers again urg an attack on the rebels who held her husband, s faced them calmly.

"What you want to do," she said, "endange the life of the Generalissimo. Believe me, I a not only a woman trying to save her husband's li I am a Chinese woman, striving to save my country

ader. No effort must be spared to secure his re-
ase by peaceful means. I myself will fly to Sian
see what can be done."

Dead silence met her proposal. She looked at the
en about her with a faint smile. "If peaceful
eans fail," she added, "you can still use force."

There were protests from the officers: The rebels
ere desperate men; they would kill her, torture
r. But Madame Chiang was firm.

Then the young rebel officer who had captured
e Generalissimo sent her a telegram: "Come to
an. Bring your brother-in-law, Dr. Kung. We
not wish to harm your husband."

But then came an urgent telephone call from
friend who had talked with the Generalissimo.
"Your husband pleads with you not to join him
Sian," said the friend. "Your life will be in
ril. The Generalissimo is convinced that the
bels mean to kill him. You must not come."

But Madame Chiang did not alter her purpose.
er own life seemed of little value when compared
the hope of a united China. She would go.

Dr. Kung was ill and could not accompany her,
t Madame Chiang's own brother sent word that
was already on his way to Sian and would meet
r there. Despite protests from the government
ficials and army officers, Madame Chiang went
lmly on with her preparations for her flight.

Suddenly another message came from Sian. T
Generalissimo himself had declared a truce and h
ordered no bombing or attack on Sian for thr
days. With a great sigh of relief, Madame Chia
hastened her plans. The truce was short, but
gave her a chance. Could she, in seventy-t
hours, work the miracle of her husband's release?

A Dangerous Mission Is Undertaken

The Chinese pilot of the powerful plane beari
Madame Chiang on her dangerous mission open
the throttle to the full. The machine climbed in
the wintry sky and headed northward. The fa
of the woman who sat by the window was strange
calm for one who was about to face grim, mutino
soldiers. Villages, cities, and rice fields of Chi
slid by beneath her. Madame Chiang gazed
them with eyes that saw not. Her thoughts co
cerned only the desperate peril that hung over h
husband, on whom rested the fate of the natio
Would she find the Generalissimo alive?

On the seat across the narrow aisle of the pla
sat Mr. Donald, an Australian, and her husban
loyal friend. The two sat in silence for a tim
Then Madame Chiang spoke, softly as if to herse
"I will not lose my temper when I meet my hu
band's captors. I will deal with them as man
man—talking naturally and calmly."

The plane was now over Sian. Twice it circled r the city, giving those below fair warning of arrival. Then it turned toward the air field swooped down onto the runway.

Cars dashed to the field as the plane taxied to a p. Madame Chiang—dignified, serene—remained ted in the airplane. The rebel chief climbed ard. He looked tired, embarrassed, and somet ashamed thus to be meeting a woman who often been his charming, gracious hostess.

Madame Chiang greeted him as she had always e. He returned the greeting with awkward rtesy, and then asked, "You wish to go at once see the Generalissimo?"

Her heart leaped into her throat. She longed to to her husband, but the fate of China was in hands. "I would first like some tea," she red gently, seeking in this fashion to show the tineer that she trusted him and had no fear.

After the cup of tea, she walked to the walled den in which was the house where her husband s a prisoner. Guards were at the gate with chine guns. She found the Generalissimo in bed. was ill and worn with injuries he had received en trying to escape. He had fallen from the top a ten-foot wall into a ditch three feet deep. His k had been badly injured by the fall, and he ld scarcely sit up.

"Why have you come?" he exclaimed in ala as his wife walked into the room. "You have co into a tiger's lair.

"Although I urged you not to come," he went "I felt that I could not prevent it. As I oper the Bible this morning, my eye fell on the wor 'Jehovah will now do a new thing, and that is, will make a woman protect a man.'

"But do not ask me," the Generalissimo add sternly, "to give in to the rebels."

"I agree," she replied. "Our country comes fore even your safety. But to save the coun there is more need than ever before for you live. I am here to share your fate and to die w you, if God so wills it; and if He wills otherw to live and work with you for the sake of China

Madame Chiang Kai-shek had several talks with ıe rebel leader, who was uneasy. "I realize," ; said, "that I did the wrong thing in capturing ıe Generalissimo. I did not mean to do him :tual harm," he protested over and over again.

He now desired to release Chiang Kai-shek. He ›uld not, however, get the other rebels to agree. If we free him, he will have us executed," they eclared. For they knew that would be the usual ilitary discipline for such outrageous rebellion as ıe imprisonment of their own army chief.

The rebel told of the proposal that they had ied to put before the Generalissimo—their urgent ish to attack Japan. Chiang Kai-shek had, how-ver, shown himself so strict in army discipline that e refused to discuss his plans with those of lower ilitary rank. So they had misunderstood him and ad turned against him in extreme anger.

"But after we had captured him," said the rebel › Madame Chiang, "I read the letters and military apers of the Generalissimo. I was startled to find ıat all the reforms that we desire have long been his mind. We wanted them at once, but he was isely awaiting the right time.

"Please, try to make the Generalissimo less ngry," implored the rebel officer. "Tell him that e do not want anything now. When we seized m we thought it was for the good of China."

"We wanted the reforms to come immediately. We thought he was not employing stern enough tactics against China's enemy," went on the rebel.

"You are too impatient," Madame Chiang told the apologetic officer. "China cannot be changed in a day. The Generalissimo takes the only way, that of painstaking, steady work."

"I tried again and again to talk things over with him," asserted the young officer, "but each time he scolded me violently."

"You do not understand the Generalissimo," said Madame Chiang consolingly. "He scolds only the people of whom he has hope. If he thinks people are useless, he will not take the trouble to scold them."

"In a letter to the Generalissimo which I read," said the repentant rebel, "you told him that you both must strive harder to carry out the vows you made on your wedding day to work for the people. These words genuinely moved me," he confided.

"You must," Madame Chiang admonished him, "ask God to guide you on all occasions if you wish to help China. It was only by the mercy of God that my husband did not die from the bullets of the machine guns or from pneumonia. But let us not talk about that. The thing to discuss is how to bring this to a happy ending. How shall we proceed?"

Off went the officer to confer with his fellow rebels and try to persuade them to free Chiang Kai-shek. With them sat Madame Chiang's own brother, who was making an effort to help them come to the right decision.

"No," declared the stubborn rebels, "we will not release the Generalissimo. Our heads would not be safe. Let him sign a paper to say that we shall not be executed; then we shall release him."

But Chiang Kai-shek would not agree to sign any paper while he was held a prisoner. No chief of staff could make promises as a condition of being released by his own lower-ranking officers. His authority would be destroyed.

"Your heads will be quite safe," Madame Chiang assured the suspicious mutineers. "You know that the Generalissimo has a kind heart. So you must depend upon his generosity."

Time sped by. Christmas Day was approaching. If the Generalissimo were not released on that day, the truce would be over, and the forces in the South would then attack Sian. Madame Chiang would have failed.

Generalissimo and Madame Chiang woke early on Christmas morning and exchanged Christmas greetings, but neither one felt really merry. Their minds were filled with unspoken questions as to what the day might bring forth.

Suddenly the door opened to admit two men. Each held a golf stocking stretched to giant size. Besides small gifts there was a portable typewriter for Madame Chiang, and for the Generalissimo there was a traveling rug. Even in the midst of their anxieties, Mr. Donald had remembered Christmas Day and its present-giving.

Later that day they received the most thrilling present of all their lives. They were told that the Generalissimo was free. The stubborn mutineers had at last agreed to let him go. They came and stood beside his bed while he reminded them of their duty to China, and of his own responsibilities.

"You must obey all orders of our government," he said. "You have confessed that you are sorry for your rebellion. So I will recommend that you should not be punished."

When the Generalissimo and his wife arrived at Nanking with the rebels, the government heads forgave the rebel leader. All his fellow mutineers were likewise forgiven—at the request of Chiang Kai-shek.

In the city of Nanking great rejoicing broke out. By radio and by telegraph, the news spread, "The Generalissimo is released!" Fireworks were set off, and people cried for joy. Students and soldiers marched about waving flags and shouting, "Long live the Generalissimo!"

Chiang Kai-shek had united the country in love and respect for him.

The excitement over the successful outcome of Madame Chiang's dangerous mission gradually died down, but for her the work of serving her country knows no end. Every day—indeed almost every hour—brings new responsibilities.

She supervises the special herds of cattle that she has introduced so that China can produce more milk for the children. Then she raises money to support a Chinese agricultural college whose staff of teachers was trained in America to speed up the improvement of poultry, so that China may have more and bigger eggs. She flies to inspect the many homes which she has established in China to try to bring health and happiness to more than twenty thousand orphaned boys and girls.

But courageous as she is, Madame Chiang could not care for all the children in these orphanages alone. That she has had help is told in this letter to some friends in the United States:

> I can hear you ask—where do all these twenty thousand children come from?
>
> Well, the answers are very sad. The homes of these children, and thousands of other children like them, are no more. Their fathers and mothers, as we say in China, have mounted the back of a dragon and have gone far, far into the skies for a long and peaceful sleep.
>
> When their homes were destroyed and their parents were no more, these little children got lost. They did not know what to do. How could they? Many of them starved for days. They tried to eat the bark of trees and the leaves of plants. They drank water out of the fields. They were dirty and very ill.
>
> But by and by, people in distant cities heard of their plight, and they formed an association to help them. People were sent to the war zones to collect the children who were lost and alone and bring them back to homes in the mountains where they could be cared for.

Nothing is too small or too great for the first lady of China to grapple with if it will help the sum of happiness and the good of China.

1. What are the four different stages or forms in the life cycle of a moth or butterfly?

2. What are the parts of the life cycle of a bird, a bean, a frog, a mosquito?

3. At which part of its life cycle would a member of the butterfly or moth family be most harmful to plants?

4. Try to find cocoons and chrysalises. Keep each one in a separate jar so that you can see what kind of butterfly or moth comes out of it.

SOMETHING TO DO

Write the answers to the following questions. First see how many you can answer without looking back. Then find the answers which you did not know. You can find them in the material between pages 228 and 237.

1. What did the caterpillars eat?

2. What shape were the eggs laid by the monarch butterfly?

3. How many plants did Jerry have to get for the caterpillars?

4. What color were the chrysalises?

5. Where is a caterpillar's skeleton?

6. What is a caterpillar in the resting stage called?

7. How far have monarch butterflies been known to fly in a single season?

8. How big was each chrysalis?

9. How did Jerry know that the chrysalises would open soon?

10. What color were the wings of the monarch butterfly?

Shooting Stars

During the last several hundred years, astronomers have discovered a great deal about the su, the stars, and other bodies in the sky. For o thing, they have found out what "shooting star really are. Do you know what they are? Do y know why they fall? Do you know anythi about the damage they do? This story will t you something about shooting stars.

I

One evening in June the Ames family was gathered together on the large front porch of their home in Clarkdale, Arizona. Alice, the older daughter, had returned that day from college in California to spend her summer vacation. Now, Father and Mother and the eleven-year-old twins, Robert and Sally, glad to have Alice home again, were asking questions and listening to her tell about her experiences.

"What a beautiful night it is!" Alice exclaimed enthusiastically. "The sky is full of millions of stars. What wouldn't I give to be in the Mt. Wilson Observatory again tonight!"

"Mt. Wilson Observatory!" said Sally. "What's that?"

"It is a building fitted up with a telescope and other instruments that are used in studying the stars, moon, planets, and other bodies in the sky," replied Alice eagerly. "I think the Mt. Wilson Observatory is the most wonderful place in the world. I should like to work there after I am through college."

"I'd like to have that big telescope here!" exclaimed Robert. "It is so clear tonight that I'll bet a fellow could see miles and miles up in the sky. What do you suppose ——?"

"Look!" Sally cried. "A shooting star! I fell halfway across the sky."

"I suppose we shouldn't call them stars," sai Mrs. Ames.

"Why not?" asked Robert. "Aren't the stars?"

"Oh, no," replied Mother. "They're nc stars at all. They are meteors."

"Meteors?" asked Sally. "What are meteors?"

"They are stones or pieces of metal that mak bright gleaming lights as they fall," Alice told he "They look as though they were on fire."

"There must be a lot of them," said Robert. saw three or four in one evening a week or ago."

"Astronomers say that probably twenty mil- n meteors fall into the earth's air or atmosphere ery twenty-four hours," explained Father.

"Twenty million!" exclaimed Robert. "Do enty million stones and pieces of metal fall m the sky and strike the earth every day?"

"Oh, no," laughed Alice. "Most of the eteors never hit the earth. They are burned p in the air before they can reach the ground. nly about a thousand of them strike the earth ach year. Those that do are called meteorites."

"Where do meteors come from?" asked Robert.

"No one knows for certain just where they ome from," replied Alice. "At one time some stronomers thought that they were pieces of the noon that had been broken off. At another time stronomers thought that they were parts of omets that had been pulled off as the comets traveled around the sun. All we are sure of is that meteors do exist and that many of them travel in groups through space. Others seem to travel alone.

"Single meteors may wander around in space by themselves for a while, but unless they find

a path of their own in which to travel around th sun, they fall into the sun or into one of th planets. Those that fall toward the earth a likely to burn up as they pass through the ai If they are not entirely burned, and if they stril the ground, we call them meteorites."

"Do meteorites fall just one at a time?" aske Robert.

"No, sometimes they fall in showers," Fath told him. "Several thousand meteorites we found after a shower in Kansas. More than or hundred thousand were found in Poland. C course, there must have been many more tha fell in these showers. They must have come dow like hail in some of the showers that the astron mers know about."

"I wonder what causes a shower," said Sally

"Sometimes the earth crosses the track of group of meteors," Alice explained. "If th meteors and earth happen to meet, we have shower. When people talk about a shower meteors, they usually mean a shower in the sk of what looks something like many balls of fir The largest showers appear about every thirty three years. Others come about every seve years. The famous August meteor shower ca be seen each year."

"What makes a meteor burn as it falls toward e earth?" asked Robert.

"The friction caused by the meteor striking id pushing through the atmosphere produces eat heat," Alice said. "The heat is so great at it makes a bright light as the meteor streaks rough the night sky."

"It's strange that meteors fall only at night," id Robert. "Why don't they fall in the daye, too?"

"Oh, they do," said Father. "We see them est at night, but we know that they fall during ne daytime, too. The astronomers have disovered, also, that most of the meteorites strike he earth during the afternoon and before midight, and that they tumble down at all times uring the year."

"What are meteorites made of, Alice?" asked ally.

"Some of them are made mostly of stone," said lice. "Others are made of iron and other netals. Usually they are a mixture of different netals and stone. Many times farmers and ther people who dig in the ground find them. hey have been found all over the United States, particularly in Kansas, Texas, Arizona, and Montana.

II

"About 1887 people by the name of Kimber bought a farm in Kiowa County, Kansas. T farm was in the center of the region where a gre shower of meteorites fell in 1885. The Kimberly neighbors had found many small stones as th plowed the fields, and they were using them cornerstones in chicken houses, to stop holes fences, and for other purposes.

"As a child in school, Mrs. Kimberly ha learned something about meteorites. When sl examined the stones and the irons which h neighbors had picked up on their farms, she w certain that they were meteorites.

"Soon her husband was turning over meteorites the ground on his own farm as he plowed the lds, and Mrs. Kimberly began to collect them. r husband, and even the neighbors, laughed her. To her husband they were just rocks at got in the way as he tried to prepare his soil seed, and the neighbors didn't see much sense spending time trying to collect stones that had value.

"But Mrs. Kimberly knew what she was doing. e began to write to astronomers, asking them visit the farm and to examine the stones she d collected. Finally, in 1890 a scientist came, d in Mrs. Kimberly's collection he found many fine meteorite. One meteorite that she had ighed a hundred and fifty pounds. He selected e best of the lot, and paid her several hundred llars for them. For years after that farmers over the country searched their land carefully, ying to find meteorites."

"Maybe some of them were still hot when rs. Kimberly found them," said Sally.

"I think not, Sally," said Alice. "Most eteorites are not hot when they hit the ground. ne meteors are very cold when they strike the rth's atmosphere, and the heat caused by the ction warms only the surface of them.

"Of the several hundred meteorites whic
were seen to fall and which were found within
few minutes, only a very few were hot. Some
them were covered with snow or frost. Son
very large meteorites may be so hot that the
cause a great deal of damage when they stril
the ground."

"Boy!" cried Robert with a low whistle. "Ho
would you like to get hit on the head with a h
meteorite coming down from the sky! Are mo
of them very large?"

"Many of them are small enough to hold
your hand," said Father. "Others are very lar
and weigh as much as several hundred pound
In fact, one meteorite that has been found de
in the ground must weigh millions of tons."

"Millions of tons!" cried Sally. "Why
that's more than this house weighs! If a metec
ite that large struck people, it would kill them.

"Of course it would," said Alice. "But reall
they are not so dangerous. At least there is n
nearly as much chance for people to be hurt
meteorites as there is for them to be injured
crossing the streets in most of our towns a
cities. There is too much chance for meteorit
to fall into the oceans or, for example, on t
open plains."

"But haven't meteorites ever killed people and used damage?" asked Sally.

"We know of very few cases where they have ed people, but they have caused quite a little nage," said Alice. "In South America they ed oxen, and in different places in Europe they e the roofs off of barns and houses."

"You must not forget the great meteorite in eria, Alice," said Mother. "That must have used a lot of damage."

"It certainly did," said Alice, "I read a very eresting report of it a few weeks ago. At out seven o'clock on the morning of June 1908, people who lived in the basins of the nisei and the Lena rivers in Siberia saw a ge fiery body rolling across the sky and falling the ground. As it struck the ground, a great umn of fire raced skyward. Heavy black uds floated into the air, and a terrific report, ater than the roar of thunderstorms or cannon, s heard for miles around.

"A great air wave pushed ahead every object its path. The water in streams and lakes was sed up, and people and animals were carried ng. The force of the blow on the ground pped the near-by hills of trees and other plants, rching the grass and wood.

"The effect of the meteorite extended for ma
miles around the spot where it fell. Some of
astronomers say that it fell at the rate of alm
fifty miles a second, and that it probably weigh
hundreds of tons."

"Did the meteorite kill any people?" asl
Robert.

"I don't think so," replied Alice. "Fifty m
away from the spot where the meteorite fell
farmer was knocked off the porch of his hou
He was unconscious for a time, and when he
covered he found his house almost entirely
stroyed. Near the place where the meteor

ruck, 1500 reindeer were kept. All of them ere killed and burned."

"I'm glad I wasn't there!" exclaimed Sally.

"The largest meteorite we know of fell hundreds f years ago here in our own State of Arizona," id Father. "It is the one I had in mind a few inutes ago when I said that one meteorite must ave weighed millions of tons. It made a great ater in the ground where it fell."

"Where is it?" asked Bob.

"It's about a hundred miles from here," re- lied Father. "Your Mother and Alice and I saw a few years ago. I am sure that Bob and Sally ave never been there."

"Father!" exclaimed Alice, "I have an idea. hy couldn't I take Bob and Sally over there morrow? We could drive over in the morning nd stay until late in the afternoon. We'll drive ck to Flagstaff to stay all night. Then we'll me home the next morning. What do you ink? May we go? I'd like to see it again."

"I wonder what your Mother thinks about it," id Father slowly.

"I think it will be all right," Mrs. Ames re- ied. "The children ought to see the crater. t if they're going, they should get off to bed. 's nearly ten o'clock."

III

A little before nine o'clock the next morning Alice and the twins were on their way. After several hours' travel, Sally exclaimed, "Look at that hill ahead of us! It stands there all by itself."

"That hill is the crater," laughed Alice. "That is what we came to see."

"I thought a crater was a big hole in the ground," cried Sally.

"It is," replied Alice, "and you'll see it."

In a few minutes Alice stopped the car at a small building near the hill and bought three tickets. Eagerly they climbed to the top of the hill. There they found a narrow ridge or rim. On the inside of it was a great hole in the ground with almost perpendicular sides.

From rim to rim the crater was more than four thousand feet across the top, about four fifths of a mile! Its depth was almost six hundred feet. The rim was raised one hundred and sixty feet above the plain!

In the crater and on the rim were millions of tons of limestone, crushed to the fineness of flour. For half a mile around the crater, hundreds of rocks, some as large as a six-room house, lay scattered on the open plain.

"What a meteorite that must have been!" obert exclaimed.

"It still lies buried in the earth, but no one nows for certain just how large it is," Alice told em. "Most astronomers think it is at least ve hundred feet thick. It must weigh many illions of tons.

"When it struck, it bored through hundreds feet of solid rock and smashed millions of tons rocks into powder. That's where all that urlike soil in the crater came from."

"How far down in the earth do you suppos the meteorite is?" asked Sally.

"At least a quarter of a mile," Alice answere

"Can you guess how the sides of the crat got so high above the plain?" Alice asked befo the twins could get another question started.

"I know," said Sally. "When the meteorit struck the ground, it pushed up these sides aroun the hole it made."

"I've made a little crater by dropping a heav rock into soft mud," Robert added.

"That's right," said Alice. "Look out he on the plain, too. Those large rocks you s scattered around were thrown out by the for of the blow. Pieces of the meteorite, some of the weighing a thousand pounds, have been four almost half a mile away. They have a fe pieces of it in the building where we paid o admission. We'll stop to see them on our wa out."

After Alice and the children had explored t crater and had examined small meteorites, th started for Flagstaff.

The next morning as they were driving hom they were talking about the great crater.

"What do you suppose happened when th big meteorite struck the earth?" Robert asked

"No one knows, Robert," said Alice. "It happened years and years ago, long before white men settled in Arizona. Only superstitious Indians lived here then. But you may be sure of one thing. The damage must have been great. Certainly it was worse than what happened in Siberia. The Indians have several legends about it. To this day a good Southwest Indian will have nothing to do with the great meteor crater."

For a few minutes they drove on in silence, reaching the edge of Clarkdale. Father and Mother Ames welcomed the travelers home. At lunch, while they were all talking over the trip, the postman came and left a letter for Alice.

As Alice read the letter, an expression of great excitement came to her face. "Oh, just listen to this!" she cried. "Professor Harris knows the people in charge of Mt. Wilson Observatory very well. They have offered to take one of his students to work in the observatory next summer, and he thinks I can be ready to take the job. Isn't that wonderful? I'm so excited I hardly know what I'm doing!"

"Are you sure you'd like it?" asked Mother.

"Oh, Mother!" said Alice excitedly. "I'd like it better than anything in the world. There is nothing I'd rather do."

"Well," said Father, "it sounds good to me. It will be a fine experience for you."

"Hurrah!" cried Robert. "Maybe Sally and I can come to visit you."

"Perhaps you can," Alice smiled. "And when you do, you can look at the moon through the big telescope."

THE FALLING STAR

I saw a star slide down the sky,
Blinding the north as it went by,
Too lovely to be bought or sold,
Too burning and too quick to hold,
Good only to make wishes on
And then forever to be gone.

Sara Teasdale

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

1. What points would you use to explain the difference between a meteor and a meteorite?

2. How would you explain that meteors are not really falling stars?

3. How could you show what causes the sides of the meteorite crater in Arizona to be raised up like a hill?

4. If you were to visit the meteorite crater in Arizona what are some of the things you would look for?

5. If you wished to find whether there are other meteorite craters in the United States, how would you find the information?

The Runner Who Told of Victory

This story tells you how the leader of an army long ago sent a message to friends asking for help, and how the news of victory reached the people at home. What a difference there is between the way messages were carried at the time of the story, and the way we get our news today!

I

"There he goes!" The cry was taken up by a group of school children in Athens of old, and like children of today, they ran shouting down the street, to crowd about a smiling young man who wore a wreath on his head.

The popular young man was Phidippides, the most famous athlete of his day, and everyone — boys, girls, and adults — was proud of him.

When the famous Phidippides walked down the streets of Athens, he attracted the attention of everyone. His chest curved roundly and proudly,

showing his great lung power. His legs were not heavy or knotted, but straight and rounded. All his body had been so thoroughly rubbed with olive oil that it glowed with the soft color of bronze. Indeed, he looked like some beautiful statue come to life, with his high shoulders, slender neck, and head crowned with dark curls.

In the Olympic Games the best youth from Athens, Sparta, Corinth, and other cities and towns took part. It was enough glory to last a man a lifetime if he won the laurel wreath in a single one of the five great events — running, javelin throwing, hurling the discus, leaping, and wrestling.

Once in many, many years some great athlete won in all five. Such a man was Phidippides, and when the news came back to Athens that he had won all five events in a single day, the city was in an uproar of joy. A huge parade was formed to meet him at the gates, and he was given a plot of ground and a house, and his choice of the fairest maidens of Athens for his bride.

At twenty-one years of age, Phidippides was placed on the city records as "chief runner," or bearer of important messages. The mail in those days was carried on foot, as the country of Greece was rugged and uneven.

A fast runner could follow the narrow mountain asses and rough ground and make better time han a horseman. So when Athens wished to end a message to Corinth or Sparta, runners ere sent. There was a training school for boys t Athens, and a part of Phidippides' duties was o coach such youngsters for the work. He himelf was required to carry messages only of great nportance.

It would not take long to tell about the clothing f these messengers, for they ran uncovered except or a light girdle, or loincloth. When a written nessage was carried, a ribbon was fastened around he runner's head and the letter was placed under his, leaving the legs and every muscle of the body ree.

As Phidippides carried only important messages, e realized that something of great concern was t hand when, at daybreak one morning, he was ent for by Callimachus, the general. And he ad guessed the reason for his summons. There ad been rumors for some time that Darius, the owerful Persian King, was marching his army gainst Greece.

Callimachus, who was talking with Miltiades nd other generals, wasted no words when Phidipides entered and saluted.

"Hear ye, Phidippides," he began crisply, "th Persian armies are upon us. Run with all spee to Sparta and get help. The time is brief; w will not write them a letter. They know you wel and will believe what you say."

The words of the message were then spoke slowly to the runner, and he repeated them afte the general.

"How soon do you start?" rapped out the officer

"At once," answered Phidippides.

"When can you reach Sparta?"

"By tomorrow eve."

Callimachus and the others leaned forward wit tense interest.

"It is, as you know, almost 140 miles, and ou best runners have required from three to four days How then, say you, two days?"

"It is in the hands of the gods," replied th runner, smiling.

"Go then," said Callimachus, "and may th gods guard and speed you!"

II

Within a few moments the young runner wa going through the gates of the city, his face turne toward Sparta. He did not go in any burst o speed as he set forth; but his legs worked smoothl

d with sureness. His head was thrown well
ck, and he ran as if he enjoyed it, as indeed he
d. And to the joy of running was added the
ought, "I am running for the safety of Athens!"
Hour after hour he continued the steady even
ride, pausing only for water at some wayside
eam. At noon he paused briefly at a farmer's
me and asked for cakes and wine. When the
rmer and his wife saw that it was the famous
idippides who asked for food, they would gladly
ve had him stay with them a long time.

But after only half an hour's rest, he was aga on his way; and all that afternoon he raced o As long as there was light he ran, but when dar ness fell, he found shelter again and slept. H must save his strength, and besides, it was dange ous to run in the dark. A single misstep, a he might break a bone or sprain a tendon.

With the dawn on the second day, he aga took up the pace, and all that day he held Mile after mile was reeled off, and still his le beat the air like eagles' wings. His route whi yesterday had led to the west now ran south Sparta. On he dashed, and just as the sun w sinking on this second day, he entered the gat of the city before they were closed for the nigh He had covered the distance of 140 miles in tv days, or seventy miles for each day.

Nor was he yet winded. "Lead me to t Assembly!" he called out to a guard. The m turned and without a word fell in with him a went at jog-trot to the public hall, where t rulers were on the point of closing for the da The tired runner dashed into the hall and lift up his hand.

"Men of Sparta," he said, "the Athenians b you to hasten to their aid, and not allow them be enslaved by the Persians. Eretria is alrea

rried away captive, and Greece is weakened by
e loss of one of her cities."

At once a buzz of talk ran round the hall. The
partans were quite willing to come to the aid
their ally, but a religious belief would not allow
em to start until the full of the moon, five days
ter. Phidippides could not make them change
eir minds. Sadly, the next morning, he started
r home.

When Phidippides reached his native city
gain, things were indeed at a crisis. The Per-
ans had already landed in Attica. They were
ear Marathon, a plain about twenty-six miles
om Athens. Everyone realized that the Athe-
ans could not wait the five days for the Spar-
ns to arrive. So the Athenian army soon took
e hot dusty road leading north to the plain of
Marathon.

Each man was lightly clothed in the Greek
shion. Each soldier had a light coat of metal
hich covered only the upper part of his body,
aving his arms bare. He wore a metal helmet
protect his head. His legs were bare except for
etal shin-guards protecting the lower part. His
ief protection was his shield, a large oval plate
rried on the left arm. The right hand carried
long and powerful spear.

III

And meanwhile, what of Phidippides? Wh
he was asked what reward he desired, he repli
"I ask no reward except to continue to ser
Athens. If the army is ready for the march,
march with it!"

"Well said!" replied Miltiades. "Come wi
me as my personal aide. I shall need your fl
limbs to carry messages on the field of battle."

As the army neared the field of Marathon, th
worst fears were made certain. The wh
country seemed filled with the soldiers of Pers
No one knows the size of the two armies that m
each other that day. Most writers agree th
there were at least one hundred thousand Persia
and that the Greeks could hardly have had m
than ten thousand soldiers.

As the little Greek army came within less th
a mile of the Persians, instead of halting, th
sprang forward and attacked on a run!

Down the sloping plain they charged, gaini
speed at every step — row behind row, spea
bristling, shields flashing, shouting hoarse cries
the Greek phalanx!

Great was the surprise of the Persians.
small army not only defying Persia, but actual
hurling itself at a larger army!

In the thick of the battle could be seen the
umed helmet of Miltiades and close beside him
idippides, here, yonder, and everywhere. Now
d again Miltiades would turn swiftly to the
uth and shout something to him; and Phidip-
des would go on a run to another officer.

Toward the close of the day, he came up to
iltiades with downcast eyes. "I have bad news
report to you," he said, "when I carried your
t word to Callimachus, I found that he had
en killed."

"But his men?" asked Miltiades anxiously.

"They are fighting with new strength," said
e runner.

"'Tis well."

It was a bad day for the Persians. The great
ny of Darius was shattered and was fleeing on
at ships they could drag away from the shore.
When Miltiades saw that victory was with the
eeks, he cried, "Phidippides, go back and tell
e news to Athens!"

Phidippides saluted and left on a run. It was
thing to him that he had already run many
ary miles that day. The last words of his chief
re ringing in his ears, "Go back and tell the
vs to Athens!" He would run as he had never
before!

Setting out at top speed, as though the distance were short instead of more than a score of miles, he dashed along the road that led to the city. At first he was held back by the men and equipment of battle, and some he shoved aside almost rudely, as he tried to make his way along. Then as the struggling grew less and the battlefield was left behind, his faithful limbs struck their easy stride. Steadily and swiftly he ran.

How tired he was getting! He must slacken up a trifle. In his eagerness he had broken training rules and was sprinting at too great a pace for the long distance. But no! He would not slacken! Athens was waiting — yearning — to get the tidings, to learn whether they were to be slave or free. On he pressed with a fresh spurt, ignoring alike the strain of muscle and the warning beat of his overworked heart. Up a hill he panted, over its crest, down its slope, and out across the dusty plain that led to Athens.

How long those last miles were! He had never feared distance before — not even when he ran the long miles to Sparta. He had gloried in meeting Distance and overcoming it with Time. But now his breath came in shuddering gasps; pain warned him to stop, to give Nature a chance to come to his aid. He knew the signs of danger.

any time but this he would have heeded the rning. But, there was Athens, waiting to get news! He pressed on.

Just at sundown the anxious watchers on the lls saw a runner come staggering in their ection. Once or twice he stumbled and almost in his tracks, then he straightened up and ged on. His head sagged upon his breast, his uth was opened wide, his eyes were bloodshot. uld this be, yes, it was, Phidippides, their mpion runner, their idol!

Out ran swift men to meet him, to stay him in the final yards. Out ran boys to jog along, ering. The watchers on the walls held their

breath — what news brought he? They dreal
to think; they feared to hope!

A few more yards to the city walls.

Phidippides shook himself free from the wo
be helpers, his head rocked from side to side
was straining as though each step were a ri
He passed inside the city gate, gasping painf
for air. The market place was white with pe
who were streaming in, eager, anxious, curiou

"What news, what news, Phidippides?"

The runner staggered toward them. The
triumphant gleam came into his blinded e
Flinging an arm above his head, in a hoa
broken voice he cried, "Victory is ours! Atl
is saved!"

Blood gushed from his lips, and he fell dead

In ages that have gone since that far-off
men have told of Marathon, and they have
forgotten the runner who carried the news of
splendid victory.

In athletic meets of today one of the ev
is often a Marathon race, run for a distanc
twenty-six miles, in honor of Phidippides.

Joseph Walk

A STORY OF BOOKS AND PRINTING

1. MANUSCRIPT BOOKS

Everywhere we go in these days, we see books — books in homes, books in schools, books in stores, books in libraries.

It is hard to realize that five hundred years ago a book was a rare object. It is hard to believe that there were not in the world then any such printed books as we have today.

Long ago books were the work of scribes. They were written or printed by hand on parchment or vellum — two fine kinds of leather — for there was no paper in those early days. Such books were rightly called *manuscripts*. *Manu* is a Latin word that means *by hand,* and *script* is from the Latin word *scriptus* which means *written*.

The ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans and other civilized peoples of long ago had many hand-made books and could read them. But after the fall of Rome, Europe was overrun by savage tribes. Libraries were destroyed. Education for many years came almost to an end.

These years are called the Middle Ages. Sometimes they are called the Dark Ages. You have read about this time of the world in "Mail Carriers." The time was a dark one because the people living then did not have the light that comes from learning.

The Middle Ages lasted from just before the fall of Rome almost till the time when Columbus discovered America. Rome fell in the year 476. Of course you know the year when Columbus discovered America.

If it hadn't been for certain work done by the monks, the Dark Ages would have been even darker than they were. Monks were men who felt that the best way to lead a good life was to live apart from the busy world. They lived in great buildings called monasteries. The monasteries were surrounded by high walls.

The monks did not go outside unless there was some very special reason for them to do so. Some never went outside at all. They lived very simply and spent a great deal of time in praying and reading the Bible.

But they did much besides this. They had gardens and fields and orchards. Here they raised vegetables and grain and fruit. They sometimes had herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

People who were sick or in other trouble came to the monasteries and were helped and cared for. Perhaps you remember that Columbus and his little son were kindly welcomed and helped at the Monastery of La Rabida when they were about to leave Spain, poor and discouraged. The monks were teachers, also. They had classes for boys who wanted to learn to read and write.

They did another kind of work that proved very important. Some of the monks could write very beautifully. It was the work of these monks to make books. They would sit patiently all day, copying books, or parts of books.

They copied the Bible and parts of the Bible. They copied prayers and hymns. They copied

INCPNT CAPL
DIALOGI: III:
UBI MULTITUDO HOMI
NUM INSPERATA OCCURRIT
audire ꝫ allum desimar
aniui ratibus locuturo
Ubi puellam duodecennem ab
utero mutam curauit
Ubi oleum subeius benedicto
necreuit ꝫ ampulla cumo
leo quod benedixerat super

the works of the old Greek and Roman poets and scholars and so saved them for later generations to read. The picture on this page shows part of a page from one of these old books.

Sometimes they did not copy. If something interesting and unusual happened, they would write out the story. Each monastery kept a record of things that happened there. They called these *chronicles*.

Sometimes each monk worked in his own little stone cell. But in many of the bigger monasteries there was a room called a *scriptorium* where all the writers worked.

No one was allowed to talk in the scriptorium. The monks used signs to let the director of the room know what they wanted.

They often made their own parchment or vellum. For this they used the skins of lambs, goats, and calves. The hide was soaked in lime water to take the hair off. Then it was washed and stretched on a frame to dry. Next it was rubbed with pumice till it was very smooth.

When it was ready to be used, it was cut into sheets. Each sheet was the size of a page. Parchment and vellum books usually had large pages. Holes were made at one side of each sheet so that the sheets could be tied together to make a book.

The monks weren't satisfied to use black ink only. They made beautiful colored inks from various berries and plants. With these they made lovely decorated capital letters. They decorated the manuscript in other ways, too. The pens they used were usually made from goose quills. Some-

times they used brushes, but most of the work was done with pens.

Here and there on the pages, they left little squares or oblongs of space. These were later filled in with tiny colored pictures. The monks who could make the best pictures filled these in.

You can see many of these books in museums today. The writing is still clear and beautiful. The colors are still bright.

The books when finished were often very handsomely bound. The fine leather covers would have decorations and clasps of silver or gold. Sometimes jewels were set into the covers.

The monks usually sold these books. But, of course, only wealthy people could buy them. The money went to the monastery — not to the men who made the books. They did not even put their names on the beautiful books they made. Sometimes, though, a monk would write a little prayer at the end of his book and put his name in that.

One monk put at the end of his book — not a prayer, but this sad little statement:

I pray you good readers who may use this book, do not forget who copied it. It was a poor brother

named Louis, who while he copied the volume, endured the cold and was obliged to finish in the night what he could not write by day.

2. THE INVENTION OF PRINTING

The Chinese were the first people to do printing at all like that done today. They were also the first people to make paper such as is used in modern times.

More than a thousand years ago a man in China named Wang Chieh carved Chinese words backward on a block of wood. He did this so that the raised letters stood up higher than the block they were on. He covered the raised letters with ink. Then he spread a sheet of paper on the raised letters. He smoothed this flat with a brush.

When he lifted the paper off he had a clear imprint of the letters he had inked. He could ink the block again and print another copy of the page as often as he wished.

Someone who visited China brought the block printing idea back to Europe. The Chinese method of making paper from rags also came to Europe about this time.

Wet rags, after long soaking and softening, were beaten to a pulp. Then the pulp was rolled out thin between rollers. When these thin sheets dried, they could be cut into pages that would take printing. Paper made from rags was of course much cheaper than parchment or vellum. It could easily be made in large quantities.

Between 1400 and 1450 a good many books were made by block printing. The first block printing was done on parchment. Later it was done on paper.

The block printed books were often ugly — not at all like the beautiful volumes made in the monasteries. Wealthy people turned up their noses at them. But poorer people were glad to get them. They had never before had any books at all. A great many pictures and single sheets of reading matter were also block printed and sold.

Here and there people were not satisfied with block printing. They began to think about having a separate little block for each letter. Then when a man had printed as many copies as he wanted of one book he could take the blocks apart and use the letters for another book.

The Chinese had tried something of this sort, but had not done much with it. It is said that men in various parts of Europe had experimented with the idea. But the credit for the invention of printing with movable type probably belongs to Johann Gutenberg of Mainz, Germany. The date of the invention is given by scholars as 1440, or about that time.

Gutenberg was a metal worker and a cutter and polisher of precious stones. He became interested in block printing and made a good many block prints to sell. But the idea of making separate letters interested him. Perhaps this was because he was used to working with small things.

According to the story that is commonly told, Gutenberg made the letters of the alphabet — a great many of each — out of wood. He set these up so that they made words. He made a frame to hold what he had set up and printed from this as he would have from a block.

But Gutenberg found that the wooden type broke and wore out easily. So he made some molds and cast metal type. This worked much better. However, he discovered that it took more

pressure to get the metal type to print properly. So he made a press to use in printing.

Some scholars now say that Gutenberg never made movable type from wood. They say that the first movable type he made was made from metal. Since we know that he was a metal worker, this seems very probable.

The first press Gutenberg used was rather like the presses used for squeezing juice out of grapes. Later he made a better one. This was probably the first printing press ever seen in the world.

It worked like this: The frame with the type lay on a kind of table. The type was inked and a sheet of paper was laid on it. In a framework over the table there was a big wooden screw. The screw had a square board fastened to its lower end. The screw could be turned so that the board rested on the paper and pressed it down firmly on the type.

At first Gutenberg used the same kind of ink that the monks used. This didn't work very well. It was too thin and made blots. After a time he mixed an ink that was thicker and more like paint. It worked much better.

Gutenberg wanted to print a large and beautiful Bible on his new press. In those days, the first book anyone thought of buying was the Bible. As he was giving all his time to his new work, Gutenberg's money gave out. He borrowed from a well-to-do goldsmith named Fust — indeed, took Fust into partnership.

After three years, the Bible was not yet completed. Fust needed his money. He brought suit against Gutenberg and won the suit. He took

Gutenberg's type and press and the unfinished Bible, leaving him nothing.

Somehow Gutenberg managed to get other help and started over again. In 1456, his Bible — a beautiful book — was completed. Some people think that he completed it, and some think that it was finished by Fust and his new partner. A few copies of it are still in existence. They are, of course, of enormous value.

It would be interesting to know what Gutenberg did later. But there are not many records about him after his Bible was published.

Europeans learned how to make paper just before the invention of printing. As a result of this combination, several million books were turned out in Europe between 1450 and 1500.

The monks had always written in Latin. Many of the new books were written in the language of the day. This made people much more eager to learn to read.

The first English printer was William Caxton. He printed all his books in English. Caxton was a scholarly man. If a book came to him in Latin, he turned it into English before he printed it.

3. PRINTING IN AMERICA

The first printers in what is now the United States were Stephen Daye and his son, Matthew. They set up a printing press in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638. They printed other things but did not print a complete book till 1640. Then they published the *Bay Psalm Book*. It was much used in churches for many years.

The best known of the early American printers was Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia. But he worked nearly a century later than the Dayes.

As time went on, printing presses were changed and improved in many ways. But printers continued to set up type by hand. Inventors planned machines that would set type. But they couldn't seem to work out any good way of distributing it after it was set up. They couldn't make a machine that would put the type back into boxes.

At last about sixty years ago a man named Mergenthaler, who lived in Baltimore, invented a wonderful machine called the *linotype*.

The operator of a linotype machine uses a keyboard quite like the keyboard of a typewriter. It

is larger, however, and has more keys. When the operator has typed out a line, the line, through the action of the machine, becomes a solid line of type. It is ready to use for printing. After the printing is done, the type can be melted down and used over again.

Another printing machine, invented by a man named Lanston, is the *monotype*. The operator of this also works with a keyboard. But the monotype casts separate letters, not separate lines. It is

easier therefore to make changes in monotype work than in linotype.

The linotype is used for newspaper printing and for other kinds of work that have to be done very fast. For books that have to be made with special care, the monotype is usually preferred because corrections can be made more easily.

There is a great deal more to learn about printing than this story tells. It is only a beginning. The subject has a great many sides. Then, too, there are a great many different kinds of vocations connected with printing. So it is a worthwhile subject for any boy or girl to look into.

Some Books to Read

"A Story of Books and Printing" was written for *Let's Go Ahead* by Douglas Alden. Two books in which you can read about the Middle Ages and the invention of printing are *Medieval Days and Ways,* by Gertrude Hartman; and *America's Heritage from Long Ago,* by Ola Wickham and Claude A. Phillips. An interesting story about a boy who was a printer in 1576 is *At the Sign of the Golden Compass,* by Eric Kelly; but you will find it too hard unless you are a very good reader. Two fine story books about life in the Middle Ages —

though not about printing — are *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* and *Otto of the Silver Hand,* both by Howard Pyle.

Sentences to Finish

Write on a paper the numbers from 1 to 16. Then write after each number the words that are needed to finish the sentence with that number.

1. The Middle Ages are sometimes called the Dark Ages because .....

2. At that time, books were usually made in the .....

3. There was no paper in those days; so books were written on .....

4. These books were called *manuscripts,* for the exact meaning of this word is .....

5. The monks weren't satisfied to use only black ink; they also used .....

6. The books made by the monks were carefully prepared and were usually very .....

7. Poor people could not own these books because .....

8. The first people who printed from movable type were the .....

9. People in Europe learned how to make paper from .....

10. Probably the credit for the invention of printing in Europe should go to .....

Lafayette Meets His Hero

On August first, 1777, the dream of a certain young Frenchman came true. He was not yet twenty years old, but for two years he had been trying to join the brave American Army. Because he considered George Washington the greatest man in the world, and because he loved liberty more than life, he had resolved to help America's Revolution.

But the young man's wife belonged to a rich, powerful, and noble family who wished him to stay at the court of the French King Louis. So he had to come to America in secret.

With a small party of friends he landed on the coast of South Carolina, and it took thirty-two days to ride north to Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress was meeting. When the eager youth offered to serve without pay, he was given a commission as Major General by the Board of War. "Now, comrades," he exclaimed triumphantly to his friends, "I am enrolled in the cause of freedom!"

On the next day the rest of his dream came true. General Washington rode into Philadelphia from his camp, six miles away. The British fleet had been sighted, and the General had many things to talk over with the Board of War. At the end of the lengthy discussion he was handed a list of the new officers who were to serve under him.

Putting a finger against a name he did not know, Washington asked, "When will this officer be presented to me?"

"This afternoon, General," was the reply. "We sent him an invitation to meet you at dinner."

When the invitation had come to the gallant young Frenchman, his heart almost burst with happiness. He could hardly wait until time to go. On reaching the mansion where the dinner was being held, he found it crowded with officers and congressmen. Suddenly a door opened, and in walked a tall man in the blue coat, buff waistcoat, light breeches, and high boots which composed the uniform of an American officer. The way he carried himself and the noble calm of his face made the young Frenchman gasp, "It is he! This is the great Washington, my hero!"

Slowly he drew near the General. And then Washington was looking straight into his eyes, while somebody said, "Your Excellency, this is our new Major General, the Marquis de Lafayette."

Washington saw a tall, athletic young man with a foreign look and an attractive face. The intense joy blazing in his eyes told Washington that the youth had long looked forward to this moment and that it was a true love of freedom which had drawn him across the seas. Deeply affected, the General held out his hand.

Heads turned. The buzz of voices ceased. All eyes watched the two greet one another. It was no ordinary meeting. For that day George Washington clasped the hand of a man who was to become one of the most picturesque persons in the Revolution and one of the dearest friends of his life.

Lafayette was overcome to be face to face with his hero. For a moment he blushed and stammered when Washington asked him a question. But soon he was relating some of the adventures of the long, hard journey from Paris to Philadelphia. Smiling, tossing back his head of reddish hair, flinging his slender hands, he tumbled out his words at a rapid rate and with a definitely foreign accent.

"Oh, that long, long way!" he concluded. "Fifty-two days of sea travel and then the dark forests of Carolina and Virginia! Almost, *mon général*, I lose hope of arriving!"

He laughed at the marvel of succeeding, of being there with the man whom he had wanted to meet above all others in the world.

Before the dinner was over, Washington invited the Marquis to stay at headquarters. "My staff is called my family, and I shall hereafter, my dear sir, regard you as a member of it."

Lafayette departed as if on wings. The next day he was asked by the General to go with him to inspect the Delaware River forts. Afterward they drove to the camp at Germantown, and the General reviewed the troops. In dismayed silence the Frenchman watched the ragged, poorly drilled men go through their crude maneuvers. Could this really be the American Army? Then he heard Washington's grave voice:

"We ought to feel embarrassed in presenting ourselves to an officer from the French Army."

At this Gilbert de Lafayette's heart leaped up in admiration of the man beside him. With only half-clothed, shabby companies to oppose the superb British troops, he had been able to defy them. By glorious leadership he had performed daring feats at Trenton and Princeton. With a humbleness

which went straight to Washington's tender heart, the Marquis said, "I came here to learn, not to teach, *mon général.*"

Two weeks later, attired in his elegant new Continental uniform, and astride a horse he had just purchased, Lafayette came galloping into the American camp. He brought to serve as aides two of the men who had accompanied him from France.

Watching his arrival, the old troopers grinned and whispered to one another, "He thinks this war is a play and he's dressed for a hero's part!"

But soon the young man won everyone's respect by his shy and modest ways.

One of the officers, Nathanael Greene, came in from helping Lafayette drill a company and said to Alexander Hamilton, "Perhaps this Frenchman will make a good officer in time."

Meanwhile fresh enemy troops had landed from their ships, and in the battle that took place near Brandywine Creek, the Americans proved no match for the well-armed foe. Washington was forced to retreat, and the enemy marched into Philadelphia.

One by one the forts along the Delaware River were captured. In order to watch the British, who had settled down for the winter in that vicinity, Washington made his camp at Valley Forge. Long before the soldiers could build their rough cabins, snow and icy cold set in.

The Board of War seemed unable to send food or clothing, and many of the soldiers went barefoot in the snow. They faced a cruel winter with nothing to encourage them except the wonderful spirit of their leader and his faithful officers.

In the retreat from Brandywine Creek, Lafayette had been wounded in the leg. When his wound healed, he was assigned to command the Virginia Company and did all he could to help the soldiers under him. He gave a sick man some of the blankets from his own bed and made hot tea in his copper kettle for those suffering most from the cold. His odd way of pronouncing the English language made them laugh, and he laughed with them. They loved him for sharing their hardships so bravely.

As Washington watched the gallant officer at work, he grew more and more fond of him. Quite often they had long talks, and each one added to Lafayette's admiration of the courage and patience of his hero.

Once Washington said to him, "If the enemy ever guesses how sick and hungry the American Army is, if they find out how many men have died of cold and disease, they will attack. If they do, they can wipe out our forces in a single battle."

In addition to other worries Washington knew that there were plots against him in the American Army of the North and in Congress. But the devotion of Gilbert de Lafayette filled him with gratitude and gave him new faith in his own power.

Never was spring so welcome at Valley Forge as in 1778. In the warm sunlight sick soldiers began to get well. General Greene was at last able to get wagonloads of wheat, corn, and potatoes to feed the men, and another officer secured uniforms. They were now able to drill again and liked serving under the Frenchman, who was a good drillmaster.

Now when Lafayette stood beside his commander to watch the troops go by in good marching order, he marveled at what they had accomplished. The great Washington had held fast to a dwindling army until it once more became a fighting unit.

But there was more than all this to give new life to America that spring. In May came great news. The moment he heard it, Lafayette rushed to headquarters, pushed aside all who blocked his way, seized General Washington in his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"*Mon général!* Thank God! Now we are one country! Oh, my friend, I have just heard the glorious, marvelous news!"

That wonderful news was speeding across the land. France was to be an ally of America! Now King Louis of France was to send ships, supplies, and money to help the Americans.

For weeks Lafayette had been thinking that he should go home to see his dear wife and baby. But now he knew that, as a Frenchman, it was his plain duty to stay and fight for the cause he had adopted. As for reward, he could want nothing better than the words General Washington spoke to him one happy day in May.

Clasping the hands of the joyous young officer, Washington said, "Your example, Marquis, has done more than any other one thing to bring about this alliance with France."

Thus it was that Gilbert de Lafayette, champion of freedom, shared America's darkest hour of the Revolution and the glorious turning point of the war.

THE FLYING BROTHERS

Since the days of the stagecoach and the "prairie schooner," much better ways of traveling have been invented — we all know that.

First came the steam engine, before which wild animals fled in terror as it went thundering through the wilderness. Even human beings were frightened when they looked for the first time at a steam train as it rushed by.

Then came automobiles, now so common a sight that our only interest in them — if we do not own one — is in getting out of their way as we cross the street.

Much improvement, too, has been made in ways of traveling over great waterways. The new-

est steamships, fitted with every comfort, carry their passengers across the ocean in a few days. Great airplanes and dirigibles move even more swiftly. Vastly different is this kind of trip from the weeks of discomfort spent by the Pilgrim Fathers in their little sailing ship, the *Mayflower*.

The air, aside from uncertain trips made in balloons, was, however, until quite recent years an unexplored region. Yet, men from earliest times have always dreamed of making flying machines. Why could these not be invented, they asked, as well as some of the other wonderful things worked out by human brains? But at such a suggestion, listeners usually laughed. "Man will never fly," they said.

At last, however, some of the dreamers began to study seriously this matter of flying. Just how did birds keep themselves up in the air, and move about in it so freely? Since men had no wings to help them, could they not invent something which would take the place of wings?

But the men who tried to make wings and fly like birds found that a man's muscles will not work as a bird's do. Wings called for wing mus

cles. People who tried to fly with artificial wings were usually hurt or killed. So inventors turned their attention to craft that was lighter than air — to balloons.

The French tried many experiments with balloons. One of the first large ones sent up in Paris came down in the country fifteen miles away. It had no passengers, for no one had yet dared attempt a balloon flight. Some people working in a field saw the balloon and were greatly alarmed. They first shot it, and then — terrified by the groan it gave as the air escaped — hacked it to pieces with their scythes and pitchforks.

It is a little hard to realize that this happened less than one hundred and fifty years ago.

The difficulty with balloons was that they traveled with the wind and could not be steered. Finally Santos-Dumont in France and Von Zeppelin in Germany worked out a scheme that made it possible to drive a balloon by means of a steam engine. The balloon part — made up of a number of gas bags — was protected by a rigid frame. Thus came the *dirigible airship* or *dirigible,* as it is now commonly called.

But men wanted something that would mo
faster and be easier to handle than the dirigibl
With this in mind, many inventors devoted the
time to trying to work out a heavier-than-air m
chine that would fly somewhat as birds do.

One after another made plans for such a m
chine. Years of study and experiment were d
voted to the work. But nothing of practical u
was given to the world till about forty years ag
Then it was that the two brothers, Wilbur a
Orville Wright, astonished everyone by showi
a "flying machine" that really worked. With t
machine people could not only stay up in t
air, they could also move about there in any
rection they wished.

Wilbur Wright was born near Millville, In
ana, in April, 1867, and Orville in Dayton, Oh
four years later. The boys were quite differe
Wilbur was blue-eyed, slow-moving, quiet, a
thoughtful. Orville was dark, quick in his mo
ments, active, and full of life. It was, perha
the differences between the two children t
made them such good companions — for g
companions they always were.

Their father was a minister — a quiet, thought-
, kindly man. Their mother — like all good
thers — was deeply interested in everything
t concerned her children. She made many of
ir playthings. Even bobsleds were turned out
her busy hands. Possibly a good deal of her
s' ability to build things came from her.

Orville was more skillful with his hands than
brother. Wilbur was fonder of reading than
ville. He liked to "make up stories" with

which he would entertain his young companions. However different the stories might be, they usually had something to do with machinery, and they nearly all had the same ending, "and the boiler burst."

Both the boys studied in the public schools of Dayton and in those of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where they also lived for a time. At home they made good use of the large number of books their father had collected.

When Orville was only fifteen, he and one of his friends started a four-page newspaper. They called it the *Midget*. Wilbur took no part in the editorial work, but was interested in the printing outfit which the young editors had made for themselves. Their father was much pleased at what the boys had undertaken. However, when they left the third page of one number of their paper blank because they had no news to put on it, he told them that they had better drop the newspaper business. He said they had no right to sell an incomplete paper.

The newspaper idea remained in the boys' heads, however. So, when Orville was seventeen,

ıe and Wilbur, together with the friend who had irst worked with them, started a small but "sure-enough" paper. They named it the *West Side News*. It had only four pages, each with three columns, and was published every week. The three young men did all the work. They wrote the articles, set them up in type, and did the printing on a printing press they had made themselves.

Later, the boys gave up the newspaper in order to open a little shop for repairing bicycles. This was at the time when almost everyone who was not too feeble rode a bicycle.

Though the young Wrights worked hard in their shop, they had plenty of fun. They were fine bicycle riders and delighted in "doing stunts." Orville was a racer, and was very daring. Wilbur, on the other hand, being lean and wiry, could hold out longer and became noted for the miles of road that he could cover at one stretch.

The people of Dayton still like to tell of the tandem bicycle the young men made out of two big wheels and fifteen feet of gas pipe. To see the brothers riding about on this was "a better

sight to see than a circus!" the amused onlook
declared.

Something other than the printing of news
pers or the repairing and riding of bicycles
already interesting the two brothers. This
terest had begun years before, when they w
little boys and their father had brought them fr
New York a toy flying machine made in Fra
It probably gave the children more pleasure th
any other gift they ever received. Also, it
them thinking about the possibility of ma
flying.

They took much delight in big kites wh
they made for themselves and watched as they f
overhead. Later on, when the young men w
busy with their bicycle shop, they began to r
about the work of a German named Lilient
This man was making short flights in the air
a device called a "glider."

A glider is an airplane that is moved by
wind, like a kite. Lilienthal's gliders were li
in weight with surfaces made of linen stretc
over wooden frames. He stood in an opening
the center of the glider, holding the machine v

hands. He began his practice flights by running down a gently sloping hill against the wind. sently he would let himself go off the ground, would glide slowly and easily to the foot of hill without touching ground again until he hed the foot.

he Wright brothers decided to learn everyg they possibly could about flying. They

studied many books. They also watched the bir
and the action of winds. Often, on Sunday aft
noons, they went together to a hill near Dayto
There, they would lie on the ground for hou
at a time, watching the birds in their flight.

They were particularly interested in buzzar
They tried to figure out just how these big bir
made use of the currents in the air as they r
higher and higher. Sometimes, in the bicy
shop, the Wrights would leave their work to ru
to the window as they caught sight of a flock
birds flying past.

And what arguments they had! The broth
were never tired of talking over what they h
seen. One would draw one conclusion, and t
other another. But they were always good-
tured in their arguments, because both were ea
to learn.

In after years their sister, Katherine, sp
laughingly of the way her brothers discussed th
problems. She said: "They argue and argue a
knock the bottom out of each other's theories t
at the end of three hours, you find Orv where
started, and Wil where Orv began. Then t

ill both burst out laughing. But their discus-
ons save them from making many useless experi-
ents."

The more the brothers thought about flying,
e more interested they grew, till at last every
are minute was spent in study and experiment.
or a long time they practiced flying about in the
r on gliders of a type that had already been in-
nted. These gliders were small and simple, but
experimenting with them the brothers learned
w to manage them very expertly.

Over and over again, the two young men would
to the top of a hill where, if the wind was right,
ey would enter a glider and float off into the air.
hey could not rise high in the machine. They
re merely carried by the wind, off the ground
d down the slope. They were never at any time
above the ground. If the wind was strong,
y might be carried quite a distance. If not,
glide came to an end in a few minutes.

At last the two brothers set to work and in-
ted a glider of their own. It was almost as
ple as a kite, with two main planes, a small
vator, and a twin rudder behind. They towed

it about in the air by a string, just as boys do thei
kites, and studied its action as they towed.

They experimented with such kite-like m
chines for many months. Their chances to f
them did not come very often, but they were p
tient, and worked constantly to make improv
ments.

How could the weight be changed to make t
glider more steady? How could the constructi
be altered so that it could be managed more p
fectly? These were some of the questions t
brothers thought about constantly and talked o
long and earnestly.

There was another important thing to stu
This was the air itself. You know how a bird fli
now soaring high, now moving nearer the ear
This is because the wind travels in waves that r
and fall as the waves of the ocean do. As
bird meets them, it either follows the crest of
waves or goes through it. This is exactly wha
boat does as it rides over the sea.

The Wright brothers studied the movement
birds very carefully, as you already know. T
learned all that they could in this way. Bu

as not enough to teach them how to make a satis-
ctory airplane. They wanted a machine that
ould carry them safely through the air in any di-
ction they wished and for an extended length
time.

In the year 1900, the brothers set up a camp on
ll Devil Hill at Kittyhawk in North Carolina.
ney planned to make experiments here during
eir short summer vacations. They said later that
this time they almost lost heart about ever really
ing. This was because they had found that so
ny things commonly taught about air move-
nts were wrong.

'It will be a thousand years before men can
" said Wilbur Wright. However, he and his
other kept steadily on with their work. They
re going to do what they could toward making
ng possible.

t was not long before they had made an im-
ved glider of their own. In this, they used
ideas of other men, together with entirely new
s of their own. They put the rudder of the
chine in front, and supplied wing tips that were
vable. The glider proved to be well balanced

and easily controlled. By means of the new a
rangement, they had solved one of the most dif
cult of flying problems – that of keeping the m
chine on an even keel.

For the next three years the young invento
made short flights in this new machine – alt
gether, nearly a thousand. It must be remer
bered that they had little money to use in the
experiments. But a good friend of theirs, Octa
Chanute, himself an engineer and a designer
gliders, had such faith in them that he help
them and encouraged them to keep on.

In 1903 came the next great step. The broth
equipped their flying machine with a gasoline
gine of their own invention. On the seventeer
of December of that year it made its first t
through the air at Kittyhawk, North Caroli

The brothers tossed up a coin to see wh
should fly first. Wilbur won the toss. He flew
twelve seconds.

Not much of a trip, you may say, as you think
the journeys made by airplanes today. But t
was the first time that a flying machine, fitted w
an engine, had been driven through the air wit

an on board and had come down to the earth
ain without harm to man or machine.

After that, Orville flew eight hundred and fifty-
o feet in this machine. He was up in the air for
y-nine seconds — and came down unharmed.
ter on in the day a high wind injured the ma-
ne badly as it lay on the ground. But a great
al had been accomplished, and the brothers
re now more hopeful.

They went back to their home in Dayton an built a second machine, in which they made man flights. Each time they were able to go farth until, in the year 1904, a journey of twenty-fou miles was made.

What had given them this success? It was th new type of rudder, reaching out in front, and th wing tips like those of a hawk. Did you ev watch a hawk or gull as it soars overhead? It always able to right itself by its wing tips. T Wright brothers had put into use a lesson learn from the birds. By the movable wing tips, as w as by the unusual rudder, they steered their n chine and made it move about in the air as th wished. The movable wing tips are called *ai rons* on the airplanes we see today.

But the brothers were not yet satisfied. Th was much more to be thought of and done bef a really useful flying machine could be made. the meantime there was much discussion in newspapers about the two men and what they h done. Of course there were still many peo who said, "I don't believe the stories the ne papers are telling about a flight of twenty-f

iles. Men never have flown in heavier-than-air achines and they never will."

But in 1908, such a long flight was made and so any people saw it that the whole world began to lieve. It happened at Fort Myer in Virginia, t far from Washington. Early one bright sum- er morning, Orville Wright and one of his ends rode out to the field. It was a beautiful y and the air was perfect for a flight.

Close by was the camp with soldiers quietly aning their guns on the grass. No one seemed cited or on the lookout for anything wonderful take place. The brothers had said little about at they hoped to do. Orville Wright went at ce to the tent where the machine was in wait- g. It was not the simple glider on which he had de so many trial trips in the past years. It was airplane fitted up with all the improvements brothers had invented.

The machine was brought out and placed on the ls from which the start was to be made. The ights were lifted and Orville Wright stepped on rd. A moment afterward it was moving along track, going faster and faster to develop speed.

Then, suddenly leaving the earth, it began to rise. Higher and higher it flew and away over the field till the far end was reached. There it turned about as easily and gracefully as a bird wheels in its flight.

Again and again it circled the field. The people standing below were almost breathless watching it. Ten minutes — twenty — passed, and still Orville Wright, calm, quiet, careful, guided the machine on its way.

A few minutes later a message came from a newspaper in the city. It asked, "Is Mr. Wright going to try a flight this morning?" The answer went back, "He is in the air now and has been for more than half an hour."

A crowd of distinguished people gathered at Fort Myer that afternoon, and they were not disappointed. Once more Orville Wright drove his airplane through the air, this time making a trip of over an hour. The beholders were filled with wonder, but this "bird-man" was not yet satisfied. He made a third flight, this time taking a friend with him. That day saw the greatest showing of aviation that had ever been made.

A little later Wilbur Wright went to France. At that time, the interest in flying machines was greater there than it was in America. Here he made some very successful flights. His success caused great excitement in Europe. Honors were heaped upon him.

The next year, 1909, found the brothers together again at Fort Myer. They were ready to give a test for the Government of the United States. What a change there was on this occasion from that of the year before! Then there had been quiet everywhere, with only a few soldiers cleaning their guns. Now there were crowds of people from all over the country, waiting, watching, anxious for the test to take place. Automobiles were drawn up along the sides of the field in great numbers. Tents had been put up for the use of President Taft and the other government officials. All were excited, expectant.

Orville Wright was to make the flight with one of his friends. Some days earlier, Wilbur had flown for a longer distance than his brother had flown the year before. It would soon be seen whether it would be possible to do better still.

The motor was started, and Orville Wright and one of his friends took their places in the seats of the airplane.

The "bird-man" gave the signal, and the machine was set free. It moved down the track, slowly at first, then faster and faster. A moment more and it had left the earth. It rose high above the field and the thousands of eager watchers. First, it headed toward the shed, where Katherine Wright was eagerly watching her brother's flight. Then it circled around, passing in its flight the place where President Taft was standing, watching intently.

An hour passed, and as the machine still kept on its way a tremendous shout went up from the crowd below. But the flyers above seemed to take no heed. Nine minutes and forty seconds more than an hour passed. That was the time that Wilbur Wright had spent in his last great flight. But he was not jealous of his brother. He rushed out, waving his handkerchief, and shouted, "Give him a cheer, boys."

What a cheer went up! It would be hard to put greater good will into any sound than was heard

there that day. Not long after this the airplane began to move downward, lightly and gracefully as a bird.

As Orville Wright stepped out, he was greeted by President Taft. The President thanked him in the name of the United States for solving the problem of the age — how can man fly?

Neither Wilbur nor Orville Wright lost their heads over the many honors that were now bestowed upon them. They remained simple, modest gentlemen. But they must have been pleased that their own country at last had shown interest and pride in their work.

Nor were the brothers satisfied. They believed that they could make still longer flights, and even remain in the air all day long. Yes, other wonderful things must be done, which would astonish the world still more. They were busier than ever. They started schools for flying in the United States and in other countries and made airplanes that were sold for high prices. They also made and sold motors for flying machines manufactured by the other people. Each year showed some improvement in their work. At last they were ab

to make an airplane so steady that they could keep it on an even keel in the face of a very strong gale.

The time was soon coming when one would be left to work on alone. In the spring of 1912, Wilbur Wright was seized with typhoid fever, and on the thirtieth of May he died. The whole world grieved that this man, who had done so much, must give up his work while he was still young and eager to go on.

His brother Orville has carried on the work, constantly striving to advance the means of flying. If you will look up his name in the book called *Who's Who in America,* you will find a long, long list of medals and other honors he has received because of what he has done for the science of flying.

Because of their modesty, and because they never asked or expected honors for themselves, people sometimes forget how much we owe the Wright brothers. We should remember that they were the first to fly in a heavier-than-air machine and that they invented the system of control used in all flying machines today. They brought a

great light of new knowledge to the world. For this, the world owes them appreciation and gratitude.

Some Books to Read

This story is adapted from a book about famous people — *The Light-Bringers,* by Mary H. Wade. In the book, the story is called "The Wright Brothers." A book that explains very simply how flying in an airplane is done is *Playing Airplane,* by John F. McNamara. Another good book on this subject is *Zoom,* by George R. White. *Skyways,* by Charles C. Hall, gives an interesting history of aviation. *The Picture Book of Flying,* by Frank Dobias, gives a history of flying, largely told in pictures. *Cruisers of the Air,* by C. J. Hylander, tells the story of dirigible aircraft. A book that tells the experiences of two children who crossed the Pacific in an airplane is *Flight of the Silver Bird,* by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. It is interesting and is easy to read. *The Airplane Book,* by William Clayton Pryor, tells about two children who visit an airport and have their first airplane ride.

Finish the Sentences

Copy on paper the numbers shown below. Write after each number a statement about the word or phrase that goes with the number. Your statements must tell things that are told in "The Flying Brothers," but it does not

The Mazer of Lucrezia
court meet, f London is governed. Sometimes the Lord Mayor entertains the King in the Guildhall. Some years ago, when the King of Denmark was visiting King George V, the Lord Mayor gave a luncheon for the two kings. All the way from the King's palace to the Guildhall, the streets were hung with splendid gold-fringed banners and other decorations belonging to the guilds of London. These are brought out at times like this, or for a coronation, or on Lord Mayor's Day.

On November 9, when the new Lord Mayor takes office, he rides through the streets in a great red and gold coach, which is part of a long procession. All the guilds of London take part in the "Lord Mayor's Show," as it is called. The officers of the guilds are invited to the grand dinner in the Guildhall and to the ball at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor lives. In 1887, when Queen Victoria's first Jubilee was held, the Lord Mayor gave a reception in the Guildhall for five thousand guests. Among them were four kings, princes from almost every country in the world, and hundreds of famous persons. The London Guildhall has been part of the history of England for eight hundred years.

THE MAZER OF LUCREZIA

An Island of Glassmakers

Marco stood at a window in his grandfather's tall house in Murano, watching the sun rise over the Adriatic Sea. The sky was violet and rose and amber, like a great window of stained glass.

Murano is one of the seventeen islands on which the city of Venice is built.

Glass was made in Venice more than a thousand years ago. Since the furnaces were kept going day and night, the wooden glasshouses sometimes

caught fire. As the city grew, some of the fires which started in the glasshouses spread to other buildings. Everyone knew that if one of these buildings caught fire at night, when a strong sea wind was blowing, the whole city of Venice might go up in flames.

So it was decided that the glassmakers should move to the island of Murano, about a mile away, and have it to themselves. Marco's grandfather's grandfather had been one of these glassmakers. He had built the house in which Marco now lived and the glasshouse next door, where the furnaces were.

The glasshouse, a one-story building, was separated from the house by a private canal leading to the public canal on which both buildings fronted. Marco, from the window high up in his grandfather's house, looked down upon the glasshouse and the canals.

Soon a servant brought in bread and cheese and fruit on a tray for Marco's breakfast. The table was never set for breakfast in the dining room. Each person in the family—Marco, his sister Lucrezia, and his grandfather—had breakfast in his own room.

Marco ate as he stood at the window. Looking out, he saw fishing boats with red and orange sails and fruit boats loaded with melons and plums.

Like most buildings in Venice, the house was so close to the public canal that a gondola could come up to the front steps. Boats could go through the water gate, at the entrance to the private canal, to bring wood for the fires, or sand, lime, ashes, and other things used in making glass. Marco could see a boat down there piled with round, open baskets of beads—red, blue, black, and white. The boat was starting for another part of Venice where women and girls would string these beads in bunches, for sale.

The boys who kept the fires burning in the furnaces at night had gone home, and the "day boys" had come. Now the glassmakers were coming to their work. One of them looked up, saw Marco, and

took off his cap. Marco laughed and waved to him. This was Zuan Trevisan, a young glass blower who had taught Marco many interesting things about the work. Usually Zuan worked with the other glassmakers in the large workroom of the glasshouse, where the big furnace was. But Marco's grandfather had a smaller furnace in a room of his own at the glasshouse, and sometimes he let Marco and Zuan work there. Some day, Marco would own the glasshouse and be the master.

Marco and his sister Lucrezia had lived with their grandfather since their father and mother had died of the plague some years before. Perhaps they cared more for each other than most brothers and sisters do, for when Marco was small, Lucrezia had been like a little mother to him. Now she was a beautiful girl, with golden brown hair braided like a crown, eyes brown like Marco's, and skin like a white rose.

A year or two ago, her grandfather had been thinking of arranging a marriage between Lucrezia and Arrigo Capello, a young Venetian officer of a great family. Lucrezia's grandfather and the Capellos had discussed it, but nothing had been settled. Now the young officer was away at the war.

The glassmakers' guild was so important to

Venice that sometimes a young man of an old Venetian family would marry the daughter of a glassmaker and take her to live in his palace. But Marco would have been better pleased to hear that his sister was to be married to Zuan. She had said nothing, but Marco thought she did not like their grandfather's plan any better than he did.

As he finished the last bit of bread, Marco saw, far out at sea, a long galley, coming up to the harbor, with great oars moving like a machine. He raced down to tell Lucrezia and his grandfather. That ship had taken some of their glass to be sold in other countries. All the merchants who had sent out goods on that galley would be on the Rialto, the market place of Venice, to see what sort of cargo she had brought back. The old boatman, Piero, was already at the steps to take his master there.

But the old glassmaker was not ready to go.

"Tell Piero to wait," he said to Marco, "and to move his boat away from the landing. Piombo is coming this morning to talk to me about those olive oil flasks."

Marco knew then that the boatman would have to wait some time. The oil merchant, Piombo, always came about this time of year to order glass

bottles and flasks. He always tried to get them for less than they were worth. But he never did.

"Have you heard anything about our glass that went on that galley, Grandfather?" asked Marco.

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "I have heard from a man who met the captain in Antwerp. He said

that the captain was taking our glass to London, to exchange it for wool. Then he was going to take the wool to Flanders to exchange it for the fine cloth made there.

"He had already sold all our beads to traders, who sell them to the caravans going to Africa to trade with the people of the desert. The captain wrote me not long ago that he had sold all the cloth at a good price. He will have the money for me at any time. There is no hurry."

Marco would have liked to be there to see the galley unloaded, but he knew there was nothing to do but wait. He went into the glasshouse to see Zuan.

In the Glasshouse

The men who had just come to work were all in the large workroom, where the big furnace was. At each of its four "mouths," or openings, a man and his helper could work. The crucibles—clay pots made to stand great heat—were full of melted glass. It had been mixed the day before and kept over the fire all night, to be ready for the workmen in the morning.

The men in the workroom seemed to be talking excitedly as Marco came in the door. He heard one of them say to Zuan, "And they say that a lot of

he soldiers have come home from the war on hat galley."

"That is good news for their friends," said Zuan, s he turned to look at the furnace fire. Everyone new that the war was over, and that the enemy ad lost. Italy at that time was not one country nder one king. Each city was a little state by itself nd ruled the towns and villages around it. These tates often were at war. Venice had been at war with Padua, and Padua had lost.

Marco knew why Zuan did not care to talk about he return of the soldiers. Arrigo Capello would be coming home, and the talk of Lucrezia's marriage would begin again. Marco wished, as he had wished more than once lately, that he could show his grandfather how good a glassworker Zuan really was. He knew that the foreman never would say a good word for Zuan, for he did not like the young glass blower.

Every master glassmaker had some secrets of his own. A secret for making clear glass that was both light and hard had been handed down in Marco's family. There were wonderful pieces of this glass in the house, made by an old workman who had died before Marco was born. Since this man had died, most of the glass made here was of the com-

moner kinds the other workmen could make. It was good glass, and always sold well. But Marco had seen Zuan do much finer work than the others could.

Zuan was getting ready to make a flask of this clear glass now. Marco had seen him work a great many times, but it was always interesting to watch.

The young glass blower dipped the end of his six-foot blowpipe into the melted glass in the crucible, let the soft lump cool a second, and dipped it again. Then he began to blow the glass like a

soap bubble. As he turned it this way and that, blowing harder or not so hard, it began to look like a bottle with a long neck. A glass blower has to do his work very quickly and do it right, because the glass is cooling all the time. If it is not right when finished, the glass blower cannot change it. He must break it into the jar of spoiled glass, and start again.

At a sign from Zuan, his helper handed him the pontil, an iron rod with a drop of melted glass on the tip. Zuan stood his flask on this, cutting it off the blowpipe, which he gave to the helper.

The flask was still hot, but not too soft to stand alone, and the drop of melted glass held it to the pontil. Zuan held the pontil straight up, and spun it between his hands. The bottom of the flask flattened. The body and neck took the lines he meant them to have.

Next Zuan took small tongs and made a lip in the mouth of the flask for pouring out oil or wine.

Before glass blowers learned how to do all this, they left

the bottom of a flask or cup round, just as it came off the blowpipe. To make the flask stand up, a basketwork straw base was made for it.

Zuan's flask looked as light and clear as a bubble. Even the one little rough place on the bottom, where he had broken the drop of glass that held it to the pontil, hardly showed. He dropped the flask into a bed of soft ashes, and then set it in the annealing oven, to cool slowly. Glass that has not been annealed may break of itself if it is left to cool suddenly. Beside Zuan's perfect flask, the other pieces looked like practice work.

Marco was so impatient that he could not stay still in one place. He went out into a long shed where two men were making beads. These men had each blown a straight tube of soft glass. They joined the end of one tube to the end of the other and began to walk away from each other. They pulled on the glass tube until it was several feet long. As the tube cooled, they quickly cut it into short pieces, then into beads.

The beads were then put into an iron pot with fine sand and ashes. They were stirred and shaken over the fire to grind off all the sharp edges. Then the smooth beads were washed in clean water, dried, and stored in reed baskets.

Marco and Lucrezia

Marco took a handful of sea-blue beads like some he had seen Lucrezia using in making a hair net. Then he went to find her in the little garden. She was sitting on a marble bench by an old red wall, among blossoming vines and bushes, older than she was. He put the beads in the little glass dish in her lap and sat down.

"Are you going to the Rialto with Grandfather?" she asked, after she had thanked him for the little service.

"Not unless he wants me," said Marco. "I thought this might be a good time to do some work with Zuan. I wish Grandfather could see what he has made."

"You have never showed him any of the pieces?" asked Lucrezia.

"No. They have always been put in with the other men's work and sent off to be sold. Besides, you know Grandfather has been away half the time, this last year."

Lucrezia stopped threading beads on her needle. She reached up and picked a red oleander blossom and sat looking at it.

"I heard some news this morning," she said. "Our Maria has been talking with the oil merchant's man. He says that when all the officers have come home, the Foscari mean to give a supper that will be talked about in Venice until the next war."

Marco knew what that supper would be like. The Foscari palace was very grand, with rich carpets and tapestries, and gold and silver dishes. If Lucrezia were married to Arrigo Capello, she would be a guest at the supper. But she was not married yet.

"There will be among the guests a French prince and many other strangers," she went on. "The Foscari are going to order the best glass of Murano, to show their guests what we can do that no one else can."

Marco began to understand. "Only one man in

our glasshouse," he said, "can do anything that the Foscari would even look at."

"I am glad there is one," said his sister, with a little smile, and she began stringing more blue beads.

"Now I know I am not going over to the Rialto to see that galley unloaded," said Marco, getting up. "Grandfather will be surprised."

"He will be pleased," said Lucrezia. "He is always glad to see you interested in the work."

Zuan's Gift

Marco easily got leave to work with Zuan in his grandfather's workroom. He started the fire in the furnace there as soon as his grandfather had gone to the Rialto.

For some time, the foreman kept Zuan busy in the large workroom. But at last the young glass blower came into the room where Marco was. Marco had a crucible of melted glass all ready. He

had brought it from the big furnace and kept it hot, over the fire.

Zuan took something out of a basket. "I finished this last night in my room," he said, "for a gift."

Marco did not ask if it was for Lucrezia. He knew.

It was a mazer, or drinking cup, on a slender stem with a decoration somewhat like the wings of a bird. The bowl of the cup was about five and one half inches across, and a little more than an inch deep. On the clear, thin glass were birds and flowers, drawn with a diamond point. The cup looked as if it had been made in fairyland.

While Marco was admiring the mazer, the door opened and a tall man walked in. He was Andrea, the steward of the Foscari palace, who did nearly all the buying for his master. "I am looking for mazers of clear glass," he said.

The steward looked tired and worried. He knew that his master did not care what he paid for a mazer, if the right one could only be found. But he had not yet been able to find it.

"My master says that a drinking cup made of colored glass is not fit to use for wine, and he is right. Can you show me—"

Then Andrea saw Zuan's mazer on the table, in

the sunshine. He stood with his mouth open, and forgot what he was going to say.

At last he asked, "Is this for sale?"

"I made it for a gift," said Zuan. "But I can make others. For your master, the coat of arms of the Foscari might be part of the decoration."

Just then Marco saw his grandfather getting out of the boat and ran out to call him into the workroom. The old glassmaker was as pleased and surprised as Marco had hoped he would be.

"This is a very beautiful piece," he said to Zuan. "Let us see you make another."

Zuan took some of the melted glass and, with Marco helping him, made another mazer. Then he went with Andrea to the Foscari palace to find out how many mazers and other pieces of glass would be wanted, and what the decoration should be.

At the great supper at the palace, all the glass on the table was the work of Zuan. But the mazer made as a gift for Lucrezia was first used when she and Zuan were married.

Gilds of Craftworkers

The boys and girls were having an interesting time finding out how people lived and worked in the Middle Ages. From pictures and books they had gathered many ideas about life in the cities and castles of European countries in the days before America was discovered.

"Let's study something new," Robert suggested. "Ever since I can remember, I have heard stories about knights and lords in their medieval castles. They were always leading their men off to war or fighting tournaments at home. There must have been some people who were working or playing instead of fighting. I'd like to learn a few things about them."

"At the library I found a fine book about the gilds of craftsmen," said Lena. "The pictures showed the gildsmen in gay processions on festival days and at work in their shops with different kinds of tools and materials. Some of their work reminded me of things we are learning to make in arts and crafts here at school. Maybe we could learn better ways to do our weaving, bookbinding, and clay modeling from books about gilds."

"Wouldn't it be fun to organize gilds, as the workers did in the Middle Ages!" exclaimed Bruce.

After much discussion, the class decided to divide into three gilds: a potters' gild, a weavers' gild, and a gild for the makers of books. They wrote on the blackboard these plans for work:

1. Each gild member will make something to gain skill in his craft.

2. Those in each gild will hunt through books, pictures, and exhibits to find out the way their craft developed in different countries.

3. The members of each gild will give an assembly program to tell their parents and friends interesting things that they have discovered about handicrafts.

Gilds in the Middle Ages

HOW GILDS WORKED

Since no one in the class knew much about medieval gilds, Miss Strong, their teacher, found some books they could use along with their own histories and the encyclopedia. She suggested that the boys and girls try to find four things:

1. The kinds of gilds.
2. Rules for the gildsmen.
3. Special work by the gilds.
4. Why gilds disappeared.

The class agreed to study these points for a few days and, on Monday, to have a discussion on everything they had read in the books about gilds. Some of the girls and boys went to the public library to get more information. Many took books from the school library, so that they might read at home during the week end.

Monday morning there were many pupils ready to tell what they had found about gilds in the Middle Ages. Several boys and girls had made notes which they read to the class.

Warren had found some facts about the kinds of gilds. He said, "About eight hundred years ago, most of the craftsmen in Europe belonged to some kind of gild. There were hundreds of

different gilds. Their members did all sorts of things, from ringing church bells to mending walls. I shall read a list I made to give you a better idea of the various kinds of work done by gildsmen.

"There were gilds for repairing bridges, gilds for maintaining highways, bakers' gilds, grocers' gilds, gilds for goldsmiths and silversmiths, separate gilds for brewers, druggists, carpenters, weavers, tailors, furriers, dyers, and gilds for wandering minstrels. You see, every group of workers had its own gild. There were many more gilds than I have listed."

"Let us go on to the next point," Miss Strong suggested. "Now that Warren has given you some idea of the great number of gilds, you will easily understand that rules were needed to help all these groups manage their affairs. What did you find about the rules they made?"

"I found that inspectors watched the work of the gildsmen," said Phyllis. "Each gild chose its own inspectors to see that the craftsmen did work of fine quality, and used honest weights and measures. If a member of the gild did poor work, the inspector destroyed it. Therefore the weaver was careful to make smooth cloth, and the potter worked slowly to shape a round bowl."

"There were rules about working hours and holidays," John said, reading from his notes. "All the members of a gild worked the same number of hours a day, and they could not work extra hours at night unless they had to make luxuries for the noblemen.

"On days before festivals all the shops, except those that sold pastry and sweetmeats, had to close at three o'clock in the afternoon. Gild members were not allowed to work on Saturday afternoons, Sundays, or holy days." John looked up from his notes and smiled, "You know our word 'holiday' comes from holy day. Father

says there were many festivals in the Middle Ages and the gilds celebrated them with magnificent parades. We still celebrate some of the same holidays."

"In my book there was a rule about prices," Edith remarked. "All members of any gild, like the weavers, for example, had to pay the same price for their materials. If one member found a bargain, or learned of a new idea, he had to share it with the other workers in his gild. It was forbidden for any gildsman to undersell his neighbors.

"All members of a gild were expected to set the same prices upon their products. These prices depended, of course, on the cost of materials and the time the gildsmen had spent working on them. The only time a craftsman could set his own prices was during the fairs which were held a few times each year. The gild members did not think it was right for one man to become very rich and another to be very poor."

"That's true," James went on. "The gilds made rules so that their members would co-operate. If a gildsman could not get his work done on time, some of his fellow workers were expected to help him finish it. If a man died, the other gildsmen paid for his funeral and helped to provide for his wife and children. Lodges do the same thing now.

My father says that some of them may have started as gilds in the Middle Ages."

"I found that each gild did its own special work and that the rules would not allow it to make other things," said Nancy. "Members of a gild that made shoes could not mend them. Men that made hats were not allowed to make caps. Usually each workroom had a shop where articles the men made were put out to be sold. Each was a special shop. If you wanted to buy a bow and arrow, you went to one shop for your bow, to another to buy the string for it, and to a third shop to find arrows."

"Each gild was organized like a club," Ruth said. "The members elected officers who collected dues and fines and settled any quarrels that arose."

"I like the way the gildsmen tried to give every worker a fair chance," Tom exclaimed.

"Yes," said Miss Strong. "But the gilds could not prevent all kinds of unfairness. You cannot make rules that will force people to be honest and helpful, if they do not want to be. Do you know whether the gilds did anything besides craftwork?"

"I discovered that some of them started schools," Harold answered. "The gildsmen

wanted their children to have an education. They paid the schoolmasters and found rooms where they could hold classes."

"During the Middle Ages the gilds did a great deal for the Church," Judith reported, glancing at her notes. "They helped support the churches and priests. Many workers helped to build the cathedrals. French gilds gave money for some of the stained glass windows in the beautiful cathedral at Chartres. The story of 'Noah and the Ark' is pictured in a window given by the wheelwrights, the carpenters, and the coopers. In some of the panels at the bottom of the windows you can see them with the tools of their trade."

BOTTOM PANEL OF STAINED GLASS WINDOW—CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

"Until I read it yesterday, I did not know that the gilds helped to protect the towns in those days," Max remarked. "They kept watch just as our policemen do and they warned the people of fire or attack."

"The gilds were so useful and important that it seems strange they disappeared," said Miss Strong. "Did you find out why they lost their power?"

"I know one reason," answered Joan. "People began to invent machines near the end of the Middle Ages, which was about the time America was discovered. It was quicker and easier to make things by machinery, and it soon became cheaper, too. This was bad for the gildsmen, because they worked by hand with their own tools. Some of the masters had enough money to buy the new machines. But other gildsmen had to give up their hand tools and learn to work on the machines for the factory owners. This change broke up the gilds, because the members saw that skill in a craft was not enough to give them control of their own work."

"My book explained the way people's ideas were changing in those days," Oscar said. "New parts of the world were discovered. Stories were told about the finding of gold. People began to think more about getting rich. Craftsmen became eager to make more money for themselves. Soon they were disobeying the strict rules of the gilds, because they did not want to be bothered

with thinking about their fellow-gildsmen all the time. As the craftsmen made journeys and heard about the cities and trade of other lands, they were not satisfied with the small gilds in their own towns."

"Yes, but some gild members were suspicious of workers from other places. They called all such workers foreigners, even though the workers only came from a different town in the same country," Ann added.

"There were even fights between gilds of neighboring towns. Perhaps the craft gilds would have lasted longer if the members had been willing to co-operate with workers in other towns and countries. By trading with outsiders they might have gained new ideas and been ready to change with the times."

"I found a different reason for the decline of the gilds," Jean said. "They say it became harder and harder for men to become master craftsmen. There had come to be so many skilled workers that the gild officers decided to make the examinations more difficult. They required such perfect 'masterpieces' that the young craftsmen became discouraged. Some workers tried to carry on their trade without joining a gild and others tried to break up the gilds."

"Miss Strong, do you think the trade unions today are like the old gilds?" asked Frank.

"Perhaps they seem alike in some ways," Miss Strong answered. "But there are important differences. Now each trade union is made up of men in the same work all over the country, but in the Middle Ages the members of a gild all lived in the same town and worked at one craft, or trade.

"You remember that each group of workers in a town had its own gild and each was highly specialized. Modern trade unions are beginning to unite all the men who work in a single big industry, even though different groups make different things. Now the local unions belong to big central organizations, which may be national or international. This makes the modern trade unions stronger than were the separate gilds of medieval times.

"Trade unions today do not allow employers to join their unions, but the medieval craft gilds included masters or employers, journeymen, and apprentices.

"Nowadays there are many women workers in certain trade unions, but, in the days of the gilds, only men were allowed to belong to the labor organizations.

"Today there are many unions of white-collar workers, such as stenographers, bookkeepers, writers, teachers, librarians, musicians, actors, and artists. There were not many such gilds organized in the Middle Ages.

"The old craft gilds made their own rules to insure good workmanship in the wares they sold. Members of trade unions today care a great deal about good standards of work, too, but just now they are more interested in securing fair wages, shorter hours, and good working conditions for all laborers," Miss Strong added.

"Aren't there some gilds left?" asked Louise.

"Yes, some unions are called gilds today. Other kinds of societies sometimes use the name gild, too," Miss Strong answered. "In Europe there are still signs of the old gilds. When the Lord Mayor of London takes office, there is a procession with many people dressed in costumes like those used for gild pageants since medieval times.

"I want to read to you a description of a gild procession which took place in 1268," she went on. "Just at that time Venice had a new ruler, or doge, as he was called. The gildsmen marched before him and his wife, saluting and singing and calling out, 'Long live our lord, the noble Doge Lorenzo Tiepolo!'

"The historian, Canale, describes this procession in his Chronicle:

"'First the master smiths, with garlands on their heads and banners and trumpets; then the furriers apparelled in samite and scarlet silk . . . and the ten master tailors in white with crimson stars. Then the master clothworkers passed, carrying boughs of olives and wearing crowns of olives on their heads . . . and the quilt makers with garlands of gilt beads and white cloaks sewn with fleur-de-lis, marching two by two, with little children singing before them.' . . . 'Then came the glassworkers carrying flasks and goblets of the famous Venetian glass before them, and the comb and lantern makers with a lantern full of birds to let loose in the Doge's Presence, and the goldsmiths wearing wreaths and necklaces of gold and silver beads and sapphires, emeralds, diamonds . . . Each craft was accompanied by its band of diverse instruments and bore with it silver cups and flagons of wine, and all marched in fine order.'"

SOMETHING TO DO

Some of the following sentences are true and some ar false. Rewrite those which are false, changing the word ing so as to make them true.

1. In the Middle Ages there were not more than thirt gilds.

2. The gilds had inspectors to see that all the wor done by members of the gild was of good quality.

3. The rules of the gilds said that no workman mus ever work at night.

4. The rules said that all gild members had to pay th same price for materials.

5. The rules said that each gild could make only cer tain things.

6. The gilds helped the church.

7. The gilds helped to make schools.

8. The invention of machinery helped the gilds to grow

9. The gilds disappeared because the kings ordere them to disband.

10. The gilds were exactly like our labor unions.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

1. At your age, how would you like to choose you life's work and begin learning it by serving as an appren tice in some shop? Which trade of today would you choose? Which trade would you have preferred if yo had lived in the Middle Ages?

2. What rules did the gild members have to obey? Were the rules fair to all members and to the masters?

3. What were some of the good things which the gilds accomplished?

THE GIRL WHO DID WHAT SHE WANTED

I don't advise anybody who reads this story to try to remember very much of it, except the part about Marie Curie herself. There are two reasons for this. The first is that many new things are being found out because of the discoveries made by Madame Curie and her husband. So any scientific knowledge given in this story may soon seem old-fashioned. The other reason is that radium, the new metal the Curies discovered, is really a very difficult thing to write about. I don't understand it very well myself. I am only trying to say very simply what I have been told by people who *do* understand it.

If you will remember that the facts I am giving you are only snippets, I think you'll be interested and want to know more. That is the way *I* feel. This, anyhow, is the story:

Marie Curie is one of the very few women who have found out new facts about the world we live in. There have been one or two such women, but very few. Not many women have been good at engineering, or designing ships, or inventing machinery. Perhaps quite soon there will be more. Perhaps some girl who is reading this book will be one of the people that my grandchildren and great-grandchildren will read about.

Before Marie Curie married, her name was Marie Sklodowska. She was born in Warsaw — the capital of Poland — in 1867. Andrew Johnson was president of the United States then, and Queen Victoria reigned in England. Marie's father was a teacher of science and mathematics at one of the schools in the town. Her mother had died young, leaving a family of four children.

Her father was called Dr. Sklodowski. You see "ski" is the masculine, "ska" the feminine, ending in Polish names. In his free time at home, Dr

Sklodowski used to do scientific experiments. He thought it was important to learn not to depend too much on books. He said that people ought, themselves, to work with the chemicals, or machinery, or whatever it is they are trying to learn about, if they want to find out anything new.

But the people who ran the school where he taught, did not agree with him. So there was no good laboratory in the school, and Dr. Sklodowski very often had to buy what he needed and work with it at home. He could not afford to pay anyone to help him keep his laboratory in order. So he had to take care of things himself.

When she was nine or ten, his daughter Marie began coming into the laboratory when he was working. She used to wear a large apron and bring in several dusters, and she would make the place tidy for him. She was very neat and careful and didn't break things. At first he thought that she came only as a sort of game and that her interest would soon be over. But she began to ask questions — very intelligent questions. He found that she was really interested in what went on in the laboratory.

As soon as he found this out, he began to teach her. Even when she had to go to school, Marie went on helping her father in the evenings. When she was in her teens she could be trusted to have all the things ready in the laboratory for the next day's work. Her father got into the habit of trying on her the lecture that he was going to deliver to the students. He did this to see whether it was too long or too short, or too hard or too easy. In this way she learned a great deal.

Marie grew up to be a very pretty girl. She was interested in many things besides what went on in the laboratory. She grew up in a very sad time, when Poland was far from a peaceful country. The Russian Czar ruled over most of Poland, and the people hated having a foreign ruler. Those who dared to do so rebelled against him in as many ways as they could.

The Czar forbade the use of the Polish language in the schools. The Poles were not allowed to dance their national dances or sing their national songs. Of course — and all the more because it was forbidden — the Poles wanted to use their own language, dance Polish dances, and sing Polish songs. But these things were supposed to be signs of rebellion. If people were caught rebeling, they might be sent to Siberia to stay there as prisoners for many years.

Marie loved Poland. She was a rebel at heart. But she and her friends were young people and could not do much against the Czar's soldiers and secret police.

Her father was a poor man. The family needed help. So after Marie had earned her diploma at

school, she got work as a governess. She worked as a governess for several years. Then, with the help of her older sister, she was able to go to Paris and study.

At one time she had thought she would study in Cracow, a Polish city in Austria, but for some reason she changed her mind. It is said that the secretary of the university there was asked to put her down as a student of physics and chemistry. But he told her, so the story goes, that this sort of study was too hard for women and that he would put her down for the class in cooking.

Anyhow, she did not go to Cracow, but went to Paris. In that city, the best work in the sort of science that she had been studying was being done. She went to the famous college called the Sorbonne, a part of the University of Paris.

It wasn't long before her professors began to notice this gifted Polish girl, with her blue-gray eyes and her mass of fair, wavy hair. The head professor told Pierre Curie, one of the young professors, that he had better look after and help Marie Sklodowska, since she was a very brilliant student. So he began helping her when he could,

and Marie Sklodowska and Pierre Curie fell in love and decided to marry.

But Marie did not give up her work when they married. That wasn't at all her idea or Pierre's. In fact, part of their plan in marrying was that they should go on together with the work they both loved.

Now at that time — it was in 1896 — Pierre Curie and some of the other scientists at the Sorbonne were working to find out more about an odd metal called *uranium*. Uranium is found in pitchblende. That is a blackish-brown, heavy mineral found in Czechoslovakia and, in smaller quantities, in a number of other places. Uranium seemed to have some strange qualities. For one thing, scientists found that at times it seemed to give out a faint, greenish-yellow glow.

One day some men who were studying uranium tried an experiment. At the bottom of a drawer they had a photographic plate with no photograph on it. On top of it they put a medal of some kind. On top of that they put some pitchblende. Of course, when the drawer was shut it was dark inside. When they opened it, however, after some

time, they found that there was an outline of the medal on the photographic plate.

A photograph cannot be made without light. The only thing in the drawer from which light could have come was the pitchblende. The scientists decided that it was the uranium in the pitchblende that gave the light.

But the Curies, especially Marie, believed that there was something in the pitchblende even more interesting than uranium. After a time, Pierre Curie discovered that absolutely pure uranium did not give out light. So the Curies decided that something else mixed with the uranium must have been doing all the unusual things that they thought had been done by the uranium.

The trouble was that there seemed to be very, very little of this new stuff in the amount of pitchblende that they had. So it was hard to find out anything definite about it. You know, if you are shown only about a square inch of an animal, it would be very hard to tell whether it was a cat or a rabbit or a squirrel or a guinea pig.

Well, so it was in this case. They finally decided that there was one thing they must do. They must

get a great deal more of the heavy, blackish-brown pitchblende. Marie Curie thought it would be fine if she had a real mass of it. Then there would be more chance of having enough of the unknown thing to work upon.

So she got someone to write to the Austrian Government and ask for some. Austria sent them from Bohemia a ton of waste pitchblende. Taking care of a whole ton of pitchblende was a heavy undertaking. At first they had to work with spades and pails, there was so much of it. Every cupboard and storage place in the Curies' laboratory was bulging and bursting with pitchblende.

Every crumb of the pitchblende had to be examined, and tested and tested again. They tested it for electricity. They tested it to see what color it turned a flame. They tried all sorts of chemical tests with it. They noticed that if they worked for many hours with pitchblende their hands began to suffer. In fact, Pierre Curie's hands became quite crippled.

Well, to cut a long story short, it was found that they had been quite right. It had been because the uranium they had used had not been pure that it had behaved in such an odd way. After a great deal of work, Marie Curie, with the help of Pierre, was able to separate from the uranium something which she named *polonium.* (She named it after her native country, Poland.)

But this polonium was nothing to the strange substance which she managed to refine out afterward. It was something that had never been seen in the world before. She named it *radium.*

This radium looked like whitish earth, or powdered metal. There was very little of it even in that whole ton of pitchblende. It seemed to give off enough light to take photographs with if you

gave it time. If you mixed a little of what is called *zinc blende* with it, it gave off a sort of colored light. It was slightly warm, without being on fire. It changed certain other chemicals when it touched them. It turned the glass tubes in which it was kept mauve or pink.

Marie Curie, of course, published the results of her discovery. Then all kinds of scientists began to get very much excited, and Marie found herself a famous woman. English scientists were very much interested. She was invited to come to London and was presented there with the Davy Medal — a medal given only to very distinguished scientists. Later, she also received, together with her husband, the Nobel prize in Physics — a very great honor given in Sweden.

It seemed to scientists then as though an entirely new world had been opened up. These tiny bits of radium had taught them something about the way in which all matter is built — something they had not known before. And this knowledge had most surprising results.

Marie Curie had found that particles of radium were exploding all the time like tiny Fourth of

July pinwheels. This was what made it warm. You could not see the sparks, but if you carried a crumb of radium about in a glass tube in your waistcoat pocket, as one of the scientists did, you might easily get a burn right through to your ribs.

Scientists began to argue that radium must have something in common with other sorts of matter. They said that if one sort of matter could behave like this, perhaps all matter might. A new idea gradually dawned — that, just as radium has energy to give off, all matter has force in it — something like electricity.

Scientists were now able to think of a reason why the sun goes on glowing and glowing and does not burn itself up. Perhaps the bits of matter out of which the sun is made were like radium. Chemists made all sorts of new guesses, and carried on experiments to see if their guesses were right.

They found that one sort of thing was often gradually turning into something else because of energy that people had not realized existed. A bit of lead was lead now, but they could see that it might once have been something else, just as a

frog was once a tadpole. Some of the scientists finally decided that lead had once been radium — that it is a kind of dead radium.

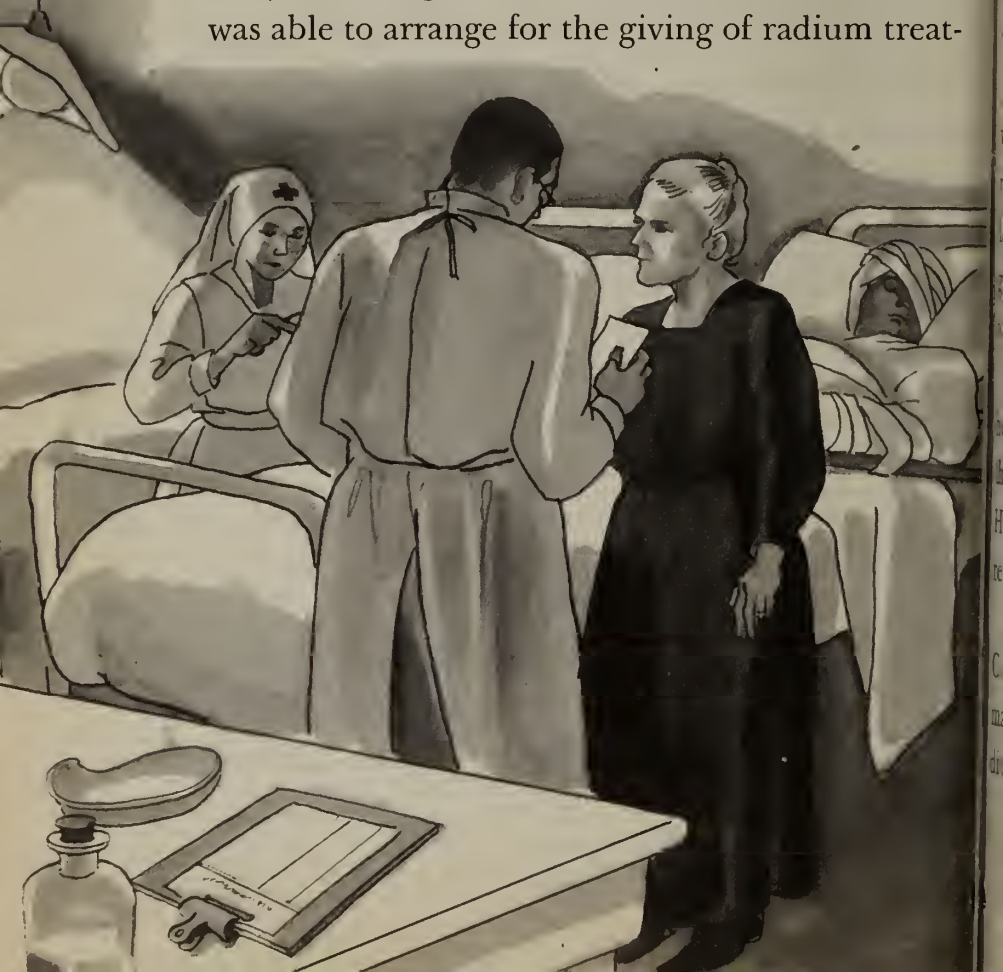
Scientists everywhere are still studying and experimenting, and discoveries are still being made in this particular branch of physics, as it is called. By next week someone will perhaps have discovered something that will change many of the ideas the scientists have now. This is one of the reasons why I said you should read this article only as a story about a great scientist. You will have to read the scientific news in newspapers and magazines to find out what is being done as a result of the discovery of radium.

The wise, gentle, and charming Pierre Curie died in 1906. He was run down by a heavy wagon in Paris and was killed instantly. His death was a terrible blow to his wife and a great loss to the world of science. The little daughters, Irene and Eve, were too young to realize fully what had happened.

Madame Curie was given her husband's position as a professor in the Sorbonne. In 1911 she was made head of the Radium Institute there and

in the same year she was given the Nobel prize in Chemistry. She is the only person who has received two Nobel prizes. She was always very kind to younger scientists and was much loved.

Doctors found in radium something to help in the fight against cancer. For radium could be used to destroy or burn out a diseased part of the body. During the World War, Madame Curie was able to arrange for the giving of radium treat-



ments in hospitals — a very valuable service. Irene Curie, the older of her two daughters, though she was very young, studied nursing and helped her mother.

Because radium is hard to obtain, it is very expensive. After the war, Madame Curie's admirers in the United States learned that she did not have enough radium to carry on the scientific work she was trying to do.

A great many women in the United States worked together to raise money to buy a gram of radium for her. It cost a hundred thousand dollars. In 1921 she came to America to receive the gift and it was presented to her — for the women who gave it — by President Harding.

Madame Curie brought her two daughters with her when she came to the United States. She and they were warmly greeted wherever they went. Her visit was a short one, for she felt that she must return to her work as soon as possible.

You will be interested to know that Madame Curie, as soon as she received the gram of radium, made a will leaving the precious gift to the Radium Institute of Paris. She wanted to be sure

that after her death the scientific study of radium and its uses would go on.

Radium is not so expensive now as it was in 1921, though it is still scarce and very costly. Some new pitchblende mines have been opened up. In recent years, this strange ore has been found in northern Canada.

People in all parts of the world mourned when Madame Curie died in July, 1934.

Some people say that girls ought not to try to do the sort of work that little Marie Sklodowska learned to do — that they should give their time to more everyday things. This, I suppose, was what the professor at Cracow had in mind when he wanted Marie to study cooking. But if you are a girl and really want to study some subject that few women have studied, remember Marie Curie.

Some Books to Read

This story is adapted from a story in *Men Who Found Out,* by Amabel Williams-Ellis, an interesting book that tells the stories of nine famous scientists. In the book the story is called "Madame Curie." If you would like to read more about Madame Curie, you will find a story about her in *When I Was a Girl,* by Helen Ferris.

Madame Curie tells about her husband and herself in her book, *Pierre Curie.* This is written for grown people, but it is not very hard to read.

Prove It

Copy on a paper the numbers of the sentences. After each number, tell what page and paragraph (or paragraphs) in the story show that what the sentence says is true. For example, you should write first, *1. Page 396, par. 3.*

1. Marie Sklodowska was born in Poland.
2. Her father, who was a teacher, taught her many of the things he taught his students.
3. When Marie was a young woman, she went to Paris to study.
4. She married Pierre Curie, who at that time was studying a metal called *uranium.*
5. By experimenting with pitchblende, Marie Curie discovered radium.
6. The discovery of radium opened a new world to scientists.
7. After her husband died, Marie Curie was given his position as a professor.
8. Doctors found out that radium could be used in fighting cancer.
9. Marie Curie's admirers in America bought her a gram of radium to help her in carrying on her studies.
10. She received two Nobel prizes.

11. She did not want the study of radium to stop when she died.

12. Studies resulting from the discovery of radium are still going on.

Things to Do

1. Try to find out more about radium than is told in this story. If you know anyone who teaches physics or chemistry, ask him about it.

2. If there is some noted person whom you especially admire, give a short talk to your classmates about this person and tell them where they can read about him or her. Find some pictures, if you can, to illustrate your story.

3. Arrange these words on a paper in alphabetic order. Divide them into syllables and put in the accent marks. Then put marks over the vowels (*a, e, i, o, u*) to show how these are sounded. You will find the list of marks on page 452. When you have finished, look up the words in your "Short Dictionary." Correct any mistakes you have made.

radium	medal
Warsaw	admirers
lecture	particles
laboratory	energy
secretary	gram

Of course you will not try to divide any word that cannot be divided.

shiped spri tal water bubbling up from the earth was to them the gift of a god—indeed a god in itself!

Most people in other ancient cities seldom bathed in water, and rich and poor were dirty. Cities were dirty, foul smelling, and often visited with plagues.

The Romans, however, loved to bathe. They built elaborate and handsome baths, with hot and cold water, and they bathed for hours every day. Even in their farthest colonies we find the ruins of these baths. Bath, a city in England, got its name from Roman baths built at this place. These baths were supplied with water which was piped from natural hot springs.

The Romans brought water into Rome from several sources by aqueducts. Aqueduct means "leader-of-water." Part of an aqueduct might lie under the earth. Another part might be carried over valleys or rivers on great arches which look like the arches of a bridge. As the traveler comes into modern Rome from the south, he sees these noble arches springing from the marsh as far as the eye can see. It is wonderful to know that these arches were built two thousand years ago by the water-loving Romans.

A GREAT HEALER OF LONG AGO

In the dim past before the time of history, shepherd boys tended their flocks on the hills of Epidaurus in Greece. They would go out at daybreak with their sheep and lead them to some high pastures. Each boy was alone. The pastures were small and hard to find. When the sheep ate all the grass in one place, the boy would lead them elsewhere, playing his pipe so that the sheep would follow him. If a wolf or bear came near a flock, the shepherd would rush out to kill it or drive it away.

The shepherd boys grew very tired of this lonely life, sitting hour after hour watching the sheep. Often they would fall asleep in the sun. Often they would wish to get away.

One of these boys, Asclepius, was different from all the rest. He kept his eyes open, and every little thing that happened interested him. One day his dog had been hurt helping him in a fight with a wolf, and Asclepius noticed that it limped off to nibble a certain herb before it lay down to rest. Asclepius plucked some of the herb and tasted it. Why did the dog always choose that particular herb?

Another time Asclepius cut his foot on a sharp stone. He remembered an old woman of his village who always kept certain plants hanging in her house so as to cure her grandchildren. Asclepius searched until he found some of the same leaves growing among the rocks, and he laid them on his wound. They soothed his pain, and soon the wound got well. From this time on Asclepius began to search for herbs and flowers and leaves of trees to see what they were good for. Sometimes the leaves did not soothe his pain but hurt him. This, too, he remembered.

Then one evening a man came home from war terribly wounded. Everyone said he would die, and all began to moan and cry. But Asclepius had hope. He washed the wounds. He laid upon them the herbs that helped most when he had treated himself

or his sheep. He stayed with the man night and day, praying to Apollo, who was his especial god. The man recovered; and the story of it was told all over Epidaurus.

Now the days were not long enough for Asclepius. There were so many herbs and flowers to learn. He would walk far over the hills searching. People began to come to him from other villages. The minute they saw his bright hopeful face, they

felt better. If they were suffering, he gave them medicine to make them sleep. Or he would carry them out of the house and lay them by a small altar. He would bring dried thyme and myrrh and burn them on the altar, and lift his hands and pray earnestly. The fresh air, the smell of the burning herbs, the hopeful young man praying, all these would help as much as the medicine. Many people were cured by him, but he never asked any reward. The pleasure of seeing them rise up and walk away well was enough for Asclepius.

Now he no longer tended sheep. He spent all his time trying to find new ways to cure people. He traveled into distant lands, across the sea—always finding more cures and remedies. He was a beautiful young man, very healthy and wholesome himself. People began to say that Asclepius could not be ill because he was especially loved by the gods. They began to say that he looked like Apollo.

Soon they said more than this; they said that he was indeed the son of Apollo. They believed this because they loved him so dearly. "Surely," they said, "he could not have learned all this wisdom by himself. Chiron must have taught him."

Asclepius grew to be a middle-aged man. He had two daughters, Hygeia and Panacea. These three

were always curing people or learning more ways to cure.

One day Asclepius was walking on the high cliffs of the Epidauran mountains searching for a certain herb that would cure a sick man. The people in the valley could see Asclepius climbing from rock to rock. They wished he would come down, because a storm on the mountaintop made it unsafe to be there. Suddenly a brilliant bolt of lightning fell, with resounding thunder, and their beloved Asclepius was no more.

"Zeus has killed him," they wept. "Zeus was jealous because he knew as much as the gods."

They thought that Pluto, the cruel ruler of the lower regions, had been angry because so few

people were dying, and thus his dark shadowy kingdom was empty. So Pluto had begged Zeus to kill Asclepius.

But Apollo, the best-loved god of the Greeks, came to the rescue. He lifted his son Asclepius to heaven. Then, from the blue heights, Asclepius could cure mortal man. The people built temples where they could worship Asclepius as a god.

Asclepius had many temples in Greece, but the most famous were at Athens and at Epidaurus. At Epidaurus was a great temple and a grove sacred to Asclepius. Hither came people from all over the world to be cured. Real remedies were given them, and then they were put to sleep in an open portico. From a near-by shrine came tame snakes to crawl among the sleeping people, to touch them and to

make them well. These snakes were the special sign and symbol of Asclepius. Many people were cured. They carved the story of their cure on marble monuments and left them.

It is difficult for us to realize that intelligent people would believe that a snake could cure sickness. But so great was the faith in Asclepius that even his snakes were believed to have special power. People made statues of his two daughters, Hygeia and Panacea, and prayed to them also.

Many years passed. The Romans came into power. And in their far-off city they heard of Asclepius and wished that they, too, had a god like him. Then one summer a terrible plague came upon Rome. Often such fevers had spread death through the streets and houses of the city.

The Romans sent messengers to Epidaurus. "Go," they said. "Bring us the kindly god."

So over the sea and over the land journeyed those messengers until they came to the temple at Epidaurus. There the priests received them kindly and gave them some of the snakes and an image of Asclepius. With these the messengers returned to Rome as fast as their ship would carry them.

The whole city welcomed them. And at once the Romans built a temple to Asclepius on a little

island in the Tiber. The Greek god Asclepius thus became the Roman god Aesculapius, to whom men went for cures.

We today no longer think of Aesculapius as a god, as the ancients did. But there are still many reminders of him. Doctors look upon him as the first great healer, and when a young doctor is graduated, his diploma has on it the picture of a snake wound around a staff, in memory of Aesculapius. Sometimes the picture shows two snakes, as on the staff of the messenger god, Mercury.

The two goddesses, Panacea and Hygeia, are also remembered. Today a panacea is a medicine supposed to cure everything, although of course no one medicine has such power. We use the word hygiene to mean the rules and ways of keeping healthy. These have been learned through centuries of study and experiment. When we obey them, we can conquer diseases which the ancients thought were always fatal.

But long ago someone had to begin to learn this wisdom of health, and that one, we may believe, was a man called Asclepius.

STUDY HELPS

CLIO AND THE IMAGE CALLED PHIDIA

To Think and Talk About

1. Why did Phidias want to model Clio?
2. Why did Clio deceive Artemis?
3. How did the author help you to understand how Clio felt?
4. What evidence does this story give to show that Greek boys had more freedom than Greek girls?

To Write and To Do

1. Copy the statements in the story which explain why Clio behaved as she did.
2. Prepare to read aloud: (a) the scene where Phidias gave the doll to Clio; (b) the paragraph describing Clio when she could not sleep. Why was it necessary for you to read these passages differently?

ACINIA'S HOME AT POMPEII

To Think and Talk About

1. Why do you think the emperor had sent Rectina's husband to Jerusalem?
2. Why did Rectina call the augur to take the auspices? Why do we not call augurs today?
3. Do you think Acinia's family was wealthy? Discuss statements in the story which prove your opinion is correct.

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